

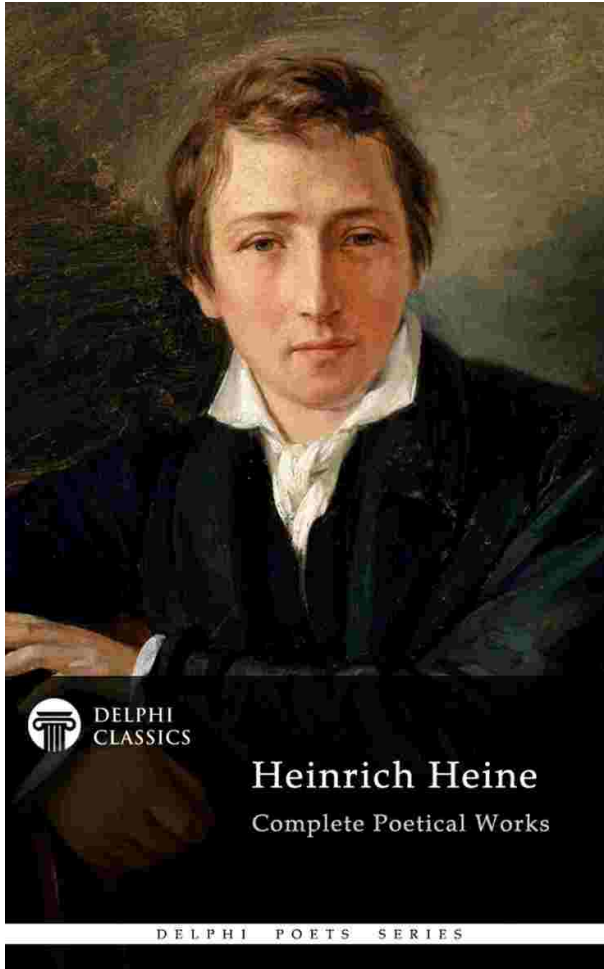


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D E L P H I P O E T S S E R I E S

Heinrich Heine

(1797-1856)



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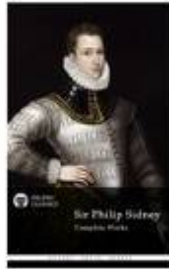
A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Henri Heine". The script is elegant and cursive, with a period at the end.

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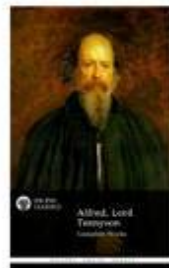
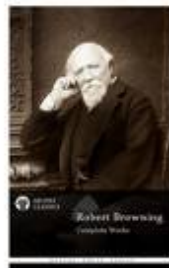
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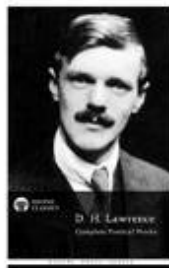
ROMANTICS



VICTORIANS



MODERNS



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DELPHI POETS SERIES

Heinrich Heine



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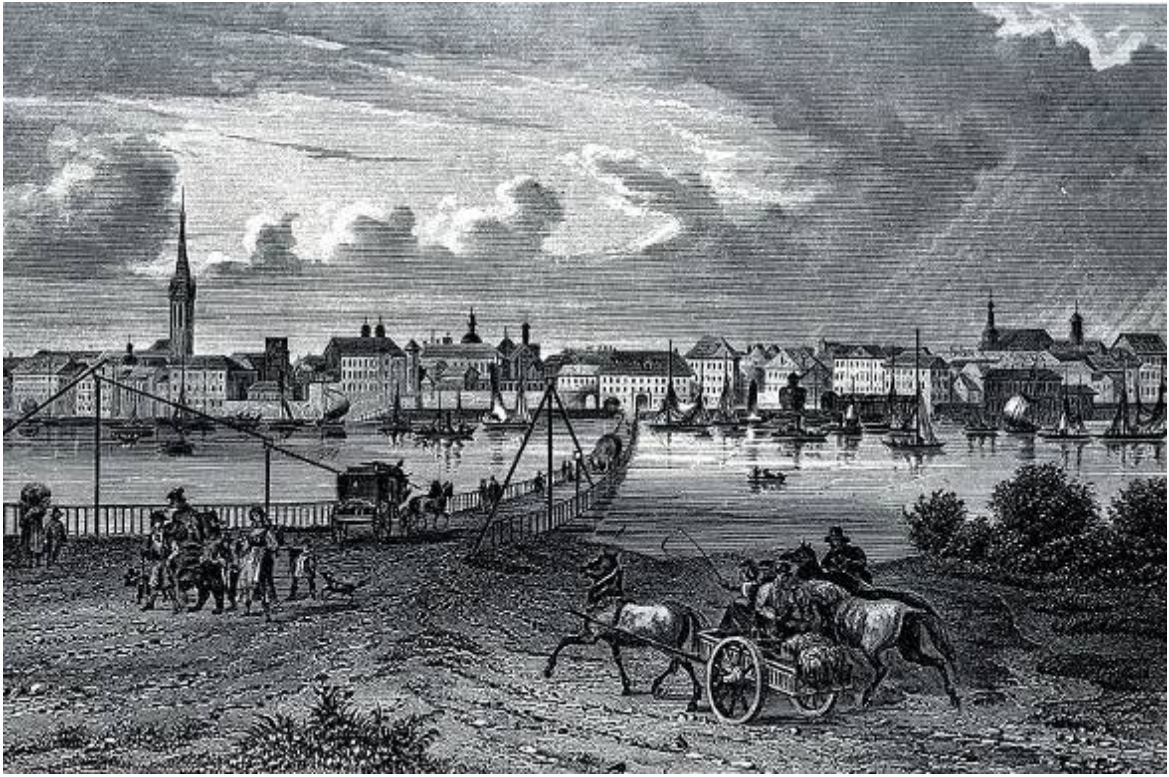


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The Life and Poetry of Heinrich Heine



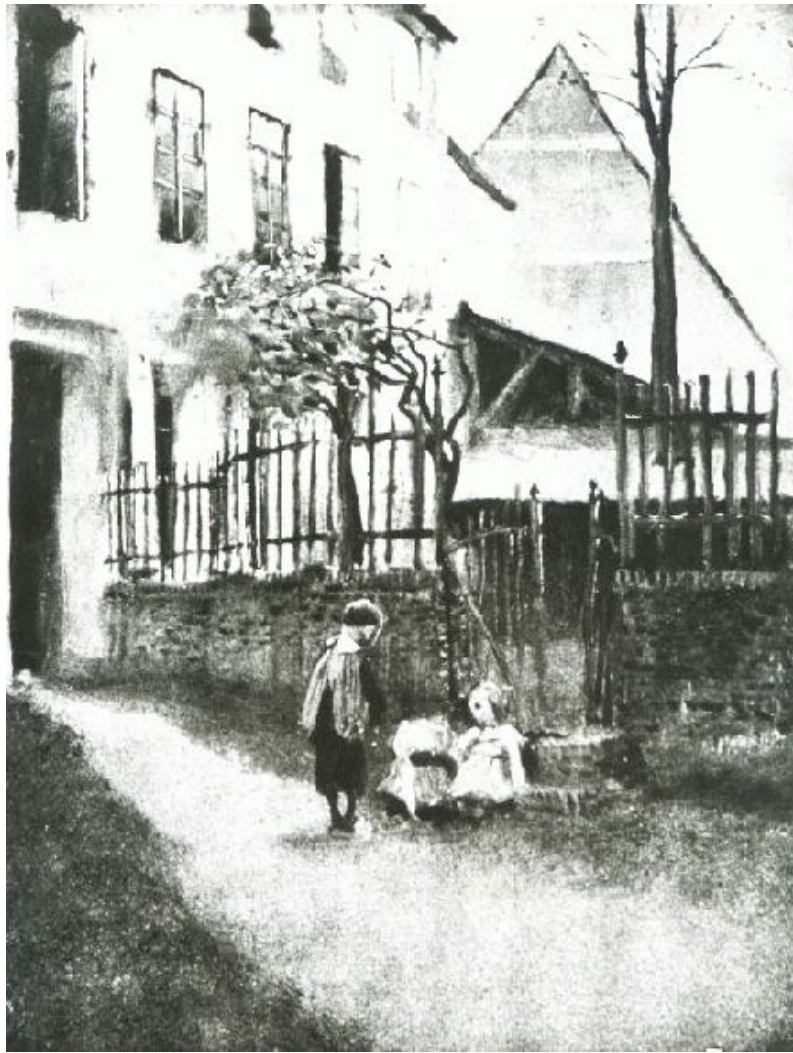
The birthplace of Heinrich Heine, Düsseldorf



Düsseldorf, c.1850



The city today



Birthplace of Heine after a painting by Wilhelm Schreuer



Heine's mother, "Betty"

BRIEF INTRODUCTION: HEINRICH HEINE



By Benjamin W. Wells

HEINRICH HEINE, (1797-1856) — the greatest lyric poet of modern Germany, born in Düsseldorf, December 13, 1797 (some authorities, 1799). He was called by himself the last of the Romanticists, and by Matthew Arnold the continuator of Goethe, and was the only writer of primary importance in German literature since Goethe's death. "Your grandfather," he says he was told, "was a little Jew, and had a big beard." He had shrewd sons, for all of them won a competence, and Heine's uncle Salomon became one of the wealthiest bankers of Hamburg. His father had but small part in his life. His mother (named von Geldern), to whom he showed a constant devotion till his death, gave to his fantastic and romantic nature a joy of life and a spirit of naturalism that make him akin to Goethe. He was a precocious boy, educated in a desultory way by Roman Catholic monks and French 'philosophes,' with the result that he became a skeptic before he had any faith to lose. He seems to have suffered little from race prejudice in youth, and for that he was grateful to France and to Napoleon, for whom he retained a kind of hero-worship, and so had little sympathy with the War of Liberation (1813-14), that 'contracted the heart so that men learned to hate what was foreign and in ceasing to be citizens of the world became only narrowly German.' No reproach belongs to him that he found small inspiration to patriotism in the thirty years that followed Waterloo.

While preparing himself to become a merchant and learning English, French, and Italian, he began to write poetry under the inspiration of a child-love for 'Veronica,' probably also the 'Reseda' of early poems. He conceived a passing affection, too, for an executioner's daughter, Josepha, the subject of several poems, of his "Dream Pictures," and of the most exquisite passage in his memoirs. She was, he says, his 'love's purgatory' before he fell into love's hell in his unrequited affection for his cousin Amalie at Hamburg, whither he went in 1816. He tried to set up a business there in 1818, but he liked neither the business nor the city. For Amalie,

under the names Ottilie, Maria, Clara, Evelina, Agnes, Juliana, he voiced his passion in many beautiful songs, and it has since been made the subject of two novels, Zianirtza's *Heinrich Heine der Liederdichter* (1864). and Dietz's *Heinrich Heines erste Liebe* (1870). He failed in business, and at the expense of his uncle and Amalie's father, who aided him generously through life, he went in 1819 to study law at Bonn, where he came under the influence of A. W. Schlegel, and the Romantic School, in so far as it stood for the reawakening of the poetic spirit of the Middle Ages. He shared with them also a gift of irony, though in him this sprang from the incompatibility of two elements in his nature, a Greek joy of life inherited from his mother, and fostered by the influence of Goethe, and a congenital Hebrew earnestness. There was never harmony between these antinomies of his character, and from their jarring came a mocking spirit that he possessed in higher degree than any writer of the century. At Bonn under this new influence Heine wrote more lyrics and had begun a tragedy, *Almansor*, when he left Bonn for Göttingen, and being soon suspended from the university there for participation in a frustrated duel he went to Berlin, where he came under the philosophic influence of Hegel and associated with Grabbe, Immermann, Willibald Alexis, Gans, Moser, Zunz, Chamisso, Fouqué, and particularly with Varnhagen and his Rahel, who led him to a juster appreciation of Goethe, though he never became one of his unqualified admirers.

In Berlin, Heine's genius found warm appreciation. He essayed journalism, and in 1822 published a volume of poems (*Gedichte*), which for delicacy, fancy, conciseness, originality, and depth of lyric expression had no equal in Germany. A second volume (1823) contained the *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, which served to carry off two tragedies, *Almansor* and *Ratcliff*, his sole dramatic efforts. The *Intermezzo* is more bitter, reckless, sensual, than the *Poems*, but contains some of his most perfect lyrics. At home, Heine tells us, his mother read it and did not like it; his sister tolerated it; his brothers did not understand it, and his father did not read it at all. In 1823 a visit to the North Sea inspired *Heimkehr*, which with the later North Sea cycle (*Nordsee*) are Germany's best poems of the sea, worthy to rank with the best of Byron or Shelley. The year 1824 brought him to Göttingen again, and in June, 1825, he submitted to baptism that he might obtain an advocate's license. "I assure you," he writes to a friend, "if the law had allowed stealing silver spoons instead, I should not have been baptized."

This dishonor, forced on him by the State, makes a melancholy close to a brilliant university career. During the second stay at Göttingen Heine made the tour of the Harz Mountains and wrote the *Harzreise* (1826), the best known of his prose works. After taking his degree he revisited the North Sea and wrote *Norderncy*, incorporated with the *Harzreise* in the *Reisebilder* (Pictures of Travel), which later embraced also *Das Buch Le Grand* and *Die Büder von Lucca*. Such light, easy, sparkling prose, such graceful, daring, bubbling wit, had never yet been known in Germany, and the *Reisebilder* remains an unapproached model. Heine in this field has never been equaled save by himself, and he has not always maintained the level of the *Harzreise*. The *Buch Le Grand*, written in 1820, was revolutionary in tendency and in its admiration for Napoleon. Heine thought it safer to abide its publication in England (1827). It was enthusiastically received and generally prohibited by the police. It was graceful, grotesque, cynical, naïve; it had a brilliancy, a vigor, a keenness of scorn, a fire of enthusiasm that have seldom been surpassed. Heine made but a short stay in England, which was not congenial to him. He said, "The ocean would have swallowed it long ago if he had not been afraid it would make him seasick." He admired, however, the liberty of England. In September, 1827, he was again in Hamburg, seeing through the press his collected lyrics, the now famous *Buch der Lieder*. Thence he went to Munich, tried journalism, hoped in vain for a Government post, and in July, 1828, went disappointed to Italy, a journey that he describes after his manner in *Die Büder von Lucca* — brilliant, witty, entertaining, immoral, coarse, revolutionary, and atheistic. After this Prussia was closed to him; influential men had been made his mortal enemies wantonly, and in the case of the poet Platen Heine's enmity assumed an utterly indefensible shape. Having been recalled to Hamburg by his father's death, Heine went in 1829 to Helgoland, where he gave himself up for two months to the fascination of the sea. He returned to his family in Hamburg famous throughout Germany as the author of the *Reisebilder*, the third volume of which appeared early in 1830, but as much feared as admired, and fiercely attacked on the part of those whom his reckless satire had wounded. Prussia, where the government had prohibited the circulation of the third volume of the *Reisebilder*, was now closed to him, and the thought of a professorship, which he had long cherished, had to be abandoned. He turned his thoughts to Paris. The news of the French Revolution of 1830 reached him in Helgoland, where he spent the summer

of that year, and filled him with enthusiasm. May, 1831, saw Heine in Paris, which remained his home till death.

Heine's first years in Paris were busied with journalism and dreary feuds with German Liberals. He soon found himself at home in the French capital, and enjoyed the society of Madame Récamier, Balzac, Dumas, George Sand, Béranger, Thiers, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, and many lesser celebrities. He considered it his mission to draw Germany and France closer together, and wrote a series of papers on French conditions for the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which he republished in French. But not a few of his letters to the German press, even his art critiques, fell under the censor's pencil. In 1833, however, his acute critical study, *Die romantische Schule*, established his fame in France and opened to him the great *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he printed his *History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany since Luther*, a work of brilliant suggestiveness, which afterwards appeared in Heine's own German version as *Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland*. The satiric *Memoiren des Herrn von Schnabelewopski*, half autobiographic, belong to this time. The scandal caused by his irregular life was checked by his "conscience-marriage" with Mathilde Mirat (1834). They were legally married in 1841, and remained closely attached till the poet's death. He had provided for her and she lived till 1883. Financial embarrassments now led Heine to seek a pension from the French Government. Though he had always criticised his patrons freely, the fact was bitterly remembered against him when it became known in 1848. From 1834 to 1842 his literary work is comparatively unimportant. A fragment of a novel, *Florentinische Nächte*, an essay on German mythology, and a slanderous attack on his fellow exile and journalistic critic Börne, may be merely mentioned. But in 1842 he wrote *Atta Troll* (Hamburg, 1847), a brilliant poetic satire on German politicians and on the Romantic School, and in 1843 a brief visit to Germany evoked *Neue Gedichte* and *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen* (1844) keenly satiric, which became immensely popular. Disease now laid an unrelaxing hand on him. His eyes were affected, then his vocal cords, then his spine. The death of his patron, Salomon Heine, and the disgraceful meanness of his heir added to his sufferings. But these years of patiently borne sufferings show Heine in a nobler light than any in which he had yet appeared. In sleepless nights he composed wonderful songs on his 'mattress-grave.' His legs were paralyzed; to see he was obliged to hold up an eyelid with an emaciated

finger; his hearing was weak. It was, he said, “a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed.” But it brought a deeper, almost a spiritual earnestness into his life. He “returned to God like a Prodigal Son, after tending swine with the Hegelians.” In this mood he wrote the poems of *Romancero* (1851), so tender, so melodious, so exquisite in fancy, that it seems almost past belief that they should have been the product of the sleepless nights of a bedridden sufferer; humorous pieces, like “The White Elephant,” fierce political songs, like “The Weaver’s Marseillaise,” and the weird “Lazarus Cycle,” written under the very shadow of death. Never had Heine been so many-sided as now. He continued to work as long as he could hear and speak. Many friends cheered him, among them, as poems testify, the talented Camille Selden and his ‘little fairy,’ the motherly Caroline Jaubert. Two miscellaneous volumes, headed by *Geständnisse*, appeared in 1854. His *Memoirs*, of which some parts have been published, occupied him to the eve of his death. His last words were, “Paper and pencil.” He died February 17, 1856, and was buried in Montmartre Cemetery, without religious service. Heine was essentially a realist, a revolutionary reformer, but never a blinded partisan. He speaks for a restless, questioning, dissatisfied age that has lost for the moment its ethical moorings. He is the most delicate and graceful song-writer and incomparably the wittiest, clearest, and keenest satirist of Germany, and so he is read with delight by an introspective and critical generation.



Salomon Heine (1767-1844), the poet's wealthy uncle, who supported him until his death



Karl Ludwig Börne (1786-1837) was a German-Jewish political writer and satirist, who is considered part of the Young Germany movement and was a close friend of Heine.



August Count von Platen, with whom Heine had a violent argument



Heine as a young man, 1837



Heine's wife, Mathilde Heine (1815-1883)

COMPLETE POEMS OF HEINRICH HEINE



TRANSLATED INTO THE ORIGINAL METRES

Translated by Edgar Alfred Bowring

GEORGE BELL AND SONS EDITION, 1908

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A NEW edition of this work having been called for, owing to the first edition having been for some time out of print, I have taken advantage of the opportunity to add translations of a remarkable collection of Poems by Heine, published for the first time since the appearance of my work in 1859. They consist of as many as twelve hundred lines, described partly as "Early Poems," which will be found at the beginning of the volume, and partly as "Posthumous Poems," which are placed at the end. The metres of the original have been again retained throughout.

Various errors discovered by me in the first edition have now been corrected; and it only remains for me to express my thanks for the kind manner in which the critical and the general public, both in England and abroad, have received the work, and for the indulgence extended by them to its many imperfections.

E. A. B.

PREFACE.

IT may perhaps be thought that I exhibit something of the brazen-facedness of a hardened offender in venturing once more (but, I hope, for the last time) to present myself to the public in the guise of a translator, — and, what is more, a translator of a great poet. The favourable reception, however, that my previous translations of the Poems of Schiller and Goethe have met with at the hands of the public, may possibly be admitted as some excuse for this new attempt to make that public acquainted with the works of a third great German minstrel. Comparatively little known and little appreciated in England, the name of Heine is in Germany familiar as a household word; and while, on the one hand, many of his charming minor poems have become dear to the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and are sung alike in the palace and the cottage, in the country and the town, on the other his sterner works have done much to influence the political and religious tendencies of the modern German school.

Having prefixed to this Volume a brief memoir of Heine, accompanied by a few observations on his various works and their distinguishing characteristics, I will here confine myself to stating that I have adhered with the utmost strictness to the principles laid down by me for my guidance in the case of the previous translations attempted by me, — those principles being (1) As close and literal an adherence to the original as is consistent with good English and with poetry, and (2) the preservation throughout the work of the original metres, of which Heine presents an almost unprecedented variety. I have, on the occasion of my former publications, fully explained my reasons for adopting this course, and will not weary the reader with repeating them. I have sufficient evidence before me of the approval of the public in this respect to induce me to frame my translation of Heine's Poems on the same model.

In addition to thus preserving both the language and the metre of the original, I have in one other respect endeavoured to reproduce my author precisely as I found him, and that is in the important particular of *completeness*. There are doubtless many poems written by Heine that one could wish had never been written, and that one would willingly refrain from translating. But the omission of these would hide from the reader

some of Heine's chief peculiarities, and would tend to give him an incomplete if not incorrect notion of what the poet was. A translator no more assumes the responsibility of his author's words than a faithful Editor does, and he goes beyond his province if he omits whatever does not happen to agree with his own notions.

In claiming for the present work (extending over more than 20,000 verses) the abstract merits of literalness, completeness, and rigid adherence to the metrical peculiarities of the original, it is very far from my intention to claim any credit for the *manner* in which I have executed that difficult task, or to pretend that I have been successful in it. That is a question for the reader alone to decide. The credit of conscientiousness and close application in the matter is all that I would venture to assert for myself. All beyond is left exclusively to the candid, and, I would fain hope, generous, appreciation of those whom I now voluntarily constitute my judges.

EARLY POEMS.

SONGS OF LOVE.

1.

LOVE'S SALUTATION.

Darling maiden, who can be
Ever found to equal thee?
To thy service joyfully
Shall my life be pledged by me.

Thy sweet eyes gleam tenderly,
Like soft moonbeams o'er the sea;
Lights of rosy harmony
O'er thy red cheeks wander free.

From thy small mouth, full of glee,
Rows of pearls peep charmingly;
But thy bosom's drapery
Veils thy fairest jewelry.

Pure love only could it be
That so sweetly thrill'd through me,
When I whilome gazed on thee,
Darling maid, so fair to see.

2.

LOVE'S LAMENT.

On night's secrecy relying,
Silently I breathe my woes;
From the haunts of mortals flying,
Where the cup of pleasure flows.

Down my cheeks run tears all burning,
Silently, unceasingly;
But my bosom's fiery yearning
Quench'ed by tears can never be.

When a laughing urchin, gaily
Many a merry game I play'd;
In life's sunshine basking daily,
Knowing nought of grief or shade.

For a garden of enjoyment
Was the world I then lived in,
Tending flowers my sole employment,
Roses, violets, jessamine.

By the brook's side, on the meadow,
Sweetly mused I in those days;
Now I see a pale thin shadow,
When upon the brook I gaze.

Pale and thin my grief hath made me,
Since mine eyes upon her fell;
Secret sorrows now pervade me,
Wonderful and hard to tell.

Deep within my heart I cherish'd
Angel forms of peace and love,
Which have fled, their short joys perish'd,
To their starry home above.

Ghastly shadows rise unbidden,
Black night round mine eyes is thrown;
In my trembling breast is hidden
A sad whisp'ring voice unknown.

Unknown sorrows, unknown anguish
Toss me wildly to and fro,
And I pine away and languish,
Tortured by an unknown glow.

But the cause why I am lying
Rack'd by fiery torments now, —
Why from very grief I'm dying, —
Love, behold! — The cause art thou!

3.

YEARNING.

With sweetheart on arm, all my comrades with joy
Beneath the linden trees move;
But I, alas, poor desolate boy,
In utter solitude rove

Mine eye grows dim, my heart is oppress'd,
When happy lovers I see;
For a sweetheart by me is also possess'd,
But, alas, far distant is she.

I have borne it for years, with a heart fit to break,
But no longer can bear with the pain;
So pack up my bundle, my pilgrim's staff take,
And start on my travels again.

And onward I go for hundreds of miles,
Till I come to a city renown'd;
A noble river beneath it smiles,
With three stately towers 'tis crown'd.

And now my late sorrows no longer annoy,
Made happy at last is my love;
For there, with my sweetheart on arm, I with joy
Can beneath the sweet linden trees rove.

4.

THE WHITE FLOWER

In father's garden there silently grows
A flow'ret mournful and pale;
The spring-time returns, the winter's frost goes,
Pale flow'ret remaineth as pale.
The poor pale flower looks still
Like a young bride that's ill.

Pale flow'ret gently saith to me —
“Dear brother, pluck me, I pray!”
I answer pale flow'ret— “That must not be,
I never will take thee away.
I seek with anxious care
A purple flow'ret fair.”

Pale flow'ret saith— “Seek here, seek there,
Seek e'en till the day of thy death,
But still that purple flow'ret fair
Thou'lt seek in vain,” she saith.
“But, prythee, pluck me now,
I am as ill as thou.”

Thus whispers pale flow'ret, beseeching me sore;
I tremblingly pluck her, and lo!
I find my heart suddenly bleeding no more,
Mine inward eye brightly doth glow.
Mute angel-rapture blest
Now fills my wounded breast.

5.

PRESENTIMENT.

Yonder, where the stars glow nightly,
We shall find those joys smile brightly
Which on earth seem far away.
Only in Death's cold embraces
Life grows warm, and light replaces
Night's dark gloom at dawn of day.

6.

When I am with my sweetheart kind,
A happy youth am I;
So great the wealth within my mind,
I the whole world could buy.

But when her swanlike arms I quit,
In that sad hour of pain,
Away my boasted wealth doth flit,
And I am poor again.

7.

I would the songs I'm singing
Had little flow'rets been;
I'd send them to my sweetheart
For her to smell, I ween.

I would the songs I'm singing
Were kisses all unseen;
I'd send them all in secret
Upon her cheeks to glean.

I would the songs I'm singing
Were little peas so green;
I'd make some capital pea-soup
All in a soup-tureen!

8.

Of peace, and happiness, and heart,
Thou, loved one, long time hast bereft me;
And of the gifts that thou hast left me
Not one of these doth form a part.

For peace, heart, happiness, hast thou
To me a life-long sorrow given,
With bitter words commingled even, —
O take *these* back, my loved one, now.

9.

Remember'st thou those fiery glances
In which his trust the novice plac'd?
That long-denied first kiss of passion
The ardent lover stole in haste?

O glances, ye experienced fish-hooks,
On which the fish is captive brought!
O kiss, thou charming rod of honey,
With which the bird is limed and caught!

10.

Thou spak'st and gav'st a lock to me
Of thy dear silken hair;
“Wear this, and I for ever thee
“Within my heart will wear.”

Full oft have heart and hair been call'd
To act this loving part.
Now say: is not thy head yet bald?
And full thy little heart?

11.

You, loved one, assured me so strongly,
I wellnigh fancied it true;
That you asserted it was so,
Was no sign of folly in you.
But that I almost believed it,
'Tis this that I so rue.

12.

I've seen full many a tragedy play'd,
Extracting my tears like magic;
But 'mongst them all, that touching scene
Had an end by far the most tragic,

Wherein thou tookedst the principal part,
While I at thy feet was panting, —
How well thou actedst the innocent one,
Thou actress most enchanting!

13.

Ask not what I have, my loved one, —
Ask me rather what I am;
For but little wealth I boast of,
But I'm gentle as a lamb.

Do not ask me how I'm living,
But for what, that ask of me;
For I live in want, and lonely,
Yet I live alone for thee.

Do not ask me of my pleasures,
Ask not of my bitter smart;
Pleasure ever flies his presence
Who doth own a broken heart.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GERMANY. 1815.

Let me sing Germania's glory!
Hearken to my noblest strains!
While my spirit tells the story,
Thrilling bliss runs through my veins.

Time's book is before me lying,
All things that have happened here,
Good with Evil ever vying —
All before my gaze stands clear.

From the Frenchman's distant nation
Hell approach'd, with impious hand,
Bringing shame and desecration
On our much-loved German land.

All our faith and virtue soiling,
All our heavenly yearnings fled,
All we deemed of worth, despoiling, —
Giving sin and pain instead.

German shame to gild refusing,
Dark the German sun soon grew,
And a mournful voice accusing
Pierced the German oak trees through.

Now the sun once more is glancing,
And the oak trees roar with joy;
The avengers are advancing,
Shame and sorrow to destroy.

And deceit's proud altars hateful
Totter, fall with hideous sound;
Every German heart is grateful,
Free is German holy ground.

See'st the glare yon mount illuming?
Say, what can that wild flame be?
Yes! that fire proclaims the blooming
Image pure of Germany.

From the night of sin emerging
Germany uninjured stands;
Wildly is the spot still surging,
Where that fair form burst her bands.

On the old oak's stems in splendour
Glorious blossoms fast unfold;
Foreign blossoms fall, and tender
Breezes greet us as of old.

All that's virtuous is returning,
All that's good appears once more
And the German, fondly yearning,
Is exulting as of yore.

Ancient manners, ancient German
Virtues, and heroic deeds!
Valiantly each son of Hermann³
Waves his sword and proudly bleeds.

Heroes never doves engender,
Lionlike is Hermann's race;
Yet may love's religion tender
Well near valour take its place.

Germans through their sorrows lonely
Learnt Christ's gentle word to prize;
Their land 'genders brethren only,
And humanity is wise.

Once again returns the glorious
Noble love of minstrel's song,

Well becoming the victorious
Breasts of German heroes strong,

As they to the war are going
With the Frank to cross the sword,
To take signal vengeance glowing
For their perfidy abhorr'd.

And at home, no labour heeding,
Woman plies her gentle hand,
Tends the sacred wounds all bleeding
In defence of fatherland.

In her black dress robed, entrancing
Looks the beauteous German dame,
Deck'd with flow'rs and jewels glancing,
Diamond-girded, too, her frame.

But a nobler, prouder feeling
Through me at her vision thrills,
When, beside the sick-bed kneeling,
Acts of mercy she fulfils.

Heavenly angels she resembles
When the last draught she supplies
To the wounded man, who trembles,
Smiles his grateful thanks, and dies.

He to whom to die 'tis given
On the battle-field, is blest;
But a foretaste 'tis of heaven,
Dying on a woman's breast.

Poor, poor sons of France! Fate ever
Unto you unkind has been;
On the Seine's banks, beauty never
Save in search of gold is seen.

German women! German women!
What a charm the words convey!
German women! German women!
Flourish on for many a day!

All our daughters like Louisa,
All our sons like Frederick be!
Hear me in the grave, Louisa!
Ever flourish Germany!

DREAM. 1816.

Son of folly, dream thou ever,
When thy thoughts within thee burn;
But in life thy visions never
To reality will turn.

Once in happier days chance bore me
To a high mount on the Rhine;
Smiling lay the land before me,
Gloriously the sun did shine.

Far below, the waves were singing
Wild and magic melodies;
In my inmost heart were ringing
Blissful strains in wondrous wise.

Now, when gazing from that station
On the land — how sad its doom!
I but see a pigmy nation
Crawling on a giant's tomb.

So-call'd men wear silken raiment,
Deem themselves the nation's flower;
Honours now are gain'd by payment,
Rogues possess both wealth and power.

Of descent they boast, not merit,
'Tis their dress that makes them men;
Old coats now alone the spirit
Of old times bring back again;

When respect and virtue holy
Modestly went hand in hand;
When the youth with deference lowly
By the aged took his stand;

When a hand-shake was more valid
Than an oath or written sheet;
When men, iron-clad, forth sallied,
And a heart inside them beat.

Our fair garden borders nourish
Many a thousand flow'rets fair;
In the fostering soil they flourish,
While the sun smiles on them there.

But the flower most fair, most golden,
In our gardens ne'er is known, —
That one which, in days now olden,
On each rocky height was grown;

Which, in cold hill-fortress dwelling,
Men endued with iron frame
Deem'd the flower all flowers excelling, —
Hospitality its name.

Weary wanderer, never clamber
To the mountain's fort-crown'd brow;
'Stead of warm and friendly chamber,
Cold, hard walls receive thee now.

From the watch-tower blow no warders
Not a drawbridge is let fall;
For the castle's lord and warders
In the cold tomb slumber all.

In dark coffins, too, are sleeping
Those dear maids bards sang of old;
Shrines like these within them keeping
Greater wealth than pearls and gold.

Strange soft whispers there are blended
Like sweet minnesinger's lays;

To those dark vaults has descended
The fair love of olden days.

True, I also prize our ladies,
For they blossom like the May;
And delightful, too, their trade is, —
'Tis to dance, stitch, paint all day.

And they sing, in rhymes delicious,
Of old love and loyalty,
Feeling all the time suspicious
Whether such things e'er could be.

In their simple minds, our mothers
Used to think in days of yore,
That the gem above all others
Fair, man in his bosom bore.

Very different from this is
What their daughters wisdom call;
In the present day our misses
Love the jewels most of all.

Lies, deceit, and superstition
Rule, — life's charms are thrown aside,
Whilst Rome's sordid base ambition
Jordan's pearls has falsified.

To your dark domain return you,
Visions of far happier days;
O'er a time which thus doth spurn you,
Vain laments no longer raise!

THE CONSECRATION.

Lonely in the forest chapel,
At the image of the Virgin,
Lay a gentle, pallid stripling,
Bent in humble adoration.

O Madonna! Let me ever
On the threshold here be kneeling;
Thou wilt never drive me from thee,
To the world so cold and sinful.

O Madonna! Sunny radiance
Round thy head's bright locks is gleaming,
And a mild sweet smile is playing
Round thy fair mouth's holy roses.

O Madonna! Thine eyes' lustre
Lightens me like stars in heaven;
While life's bark doth drift at random,
Stars lead on for ever surely.

O Madonna! Without wavering
I have borne thy test of sorrow,
On kind love relying blindly,
In thy glow alone e'er glowing.

O Madonna! This day hear me,
Full of mercy, rich in wonders!
Grant me then a sign of favour,
Just one little sign of favour.

Then presently happen'd a marvellous wonder.
The forest and chapel were parted insunder;
The boy understood not the miracle strange,
For all around him did suddenly change.

In a brilliant hall there sat the Madonna,
Her rays were gone, as he gazed upon her;
She bore the form of a lovely maid,
Around her lips a childlike smile play'd.

And see! from her fair and flowing tresses
She steals a lock, as she thus addresses
In a heavenly tone, the raptured boy:
The sweetest reward on earth enjoy!

What attests this consecration?
Saw'st thou not the rainbow shedding
Its sublime illumination,
O'er the wide horizon spreading?

Angels up and down are moving,
Loudly do their pinions flutter;
Breathing music strange and loving,
Sweet the melodies they utter.

Well the stripling knows the yearning
Through his frame that now doth quiver;
To that land his footsteps turning,
Where the myrtle blooms for ever.

THE MOOR'S SERENADE.

To my sleeping dear Zuleima's
Bosom run, ye tears all burning!
Then will her sweet heart for Abdul
'Gin to beat with tender yearning.

Round my sleeping dear Zuleima's
Ear disport, ye tears of anguish!
Then will her fair head in vision
Sweet for Abdul's love straight languish.

O'er my sleeping dear Zuleima's
Soft hand stream, my heart's blood gushing!
Then will her sweet hand bear on it
Abdul's heart's blood, crimson flushing.

Sorrow is, alas, born voiceless,
In its mouth no tongue is growing,
It hath only tears and sighing,
And blood from the heart's wounds flowing.

DREAM AND LIFE.

The day was glowing, my heart, too, glow'd,
In silence I bore my sorrow's load;
When night arrived, I hastened then
To the blossoming rose in the silent glen.

I softly approach'd, and mute as the grave,
While tears my cheeks did secretly lave,
I peep'd in the cup of the rose so fair,
And lo! a bright light was glimmering there.

By the rose I joyfully fell asleep,
When a sweet mocking dream did over me creep;
The form of a rosy maid was reveal'd;
A rosy bodice her bosom conceal'd.

She gave me soon a rich golden store,
To a golden cottage the prize I bore;
Strange goings-on in the cottage I found, —
Small elves are dancing in graceful round.

Twelve dancers are dancing, and taking no rest,
And closely their hands together are press'd;
And soon as a dance has come to a close,
Another begins, and each merrily goes.

And the music they dance to thus sounds in my ear:
“The happiest of hours will ne'er reappear,
“The whole of thy life was only a dream,
“And this hour of pleasure a dream within dream.”

The dream is over, the sun is up,
I eagerly peep in the rose's cup.
Alas! in the place of the glimmering light,
A nasty insect meets my sight.

THE LESSON.

Mother tells little bee,
Yonder wax taper flee;
But for his mother's prayers
Little bee little cares.

Round the light hovers he,
Humming all merrily;
Mother's cry hears not he,
Little bee! Little bee!

Youthful one! Foolish one!
Poor little simpleton!
In the flame rusheth he,
Little bee! Little bee!

Now the flame flickers high,
In the flame he must die:
'Ware of the maidens, then,
Sons of men! Sons of men!

TO FRANCIS V. Z ——— .

I'm drawn to the North by a golden star;
Farewell, brother! forget me not when I am far;
To poetry ever faithful abide,
And never desert that charming bride.
As a priceless treasure preserve in thy breast
The German language so fair and blest;
And shouldst thou e'er come to the Northern strand
O listen awhile at that Northern strand;
And list till thou hearest a ringing remote
That over the silent waters doth float.
When this thou hearest, expect ere long
The sound of the well-known minstrel's song.
Then strike thou in turn thine echoing chord,
And give me news that may pleasure afford;
How matters with thee, dear minstrel, go,
And with the others whom I loved so;
And how it fares with the lovely girl
Who set so many young hearts in a whirl,
And filled so many with yearnings divine —
The blossoming rose on the blossoming Rhine.
And give me news of my fatherland too,
If still 'tis the land of affection true;
If still the old God in Germany lives,
And none to the Evil One homage now gives.
And when thy sweet song thus lovingly rings,
And joyous stories with it thus brings
Far over the waves to the distant strand,
The bard will rejoice in the far North land.

A PROLOGUE TO THE HARTZ-JOURNEY.

All I saw and heard when travelling,
All that soul and heart found pleasing,
All that gave me food for cavilling,
All that tedious was or teasing;

Solemn jostlings, wild excitement,
Both of simpletons and sages, —
All shall swell the long indictment
Of my travels in these pages.

Give not travels life twice over?
When at home one lives once only;
Wouldst thou nobler ends discover,
Thou must leave thy closet lonely.

On the world's wide stage, each player
Is a mimic or a puppet,
Rides his hobby his own way, or
Bids the others clamber up it.

If we're laughed at by our neighbour,
Riding in this curious fashion,
Let us him in turn belabour,
Jeering him without compassion.

Read these travels in the manner
And the sense in which I'm writing;
Each one has his fav'rite banner
Under which he fancies fighting.

DEFEND NOT.

Defend it not, defend it not,
This wretched world below;
Defend its gaping people not,
Who care for nought but pomp and show.

The tedious ones, defend them not,
Who cause us such ennui;
The learned ones, defend them not,
In their o'erpow'ring pedantry.

The women, too, defend them not,
Though good ones may be there;
The best amongst them scorneth not
The man she loves not, to ensnare.

And then my friends — defend them not:
Count not thyself one now;
For thou those friends resemblest not, —
No! firm, and good, and true art thou.

A PARODY.

Indeed they have wearied me greatly,
And made me exceedingly sad,
One half with their prose so wretched,
The other with poetry bad.

Their terrible discord has scatter'd
What little senses I had,
One half with their prose so wretched,
The other with poetry bad.

But 'mongst the whole army of scribblers,
They most have stirr'd up my bile,
Who write in neither prosaic
Nor true poetical style.

WALKING FLOWERS AT BERLIN.

Yes! under the lindens, my dear friend,
Thy yearnings may satisfied be;
The fairest of womankind here, friend,
All walking together, thou'lt see.

How charming they look, how delicious,
In gay silken garments all dress'd!
A certain poet judicious
“Walking flowers” has named them in jest.

How very charming each bonnet!
Each Turkish shawl, how it gleams!
Each cheek, what a bright glow upon it!
Each neck, how swanlike it seems!

EVENING SONGS.

1.

Without any aim, forth I sallied,
And roam'd by the pond o'er the lea;
The charming flowers look'd pallid,
And spectre-like gazed upon me.

Upon me they gazed, and to chatter
And tell my dull tale I began;
They ask'd me, what was the matter
With me, poor sad-looking man.

The truth, I valiantly said it,
No love in the world can I find;
And as I have lost all my credit,
With want of cash 'tis combin'd.

2.

And over the pond are sailing
Two swans all white as snow;
Sweet voices mysteriously wailing
Pierce through me as onward they go.

They sail along, and a ringing
Sweet melody rises on high,
And when the swans begin singing,
They presently must die.

3.

When in sorrow, they dare not show it,
However mournful their mood,
For the swan, like the soul of the poet,
By the dull world is ill understood.

And in their death-hour they waken
The air, and break into song;
And, unless my ears are mistaken,
They sing now, while sailing along.

4.

The cloudlets are lazily sailing
O'er the blue Atlantic sea;
And mid the twilight there hovers
A shadowy figure o'er me.

Full deep in my soul it gazes,
With old-time-recalling eye,
Like a glimpse of joys long buried,
And happiness long gone by.

Familiar the vision appeareth,
Methinks I know it full well;
'Tis the much-loved shadow of Mary,
Who on earth no longer doth dwell.

She beckons in friendly silence,
And clasps me with gentle despair;
But I seize hold of my glasses,
To have a better stare!

SONNETS.

1.

TO AUGUSTUS WILLIAM VON SCHLEGEL.

The worst of worms: the dagger thoughts of doubt —
The worst of poisons: to mistrust one's power —
These struggled my life's marrow to devour;
I was a shoot, whose props were rooted out.
Thou pitiedst the poor shoot in that sad hour,
And bad'st it climb thy kindly words about;
To thee, great Master, owe I thanks devout,
Should the weak shoot e'er blossom into flower.
O still watch o'er it, as it grows apace,
That as a tree the garden it may grace
Of that fair fay, whose favourite child thou wert.
My nurse used of that garden to assert
That a strange ringing, wondrous sweet, there dwells,
Each flower can speak, each tree with music swells.

2.

TO THE SAME.

Contented not with thine own property,
The Rhine's fair Nibelung-treasure thou didst steal,
The wondrous gifts the Thames' far banks conceal, —
The Tagus' flowers were boldly pluck'd by thee,
Thou mad'st the Tiber many a gem reveal,
The Seine paid tribute to thine industry,
Thou pierced'st e'en to Brama's sanctuary,
Pearls from the Ganges taking in thy zeal.
Thou greedy man, I pray thee be content
With that which seldom unto man is lent;
Instead of adding more, to spend prepare!
And with the treasures which thou with such ease
From North and South accustom'd wert to seize,
Enrich the scholar and the joyful heir.

3.

TO COUNCILLOR GEORGE S — , OF GOTTINGEN.

Though the demeanour be imperious, proud,
Yet round the lips may gentleness play still;
Though the eye gleam and every muscle thrill,
Yet may the voice with calmness be endow'd.
Thus art thou in the rostrum, when aloud
Thou speak'st of governments and of the skill
Of cabinets, and of the people's will,
Of Germany's long strifes and ends avow'd.
Ne'er be thine image blotted from my mind!
In times of barbarous self-love like these,
How doth an image of such greatness please!
What thou, in fashion fatherly and kind,
Spak'st to my heart, while hours flew swiftly by,
Deep in my heart I still bear faithfully.

4.

TO J. B. ROUSSEAU.

Thy friendly greetings open wide my breast,
And the dark chambers of my heart unbar;
Home visions greet me like some radiant star,
And magic pinions fan me into rest.
Once more the Rhine flows by me, on its crest
Of waters mount and castle mirror'd are;
On vine-clad hills gold clusters gleam afar,
Vine-dressers climb, while shoot the flow'rets blest.
Could I but see thee, truest friend of all,
Who still dost link thyself to me, as clings
The ivy green around a crumbling wall!
Could I but be with thee, and to thy song
In silence listen, while the redbreast sings,
And the Rhine's waters softly flow along!

5.

A torture-chamber was the world to me,
Where I suspended by the feet did hang;
Hot pincers gave my body many a pang,
A vice of iron crush'd me fearfully.
I wildly cried in nameless agony,
From mouth and eyes the blood in torrents sprang, —
A maid passed by, who a gold hammer swang,
And presently the coup-de-grace gave she.
My quivering limbs she scans with eager eye,
My tongue protruding, as death's hour draws nigh,
From out my bleeding mouth, — a ghastly sight,
My heart's wild pantings hears she with delight;
My last death-rattle music is the while
To her, who stands with cold and mocking smile.

6.

THE NIGHT WATCH ON THE DRACHENFELS. TO FRITZ VON B — .

'Twas midnight as we scaled the mountain height,
The wood pile 'neath the walls the flames devour'd,
And as my joyous comrades round it cower'd,
They sang of Germany's renown in fight.
Her health we drank from Rhine wine beakers bright,
The castle-spirit on the summit tower'd,
Dark forms of armèd knights around us lower'd,
And women's misty shapes appear'd in sight.
And from the ruins there arose low moans,
Owls hooted, rattling sounds were heard, and groans;
A furious north wind bluster'd fitfully.
Such was the night, my friend, that I did pass
On the high Drachenfels, — but I, alas,
A wretched cold and cough took home with me!

7.

IN FRITZ STEINMANN'S ALBUM.

The bad victorious are, the good lie low;
The myrtles are replaced by poplars dry,
Through which the evening breezes loudly sigh,
Bright flashes take the place of silent glow. —
In vain Parnassus' heights you'll plough and sow,
Image on image, flower on flower pile high,
In vain you'll struggle till you're like to die,
Unless, *before* the egg is laid, you know
How to cluck-cluck; and, bulls' horns putting on,
Learn to write sage critiques, both pro and con,
And your own trumpet blow with decent pride.
Write for the mob, not for posterity,
Let blustering noise your poems' lever be, —
You'll then be by the public deified.

8.

TO HER.

The flow'rets red and white that I hold here,
Which blossom'd erst from out the heart's deep wound,
Into a lovely nosegay I have bound,
And offer unto thee, my mistress dear.
By its acceptance be thy bard's love crown'd!
I cannot from this earth's scene disappear,
Till I have left a sign of love sincere.
Remember me when I my death have found.
Yet ne'er, O mistress, shalt thou pity me;
My life of grief was enviable e'en, —
For in my heart I bore thee lovingly.
And greater bliss shall soon be mine, when I
Shall, as thy guardian spirit, watch unseen,
Thy heart with peaceful greetings satisfy.

9.

GOETHE'S MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE MAIN. 1821.

Good German men, maids, matrons, pray give ear,
Collect subscribers with the utmost speed,
The worthy folk of Frankfort have agreed
To build a monument to Goethe here.
“At fair time” (think they) “this will make it clear
“To foreign traders that we’re of his breed,
“That ’twas our soil that nurtured such fair seed,
“And then in trade they’ll trust us without fear.”
O touch the bard’s bright wreath of laurel never,
And keep your money in your pockets too;
’Tis Goethe’s, his own monument to raise.
He dwelt amongst you in his infant days,
But half a world now severs him from you,
Whom a stream doth from Sachsenhausen⁴ sever!

10.

DRESDEN POETRY.

At Dresden on the Elbe, that handsome city,
Where straw hats, verses, and cigars are made,
They've built (it well may make us feel afraid)
A music-club and music warehouse pretty.
There meet the gentlemen and ladies witty,
Herr Kuhn,⁵ Miss Nostitz — adepts at the trade, —
Spout verses, calling action to their aid.
How grand! Avaunt, ye critics! — more's the pity!
Next day the paper tells us all the facts,
Bright's⁶ brightness flies, Child's childishness is childlike,
The critic's supplement is mean yet wildlike.
Arnoldi takes the cash, as salesman acts;
Then Böttiger appears, with noise infernal —
'Tis a true oracle, that Evening Journal!

11.

BREADLESS ART.

How soon my poverty would ended be,
Could I the pencil use, and paint away,
The walls of castles proud and churches gay
Adorning with my pictures merrily!
How soon would wealth replace my penury,
Could I the fiddle, flute, and piano play.
And with such elegance perform each day,
That lords and ladies all applauded me!
But ah! in Mammon's smiles I ne'er had part,
For I have follow'd thee alone, alas!
Thee, Poetry, most thankless, breadless art!
When others (how I'm blushing, now I've said it!)
Drink their champagne from out a brimming glass,
I needs must go without, or drink on credit!

BOOK OF SONGS.

PREFACE.

This is the olden fairy wood!
The linden blossoms smell sweetly,
The strange mysterious light of the moon
Enchants my senses completely.

I onward went, and as I went,
A voice above me was ringing; —
'Tis surely the nightingale's notes that I hear
Of love and love's sorrows she's singing.

She sings of love and love's sorrows as well,
She sings of smiling and aching,
She sadly exults, she joyfully sobs,
Forgotten visions awaking.

I onward went, and as I went,
I saw before me lying,
On open ground, a castle vast,
With gables in loftiness vying.

The windows were closed, and all things appear'd
To stillness and sadness converted;
It seem'd as though silent death had his home
Within those walls deserted.

A sphinx was lying before the door,
Part comical, part not human;
Its body and paws a lion's were,
With the breasts and head of a woman.

A woman fair! her white eyes spoke
Of yearnings wild but tender;
Her lips, all mute, were closely arch'd,
And smiled a silent surrender.

The nightingale so sweetly sang,
I found it in vain to resist it —
I kiss'd the beauteous face, and, ah!
Was ruined as soon as I kissed it.

The marble figure with life was fill'd,
The stone began sighing and groaning;
She drank my kisses' tremulous glow
With thirsty and eager moaning.

She well nigh drank my breath away,
And then, with sensual ardour,
Embraced me, while her lion's paws press'd
My body harder and harder.

O blissful torment and rapturous woe!
The pain, like the pleasure, unbounded!
For while the mouth's kisses filled me with joy,
The paws most fearfully wounded.

The nightingale sang: "O beauteous sphinx!
"O loved one, explain the reason
"Why all thy raptures with pains of death
"Are mingled, in cruel treason?

"O beauteous sphinx! explain to me
"The riddle so full of wonder!
"I over it many a thousand years
"Have never ceased to ponder."

YOUTHFUL SORROWS.

1817-21.

VISIONS.

1.

Of love's wild glow I dreamt in former days,
Of mignonette, fair locks, and myrtle twining,
Of lips so sweet, with bitter words combining,
Of mournful melodies of mournful lays.

The dreams have long been scatter'd far and banish'd,
My dearest vision fled for evermore,
And, save the burning glow I used to pour
Into my tender numbers, all is vanish'd.

Thou ling'rest still, deserted song! Now go,
And seek that long-lost vision; shouldst thou meet it,
On my behalf in loving fashion greet it, —
An airy breath to that dim shade I blow.

2.

A dream both strange and sad to see
Once startled and delighted me;
The dismal vision haunts me still,
And in my heart doth wildly thrill.

There was a garden wondrous fair, —
I fain would wander gladly there;
The beauteous flowers upon me gazed,
And high I found my rapture raised.

The birds were twittering above
Their joyous melodies of love;
The sun was red with rays of gold,
The flowers all lovely to behold.

Sweet fragrance all the herbs exhale,
And sweetly, softly blows the gale;

And all things glisten, all things smile,
And show their loveliness the while.

Amid that bright and flowery land
A marble fountain was at hand,
And there I saw a maiden fair
Washing a garment white with care.

Her cheeks were sweet, her eyes were mild,
Fair hair'd and saintly look'd the child,
And as I gazed, she seem'd to be
So strange, yet so well known to me.

The beauteous girl, who made all speed,
A song was humming, strange indeed:
"Water, water, quickly run,
"Let the washing soon be done."

I went and stood then in her way,
And whisper'd gently: "Prythee say,
"Thou maiden sweet and wondrous fair,
"For whom dost thou this dress prepare?"

Then spake she quickly: "Ready be!
"I'm washing thine own shroud for thee!" —
Scarce had her lips these words let fall,
Like foam the vision vanish'd all.

And still entranced, ere long I stood
Within a desert, gloomy wood:
To reach the skies the branches sought;
I stood amazed, and thought and thought.

And hark! what hollow echoing sound
Like axe-strokes fills the air around
Through waste and wood I speed apace,
Until I reach an open place.

In the green plain before me spread
A mighty oak tree rear'd its head;
And lo! the maiden, strange to see,
Was felling with an axe the tree.

With blow on blow a song she sings
Unceasing, as the axe she swings:
"Iron glittering, iron bright,
"Hew the oaken chest aright."

I went and stood then in her way,
And whisper'd gently: "Prythee say,
"Thou sweet and wondrous maiden mine,
"For whom dost hew the oaken shrine?"

Then spake she quickly: "Time is short,
"To hew thy coffin is my sport!" —
Scarce had her lips these words let fall,
Like foam the vision vanish'd all.

Bleak, dim was all above, beneath,
Around was barren, barren heath:
I felt in strange mysterious mood,
And shuddering inwardly I stood.

And as I roam'd on silently,
A whitish streak soon caught mine eye;
I hasten'd tow'rd it, and when there,
Behold, I found the maiden fair!

On wide heath stood the snowy maid,
Digging the ground with sexton's spade;
Scarce dared I gaze on her aright,
So fair yet fearful was the sight.

The beauteous girl, who made all speed,
A song was humming, strange indeed:

“Spade, O spade, so sharp and tried,
“Dig a pit both deep and wide.”

I went, and stood then in her way,
And whisper’d gently: “Prythee say,
“Thou maiden sweet and wondrous fair,
“What means the pit that’s lying there?”

Then spake she quickly: “Silent be!
“A cold, cold grave I dig for thee.”
And when the fair maid thus replied,
Its mouth the pit straight opened wide.

And when the pit was full in view,
A chilling shudder pierced me through,
And in the grave so dark and deep
Headlong I fell, and — woke from sleep.

3.

In midnight vision I myself have spied,
As for some festival, in ruffles dress’d,
In a black gala-coat and silken vest; —
My sweet and trusting love with scorn I eyed;
And bow’d low down, and said “Art thou a bride?”
“I wish thee joy, dear Madam, I protest!”
And yet my lips reluctantly express’d
The words so cold and tauntingly applied.
And bitter tears then suddenly ‘gan falling
From her dear eyes, and in a sea of weeping
Wellnigh dissolved her image so enthralling.
O lovely eyes, ye stars of love so kindly,
What though ye, when awake, and e’en when sleeping
Deceived me oft, I trust ye still as blindly!

4.

In dream I saw a tiny manikin,
Who went on stilts, with steps a yard apart;
White was his linen, and his dress was smart,
But he was coarse and most unclean within.
Yes, worthless inwardly, and full of sin;
Worthy to seem outside was his great art,
Of courage he discoursed, as from his heart,
Defiant, stubborn, 'neath a veil but thin.
“And know'st thou who he is? Come here and see!”
So spake the dream-god, slily showing me
Within a mirror's frame this vision then.
The manikin before an altar stood,
My love beside him, both said “Yes, they would,”
And thousand laughing devils cried “Amen!”

5.

Why stirs and chafes my madden'd blood?
Why burns my heart in furious mood?
My blood fast boils, and foams and fumes,
And passion fierce my heart consumes.

My mad blood boils in foaming stream,
Because I've dreamt an evil dream:
Night's gloomy son appear'd one day,
And bore me in his arms away.

To a bright house soon brought he me,
Where sounded harp and revelry,
And torches gleam'd and tapers shone —
The hall I entered then alone.

I saw a merry wedding feast,
The glad guests round the table press'd;
And when the bridal pair I spied,
O woe! my mistress was the bride.

There was my love, and strange to say,
A stranger claim'd her hand to-day.
Then close behind her chair of honour
I silent stood and gazed upon her.

The music sounded — still I stood;
Their joy but swell'd my mournful mood;
The bride she look'd so highly blest,
Her hand the while the bridegroom press'd.

The bridegroom next fill'd full his cup,
And from it drank, then gave it up
Unto the bride; she smiled a thank;
O woe! my red blood 'twas she drank.

The bride a rosy apple took,
And gave it him with smiling look;
He took his knife, and cut a part;
O woe! it was indeed my heart.

They lovingly each other eyed,
The bridegroom boldly clasp'd the bride,
And kissed her on her cheeks so red;
O woe! cold death kiss'd me instead.

Like lead my tongue within me lay,
Vainly I strove one word to say;
A noise was heard, — the dance began,
The bridal pair were in the van.

Whilst I stood rooted to the ground,
The dancers nimbly whirl'd around;
The bridegroom spoke a whisper'd word, —
She blush'd, well pleased with what she heard.

In blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above.

I gazed upon the darling child,
I gazed, and she all-gently smiled,
And smiled until my heart swell'd high,
When stormlike daring words breath'd I:

“Take, take thou everything that's mine,
“My All will I to thee resign,
“If I may be thy paramour
“From midnight till the morning hour.”

Then on me gazed the beauteous maid,
With looks that inward strife betray'd,
So sweet, so sad, while thus she said:
“Give me thy hope of heaven instead!”

“My life so sweet, my youthful blood,
“I'll give with cheerful joyous mood,
“For thee, O maiden angel-fair, —
“But hope of heaven hereafter — ne'er!”

My daring speech flow'd readily,
Yet ever fairer blossom'd she,
And still the beauteous maiden said
“Give me thy hope of heaven instead!”

These words fell on me heavily,
Then rush'd, like some fierce flowing sea,
Down to my spirit's depth most deep, —
I scarce had power my breath to keep.

There came a band of angels white
Graced with a golden halo bright,

But wildly follow'd in their track
A grisly train of goblins black.

They wrestled with the angels white,
And drove away those angels bright,
And then the gloomy squadron too
Melted like morning mist from view. —

Fain had I died of rapture there,
My arms upheld my maiden fair;
She nestled near me like a roe,
But also wept with bitter woe.

Sweet maiden wept; well knew I why,
Her rosy mouth to peace kiss'd I:
“O still, sweet love, that tearful flood,
“Surrender to my loving mood!

“Surrender to my loving mood!” —
When sudden froze to ice my blood;
The earth beneath me groan'd and sigh'd,
A yawning chasm open'd wide.

And from the chasm's gloomy veil
Rose the black troop, — sweet love turn'd pale;
My arms were of sweet love bereft,
And I in solitude was left.

The gloomy troop around me danced
In wondrous circle, then advanced,
And seized and bore me to the ground,
While scornful laughter rose around.

And still the circle narrower grew,
And ever humm'd the fearful crew:
“Thy hope of heaven was pledg'd by thee,
“Thou'rt ours for all eternity!”

7.

Thou now hast the money, — why longer delay?
 Thou dark scowling fellow, why lingering stay?
 I sit in my chamber, and patiently wait,
 And midnight is near, but the bride is still late.

From the churchyard the shuddering breezes arise; —
 Ye breezes, O say, has my bride met your eyes?
 Pale demons come round me, and hard on me press,
 Make curtsies with grinning, and nod their “O yes!”

Quick, tell me the message you’re coming about,
 Black villain, in liv’ry of fire trick’d out!
 My mistress sends word that she soon will be here;
 In a car drawn by dragons she’ll shortly appear.

Dear grey little man, say, what would’st thou to-day?
 Dead master of mine, what’s thy business, pray?
 He gazes upon me with mute mournful mien,
 Shakes his head, turns away, and no longer is seen.

His tail wags the shaggy old dog, and he whines;
 All brightly the eye of the black tom-cat shines;
 The women are howling with long flowing hair, —
 Why sings my old nurse my old cradle-song there?

Old nurse stops at home, to her song to attend,
 The eiapopeia is long at an end;
 To-day I am keeping my gay wedding feast;
 Only watch the arrival of each gallant guest!

Only watch them! Good sirs, how polite is your band!
 Ye carry your heads, ‘stead of hats, in your hand;
 With your clattering bones, and like gallows-birds dress’d,
 Why arrive here so late, when the wind is at rest?

The old witch on her broomstick comes galloping on:
Ah, bless me, good mother, I'm really thy son.
The mouth in her pale face beginning to twitch,
"For ever, amen," soon replies the old witch.

Twelve wither'd musicians come creeping along,
The limping blind fiddler is seen in the throng
Jackpudding dress'd out in his motley array,
On the gravedigger's back is grimacing away.

With dancing twelve nuns from the convent advance,
The leering old procuress leading the dance;
Twelve merry young priests follow close in their train,
And sing their lewd songs in a church-going strain.

Till you're black in the face, good old clothesman, don't yell,
Your fur-coat will nothing avail you in hell;
'Tis heated for nought all the year with odd things, —
'Stead of wood, with the bones of dead beggars and kings.

The girls with the flowers seem'd hunchback'd and bent,
Tumbling head over heels in the room as they went;
With your faces like owls, and a grasshopper's leg,
That rattling of bones discontinue, I beg.

The squadrons of hell all appear in their shrouds,
And bustle and hustle in fast-swelling crowds;
The waltz of damnation resounds in the ear, —
Hush, hush! my sweet love is at length drawing near.

Now, rabble, be quiet, or get you away!
I scarcely can hear e'en one word that I say;
Hark! Is't not the sound of a chariot at hand?
Quick, open the door! Why thus loitering stand?

Thou art welcome, my darling! how goes it, my sweet?
You're welcome, good parson! stand up, I entreat!

Good parson, with hoof of a horse and with tail,
I'm your dutiful servant, and wish you all hail!

Dear bride, wherefore stand'st thou so pale and so dumb?
The parson to join us together has come;
Full dear, dear as blood, is the fee I must pay,
And yet to possess thee is merely child's play.

Kneel down, my sweet bride, by my side prythee kneel
She kneels and she sinks, — O what rapture I feel! —
She sinks on my heart, on my fast-heaving breast;
With shuddering pleasure I hold her close press'd.

Like billows her golden locks circle the pair,
'Gainst my heart beats the heart of the maiden so fair
They beat with a union of sorrow and love,
And soar to the regions of heaven above.

While our hearts are thus floating in rapture's wide sea,
In God's holy realms, all untrammell'd and free,
On our heads, as a terrible sign and a brand,
Has hell in derision imposed her grim hand.

In propriâ personâ the dark son of night
As parson bestows the priest's blessing to-night;
From a bloody book breathes he the formula terse,
Each prayer execration, each blessing a curse.

A crashing and hissing and howling is heard,
Like rolling of thunder, like waves wildly stirr'd;
When sudden a bluish-tinged light brightly flames,
"For ever, amen!" the old mother exclaims.

8.

I came from the house of my mistress dear,
And wander'd, half frenzied, in midnight fear,

And when o'er the churchyard I mournfully trod,
In solemn silence the graves seem'd to nod.

The musician's old tombstone seem'd nodding to be;
'Tis the flickering light of the moon that I see.
There's a whisper "Dear brother, I soon shall be here!"
Then a misty pale form from the tomb doth appear.

The musician it was who arose in the gloom,
And perch'd himself high on the top of the tomb;
The chords of his lute he struck with good will,
And sang with a voice right hollow and shrill:

"Ah, know ye still the olden song,
"That thrill'd the breast with passion strong,
"Ye chords so dull and unmoving?
"The angels they call it the joys of heaven,
"The devils they call it hell's torments even,
"And mortals they call it — loving!"

The last word's sound had scarcely died,
When all the graves their mouths open'd wide;
Many airy figures step forward, and each
The musician draws near, while in chorus they screech:

"Love, O love, thy wondrous might
"Brought us to this dreary plight,
"Closed our eyes in endless night, —
"To disturb us why delight?"

Thus howl they confusedly, hissing and groaning,
With roaring and sighing and crashing and moaning;
The mad troop the musician surround as before,
And the chords the musician strikes wildly once more

"Bravo! bravo! How absurd!
"Welcome to ye!

“Plainly knew ye
“That I spake the magic word!

“As we pass the livelong year
“Still as mice in prison drear,
“Let’s to-day be full of cheer!
“First, though, please
“See that no one else is here;
“Fools were we as long as living,
“To love’s maddening passion giving
“All our madden’d energies.
“Let, by way of recreation,
“Each one give a true narration
“Of his former history, —
“How devour’d,
“How o’erpower’d
“In love’s frantic chase was he.”

Then as light as the air from the circle there broke
A wizen’d thin being, who hummingly spoke:

“A tailor was I by profession
“With needle and with shears;
“None made a better impression
“With needle and with shears.

“Then came my master’s daughter
“With needle and with shears,
“And pierced my sorrowing bosom
“With needle and with shears.”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
In solemn silence a second stepp’d aft:

“Great Rinaldo Rinaldini,
“Schinderhanno, Orlandini,
“And Charles Moor especially,
“Were my patterns made by me.

“Like those mighty heroes, I
“Fell in love, I’ll not deny,
“And the fairest woman most
“Haunted me like any ghost.

“Sighing, cooing like a dove,
“I was driven mad with love,
“And my fingers, by ill-luck,
“In my neighbour’s pocket stuck.

“But the constable abused me,
“And most cruelly ill-used me,
“And I sought to hide my grief
“In my neighbour’s handkerchief.

“Then their arms policemen placed
“Quietly around my waist,
“And the bridewell then and there
“Took me ‘neath its tender care.

“There, with thoughts of love quite full,
“Long time sat I, spinning wool,
“Till Rinaldo’s ghost one day
“Came and took my soul away.”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
A third, all-berouged and bedizen’d, stepp’d aft:

“As monarch I ruled on the stage,
“The part of the lover played I,
“Oft bellowed ‘Ye Gods,’ in a rage,
“Breath’d many a heart-rending sigh.

“I play’d Mortimer’s part best, methinks,
“Maria was always so fair;
“But despite the most natural winks,
“She never gave heed to my prayer.

“Once when I, with desperate look,
“‘Maria, thou holy one!’ cried,
“The dagger I hastily took,
“And plunged it too deep in my side.”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh’d;
A fourth in a white flowing garment stepp’d aft:

“*Ex cathedrâ* kept prating the learned professor,
“He prated, and I went to sleep all the while;
“Yet my pleasure had certainly not been the lesser,
“Had I revell’d instead in his daughter’s sweet smile.

“From the window she oft to me tenderly beckon’d,
“That flower of flowers, my life’s only light;
“Yet that flower of flowers was pluck’d in a second
“By a stupid old blockhead, an opulent wight.

“Then cursed I all women and rogues of high station,
“And mingled some poisonous herbs in my wine,
“And held with old Death a jollification,
“While he said: ‘Your good health! from this moment you’re mine!’”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh’d;
A fifth, with a rope round his neck, next stepp’d aft:

“There boasted and bragg’d a count, over his wine,
“Of his daughter so fair, and his jewels so fine.
“What care I, Sir Count, for thy jewels so fine?
“Far rather would I that thy daughter were mine!

“’Tis true under bar, lock, and key they both lay,
“And the Count many servants retain’d in his pay
“What cared I for servants, for bar, lock, or key?
“Up the rungs of the ladder I mounted with glee.

“To my mistress’s window I climb’d with good cheer,
“Where curses beneath me saluted my ear.

““Stop, stop, my fine fellow! I too must be there,
“I’m likewise in love with the jewels so fair.’

“Thus jested the Count, while he grappled me tight,
“His servants came round me with shouts of delight.
““Pooh, nonsense, you rascals! No robber am I,
“I but came for my mistress— ’tis really no lie.’

“In vain was my talking, in vain what I said,
“They got ready the rope, threw it over my head,
“And the sun, when he rose, with amazement extreme
“Found me hanging, alas, from the gallows’ high beam!”

“In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh’d;
“A sixth, with his head in his hand, next stepp’d aft;

“Love’s torments made me seek the chace;
“Rifle in hand, I roam’d apace.
“Down from the tree, with hollow scoff,
“The raven cried: ‘head off! head off!’

“O, could I only see a dove,
“I’d take it home for my sweet love!
“Thus thought I, and midst bush and tree
“With sportsman’s eye sought carefully.

“What billing’s that? What gentle cooing?
“It sounds like turtle doves’ soft wooing.
“I stole up slily, cock’d my gun,
“And, lo, my own sweet love was one!

“It was indeed my dove, my bride;
“A stranger clasp’d her waist with pride.
“Old gun, now let thy aim be good! —
“The stranger welter’d in his blood.

“Soon through the wood I had to pass,
“With hangmen by my side, alas!

“Down from the tree, with bitter scoff,
“The raven cried: ‘head-off! head-off!’”

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
At length the musician in person stepp’d aft:

“I’ve sung my own song, friends, demurely,
“That charming song’s at an end;
“When the heart is once broken, why surely
“The song may homeward wend!”

Then began the wild laughter still louder to sound,
And the pale spectral troop in a circle swept round.
From the neighbouring church-tow’r the stroke of “One!” fell,
And the spirits rush’d back to their graves with a yell.

9.

I was asleep, and calmly slept,
All pain and grief allay’d;
A wondrous vision o’er me crept,
There came a lovely maid.

As pale as marble was her face,
And, O, so passing fair!
Her eyes they swam with pearl-like grace,
And strangely waved her hair.

And softly, softly moved her foot
The pale-as-marble maid;
And on my heart herself she put,
The pale-as-marble maid.

How shook and throb’d, half sad, half blest,
My heart, which hotly burn’d!
But neither shook nor throb’d her breast,
Which into ice seem’d turn’d.

“It neither shakes nor throbs, my breast,
“And it is icy cold;
“And yet I know love’s yearning blest,
“Love’s mighty pow’r of old.

“No colour’s on my lips and cheek,
“No blood my veins doth swell;
“But start not, thus to hear me speak,
“I love thee, love thee well!”

And wilder still embraced she me,
And I was sore afraid;
Then crow’d the cock, — straight vanish’d she,
The pale-as-marble maid.

10.

I oft have pale spectres before now
Conjured with magical might;
They refuse to return any more now
To their former dwelling of night.

The word that commands their submission
I forgot in my terror and fear;
My own spirits now seek my perdition,
Within their prison-house drear.

Dark demons, approach not a finger!
Away, nor to torment give birth!
Full many a joy still may linger
In the roseate light of this earth.

I needs must be evermore striving
To reach the flower so fair;
O, what were the use of my living
If I may cherish her ne’er?

To my glowing heart fain would I press her,
Would clasp her for once to my breast,
On her lips and her cheeks once caress her,
With sweetest of torments be blest.

If once from her mouth I could hear it,
Could hear one fond whisper bestow'd,
I would follow thee, beckoning Spirit,
Yea, e'en to thy darksome abode.

The spirits have heard, and draw nigh me,
And nod with terrific glee:
Sweet love, with an answer supply me, —
Sweet love, O lovest thou me?

2.

SONGS.

1.

Every morning rise I, crying:
Comes my love to-day?
Then sink down at evening, sighing:
She is still away!

Sleepless and oppress'd with sorrow,
All night long I lie
Dreaming, half asleep; the morrow
Sadly wander I.

2.

I'm driven hither and thither along!
But yet a few hours, I shall see her again,
Herself, the most fair of the fair maiden-train; —
True heart, what means thy throbbing so strong?

The hours are only a slothful race!
Lazily they move each day,
And with yawning go their way; —
Hasten on, ye slothful race!

Wild-raging eagerness thrills me indeed;
Never in love have the hours delighted;
So, in a cruel bond strangely united,
Slily deride they the lovers' wild speed.

3.

By nought but sorrow attended,
I wander'd under the trees;
That olden vision descended,
And stole to my heart by degrees.

Who taught you the word ye are singing,
Ye birds in the branches on high?
O hush! when my heart hears it ringing,
It makes it more mournfully sigh.

“A fair young maiden ’twas taught it,
“Who came here, and sang like a bird;
“And so we birds easily caught it,
“That pretty, golden word.”

No more shall this story deceive me,
Ye birds, so wondrously sly:
Of my sorrow ye fain would bereave me,
On your friendship I cannot rely.

4.

Sweet love, lay thy hand on my heart, and tell
If thou hearest the knocks in that narrow cell?
There dwells there a carpenter, cunning is he,
And slily he’s hewing a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks by day and by night,
My slumber already has banish’d outright;
Oh, Master Carpenter, prythee make haste,
That I some slumber at length may taste.

5.

Beauteous cradle of my sorrow,
Beauteous grave of all my peace,
Beauteous town, we part to-morrow,
Fare thee well, our ties must cease!

Fare thee well, thou threshold holy,
Where my loved one sets her feet!
Fare thee well, thou spot so holy,
Where we chanced at first to meet!

Would that we had been for ever
Strangers, queen of hearts so fair!
Then it would have happen'd never
That I'm driven to despair.

Ne'er to stir thy bosom thought I,
For thy love I never pray'd;
Silently to live but sought I
Where thy breath its balm convey'd.

Yet thou spurn'st me in my sadness,
Bitter words thy mouth doth speak,
In my senses riots madness,
And my heart is faint and weak

And my limbs, in wanderings dreary,
Sadly drag I, full of gloom,
Till I lay my head all weary
In a chilly distant tomb.

6.

Patience, surly pilot, shortly
To the port I'll follow you;
From two maidens I'm departing,
From my love and Europe too.

Blood-spring, from mine eyes 'gin running,
Blood-spring, from my body flow,
So that I then, with my hot blood,
May write down my tale of woe.

Ah, my body, wherefore shudder
Thus to-day my blood to see?
Many years before thee standing
Pale, heart-bleeding, saw'st thou me!

Know'st thou still the olden story
Of the snake in Paradise,
Who, a cursed apple giving,
Caused our parents endless sighs?

Apples brought all evils on us,
Death through Eve by apples came;
Flames on Troy were brought by Eris, —
Both thou broughtest, death and flame!

7.

Hill and castle fair are glancing
O'er the clear and glassy Rhine,
And my bark is gaily dancing
In the sunlight all-divine.

On the golden waters, breaking
Sportively, my calm eyes rest;
Gently are the feelings waking
That I nourish'd in my breast.

With a fond and kindly greeting,
Lure me those deep waters bright,
Yet I know their smoothness cheating
Hides beneath it death and night.

Joy above, below destruction, —
Thou'rt my loved one's image, stream
Blissful is her smile's seduction,
Kind and gentle can she seem.

8.

First methought in my affliction,
I can never stand the blow. —
Yet I did — strange contradiction!
How I did, ne'er seek to know.

With rose and cypress and tinsel gay,
 I fain would adorn in a charming way
 This book, as though a coffin it were,
 And in it my olden songs inter.

O, could I but bury love also there!
 On love's grave grows rest's floweret fair;
 'Tis there 'tis pluck'd in its sweetest bloom, —
 For me 'twill not blossom till in my tomb.

Here now are the songs that formerly rose,
 As wild as the lava from Etna that flows,
 From out the depths of my feelings true,
 And glittering sparks around them threw!

Like corpses now lie they, all silent and dumb,
 And cold and pallid as mist they've become;
 But the olden glow their revival will bring
 When the spirit of love waves o'er them its wing.

In my heart a presentiment loudly cries:
 The spirit of love will over them rise:
 This book will hereafter come to thy hand,
 My sweetest love, in a distant land.

Then the spell on my song at an end will be,
 The pallid letters will gaze on thee,
 Imploringly gaze on thy beauteous eyes,
 And whisper with sadness and loving sighs.

3.

ROMANCES.

1.

THE MOURNFUL ONE.

Every heart with pain is smitten
When they see the stripling pale,
Who upon his face bears written
Grief and sorrow's mournful tale.

Breezes with compassion lightly
Fan his burning brow the while,
And his bosom many a sprightly
Damsel fair would fain beguile.

From the city's ceaseless bustle
To the wood for peace he flies.
Merrily the leaves there rustle,
Merrier still the bird's songs rise.

But the merry song soon ceases,
Sadly rustle leaf and tree,
When he, while his grief increases,
Nears the forest mournfully.

2.

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

At sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave:
“Ah! travel I now to my mistress’s arms,
Or but to the darksome grave?”
The echo answer gave:
“The darksome grave!”

And farther rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express’d:
“If I thus early must go to my grave,
Yet in the grave is rest.”
The answering voice confess’d:
“The grave is rest!”

Adown the horseman’s furrow’d cheek
A tear fell on his breast:
“If rest I can only find in the grave,
For me the grave is best.”
The hollow voice confess’d:
“The grave is best!”

3.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

On the mountain summit darkling
Lies the castle, veil'd in night;
Lights are in the valley sparkling,
Clashing swords are gleaming bright.

Brothers 'tis, who in fierce duel
Fight, with wrath to fury fann'd;
Tell me why these brothers cruel
Strive thus madly, sword in hand?

By the eyes of Countess Laura
Were they thus in strife array'd;
Both with glowing love adore her, —
Her, the noble, beauteous maid.

Unto which now of the brothers
Is her heart the most inclined?
She her secret feelings smothers, —
Out, then, sword, the truth to find!

And they fight with rage despairing,
Blows exchange with savage might;
Take good heed, ye gallants daring, —
Mischief walks abroad by night.

Woe, O woe, ye brothers cruel!
Woe, O woe, thou vale abhorr'd!
Both fall victims in the duel,
Falling on each other's sword.

Races are to dust converted,
Many centuries have flown,
And the castle, now deserted,
Sadly from the mount looks down.

But at night-time in the valley
Wondrous forms appear again;
At the stroke of twelve, forth sally
To the fight the brothers twain.

4.

POOR PETER.

I.

While Hans and Grettel are dancing with glee,
And each of them loudly rejoices,
Poor Peter looks as pale as can be,
And perfectly mute his voice is.

While Hans and Grettel are bridegroom and bride,
And glitter in smart ostentation,
Poor Peter must still in his working dress bide,
And bites his nails with vexation.

Then softly Peter said to himself,
As he gazed on the couple sadly:
“Ah, had I not been such a sensible elf,
It had fared with my life but badly!”

II.

“Within my breast there sits a woe
That seems my breast to sever;
Where’er I stand, where’er I go,
It drives me onward ever.

“It makes me tow’rd my loved one fly,
As if she could restore me;
Yet when I gaze upon her eye,
My sorrows rise before me.

“I clamber up the mountain now,
In lonely sorrow creeping,
And standing silent on its brow,
I cannot cease from weeping.”

III.

Poor Peter slowly totters by,
Pale as a corpse, and stealthily;
The very people in the street
Stand still, when his sad form they meet.

The maidens whisper'd as they pitied:
"The grave he has this moment quitted."
Ah no, my dear young maidens fair,
He's just about to lie down there!

As he is of his love bereft,
The grave's the best place that is left,
Where he his aching heart may lay,
And sleep until the Judgment Day.

5.

THE PRISONER'S SONG.

When my grandmother once had bewitch'd a poor girl,
The mob would have burnt her quite readily;
But though fiercely the judge his mustachios might twirl,
She refused to confess her crime steadily.

And when in the caldron they held her fast,
She shouted and yell'd like a craven;
But when the black vapour arose, she at last
Flew up in the air as a raven.

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
O visit me soon in this tower!
Quick, fly through the grating, and come to me here,
And bring me some cakes to devour!

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
O prythee protect me from sorrow!
For my aunt will be picking my eyes out, I fear,
When I merrily soar hence to-morrow.

6.

THE GRENADIERS

Two grenadiers travell'd tow'rds France one day,
On leaving their prison in Russia,
And sadly they hung their heads in dismay
When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,
That France had utterly perish'd,
The grand army had met with an overthrow,
They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore
At hearing the terrible story;
And one of them said: "Alas! once more
My wounds are bleeding and gory."

The other one said: "The game's at an end,
With thee I would die right gladly,
But I've wife and child, whom at home I should tend,
For without me they'll fare but badly.

"What matters my child, what matters my wife?
A heavier care has arisen;
Let them beg, if they're hungry, all their life, —
My Emperor sighs in a prison!

"Dear brother, pray grant me this one last prayer:
If my hours I now must number,
O take my corpse to my country fair,
That there it may peacefully slumber.

"The legion of honour, with ribbon red,
Upon my bosom place thou,
And put in my hand my musket dread,
And my sword around me brace thou.

“And so in my grave will I silently lie,
And watch like a guard o’er the forces,
Until the roaring of cannon hear I,
And the trampling of neighing horses.

“My Emperor then will ride over my grave,
While the swords glitter brightly and rattle;
Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the grave,
For my Emperor hasting to battle!”

7.

THE MESSAGE.

Good servant! up, and saddle quick,
And leap upon thy steed,
And to King Duncan's castle then
Through plain and forest speed.

Into the stable creep, and wait,
'Till by the helper spied;
Then say: "Of Duncan's daughters, which
Has just become a bride?"

And if he says: "The brown one 'tis,"
The news bring quickly home;
But if he says: "The fair one 'tis,"
More slowly thou mayst come.

Then go to the ropemaker's shop,
And buy a rope for me;
And riding slowly, bring it here,
And mute and silent be.

8.

TAKING THE BRIDE HOME.

I'll go not alone, my sweetheart dear!
With me thou must go now
To the cheery, old, and cosy room
In the dreary cold abode of gloom,
Where at the door my mother keeps guard,
And for her son's return looks hard.

“Away from me, thou gloomy man!
Who bid thee come hither?
Thy hand's like ice, thine eye glows bright,
Thy breath is burning, thy cheek is white; —
But I would rather my time beguile
With smell of roses and sun's sweet smile.”

The roses may smell, and the sun may shine,
My darling sweetheart!
Throw thy spreading white veil thy figure around,
Make the chords of the echoing lyre resound,
And sing a wedding song to me;
The night-wind pipes the melody.

9.

DON RAMIRO.

“Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Through long years the hotly-loved one
Thou hast will’d now my destruction,
Will’d it, too, without compassion.

“Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Very sweet the gift of life is!
But beneath us all is fearful,
In the tomb so dark and chilly.

“Donna Clara, joy! to-morrow
Will Fernando at the altar
As his wedded bride salute thee, —
Wilt thou ask me to the wedding?”

“Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Bitterly thy words are sounding,
Bitt’rer than you stars’ decree is,
Scoffing at my heart’s own wishes.

“Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Shake thy gloomy sadness from thee;
On the earth are many maidens,
But by God have we been parted.

“Don Ramiro, who so bravely
Many Moors hast overpower’d,
Overpower now thyself too, —
Come to-morrow to my wedding.”

“Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Yes, I swear it, yes, I’ll come there!
And the dance will lead off with thee; —
So good night, I’ll come to-morrow.”

“So good night!” — The window rattled;
Sighing stood below Ramiro,
Seeming turn’d to stone long stood he;
Then he vanish’d in the darkness.

Lastly, after lengthen’d conflict,
Night to day in turn surrender’d;
Like a blooming flowery garden
Lies extended fair Toledo.

Palaces and splendid buildings
Glitter in the radiant sunlight,
And the churches’ domes so lofty
Glisten proudly, as though gilded.

Humming like a busy beehive,
Merrily the bells are sounding;
Sweetly rise the solemn psalm-tunes
From the God-devoted churches.

But look yonder! but look yonder!
Where from out the market chapel,
Midst the heaving crowd and uproar,
Streams the throng in chequer’d masses.

Glittering knights and stately ladies
In gay courtly dresses sparkle,
And the clear-toned bells are ringing,
And the organ peals between times.

But with reverence saluted,
In the people’s midst are walking,
Nobly clad, the youthful couple,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom’s palace entrance
Slowly moves the gay procession;

There begin the ceremonies,
Stately, and in olden fashion.

Knightly games and merry feasting
Interchange with loud rejoicing;
Swiftly fly the hours thus gladly
Till the shades of night have fallen.

And the wedding-guests assemble
In the hall, to hold the dances,
And their chequer'd gala dresses
Midst the glittering lights are sparkling.

On a high-exalted dais
Bride and bridegroom are reclining,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,
Holding loving conversation.

In the hall are gaily moving
All the festal crowd of people,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

“Wherefore, O my heart's fair mistress.
Are thy glances so directed
Tow'rd the hall's most distant corner?”
Thus the knight exclaim'd with wonder.

“Seest thou not, then, Don Fernando,
Yonder man in dark cloak hidden?”
And the knight with smiling answered:
“Ah, 'tis nothing but a shadow.”

But the shadow soon approach'd them,
And a man was in the mantle,
And Ramiro recognising,
Clara greeted him with blushes.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gaily
In the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.

"Gladly will I, Don Ramiro,
In the dance become thy partner,
But thou didst not well to come here
In a black and nightlike mantle."

But with eyes all fix'd and piercing
Looks Ramiro on the fair one;
Clasping her, with gloom thus speaks he:
"At thy bidding have I come here!"

And the pair of dancers vanish
In the dance's giddy mazes,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

"Snow-white are thy cheeks, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with secret trembling.
"At thy bidding have I come here!"
In a hollow voice replies he.

In the hall the wax-lights glimmer
Through the ebbing, flowing masses,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

"Ice-cold are thy hands, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with shudd'ring terror.
"At thy bidding have I come here!"
And within the whirl they vanish.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!
Ah, thy breath is like a corpse's!"

Once again the dark words speaks he
“At thy bidding have I come here!”

And the very ground seems glowing.
Fiddle, viol sound right merry;
Like a wondrous weft of magic
All within the hall is whirling.

“Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!”
Sadly sounds amidst the tumult;
Don Ramiro ever answers:
“At thy bidding have I come here!”

“In the name of God depart, then!”
Clara with a firm voice utters,
And the words she scarce had spoken
When Ramiro vanish’d from her.

Clara, death in every feature,
Chilly, night-surrounded, stood there,
And a swoon her lightsome figure
To its darksome kingdom carries.

But at last her misty slumber
Yields, at last her eyelids open,
But again, with deep amazement,
Would she fain have closed her fair eyes.

For since they began the dancing,
From her seat had she not moved once,
And she still sits by the bridegroom,
And the anxious knight thus asks her

“Say, why are thy cheeks so pallid?
Wherefore is thine eye so darksome?” —
“And Ramiro?” — stammers Clara,
And her tongue is mute with horror.

But with deep and solemn wrinkles
Is the bridegroom's brow now furrow'd:
"Lady, bloody news why seek'st thou?
This day's noontide died Ramiro."

10.

BELSHAZZAR.

The midnight hour was coming on,
In deathlike calm lay Babylon.

But in the monarch's castle high
Held the monarch's attendants gay revelry.

And in the regal hall upstairs
A regal feast Belshazzar shares.

The servants in glittering circles recline,
And empty the goblets of sparkling wine.

The servants are shouting, the goblets ring,
Delighting the heart of the ruthless king.

The king's cheeks feel a ruddy glow,
The wine doth swell his ardour so.

And blindly led on by his ardour's wiles,
The Godhead with blasphemous words he reviles.

And wildly he curses and raves aloud,
Approvingly bellow the serving crowd.

The king commands with a look that burns,
The servant hastens and soon returns.

Many golden vessels he bears on his head,
The spoils of Jehovah's temple dread.

And the monarch straight seized on a sacred cup
With impious hand, and fill'd it up.

And down to the dregs he drains it fast,
And with foaming mouth exclaims at last:

“Jehovah, thy power I here defy,
The King of Babylon am I.”

But scarcely had sounded the fearful word,
When the heart of the king with terror was stirr’d.

The yelling laughter is silenced all,
And deathlike silence fills the hall.

And see! And see! On the wall so white
A human hand appears in sight.

And letters of flame on the wall so white
It wrote, and wrote, and vanish’d from sight.

The king the writing with wonderment sees,
As pale as death, and with trembling knees.

The awestruck servants sat around,
And silent sat, and utter’d no sound.

The magicians appear’d, but none ‘mongst them all
Could rightly interpret the words on the wall.

But Belshazzar the king the selfsame night
Was slain by his servants, — a ghastly sight.

11.

THE MINNESINGERS.

In the minstrels' strife engaging
Pass the Minnesingers by;
Strange the war that they are waging,
Strange the tourney where they vie.

Fancy, that for battle nerves him,
Is the Minnesinger's steed;
Art as trusty buckler serves him,
And his word's a sword indeed.

Beauteous dames, with glances pleasant,
From the balcony look down;
But the right one is not present
With the proper laurel crown.

Other combatants, when springing
To the lists, at least are sound;
Minnesingers must be bringing
To the fray a deadly wound.

He from whom the most there draineth
Song's blood from the inmost breast, —
He is victor, and obtaineth
From fair lips the praise most blest,

12.

LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW.

Fair Hedwig lay at the window, to see
If pale Henry would chance to detect her;
She said half aloud: "Why goodness me!
The man is as pale as a spectre!"

With yearning pale Henry look'd above
At her window, in hopes to detect her;
Fair Hedwig now felt the torments of love,
And she became pale as a spectre.

Love-sick, now stood fair Hedwig all day
At her window, lest he should reject her;
But soon in pale Henry's arms she lay
All night, at the time for a spectre.

13.

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

I know a story of anguish,
A tale of the times of old;
A knight with love doth languish,
His mistress is faithless and cold.

As faithless must he esteem now
Her whom in his heart he adored;
His loving pangs must he deem now
Disgraceful and abhorr'd.

In vain in the lists would he wander,
And challenge to battle each knight;
“Let him who my mistress dares slander
Make ready at once for the fight!”

But all are silent, save only
His grief, that so fiercely doth burn;
His lance he against his own lonely
Accusing bosom must turn.

14.

THE SEA-VOYAGE.

I leaning stood against the mast,
And told each wave of ocean;
Farewell, my beauteous fatherland!
My bark, how swift thy motion!

I pass'd my lovely mistress' house,
The windows gleam'd all over;
But though I gazed and gazed and gazed,
No sign could I discover.

Ye tears, obscure not thus mine eyes
On this too-painful morrow;
My love-sick heart, O do not break
With overweight of sorrow!

15.

THE SONG OF REPENTANCE.

Sir Ulrich rides in the forest so green,
The leaves with joy seem laden;
He sees, the trees' thick branches between,
The form of a beauteous maiden.

The youth then said: "Well know I thee,
So blooming and glowing thy face is;
Alluringly ever encircles it me,
In deserts or crowded places.

"Those lips, by fresh loveliness ever stirr'd,
Appear a pair of roses;
Yet many a hateful bitter word
That roguish mouth discloses.

"A pretty rosebush a mouth like this
Resembles very closely,
Where cunning poisonous serpents hiss
Amid the leaves morosely.

"Within those beauteous cheeks there lies
A sweet and beauteous dimple;
That is the grave where I fell by surprise,
Lured on by a yearning simple.

"There see I the beauteous locks of hair,
That once so lovingly pleased me;
That is the net so wondrous fair
Wherewith the Evil One seized me.

"And that blue eye, that so sweetly fell,
As clear as the ocean even,
It proved to be the portal of hell,
Though I thought it the gateway of heaven."

In the wood still farther Sir Ulrich doth ride,
The leaves make a rustling dreary,
A second figure afar he spied,
That seem'd so sad and weary.

The youth then said: "O mother dear,
Who lov'dst me to distraction,
But to whom in life I caused many a tear,
By evil word and action!

"O would that to dry thine eyes could avail
My sorrow so fiercely glowing!
O could I but redden thy cheeks so pale
With the blood from my own heart flowing!"

And farther rides Sir Ulrich there,
The night o'er the forest is falling;
Many singular voices fill the air,
The evening breezes are calling.

The youth then hears his sorrowing words
Full often near him ringing;
'Tis the notes of the mocking forest birds
All twittering loudly and singing:

"Sir Ulrich sings a pretty song,
We call it the song of repentance:
And when he has reach'd the end of his song,
He'll repeat it sentence by sentence."

16.

TO A SINGER, ON HER SINGING AN OLD ROMANCE.

Still think I of the magic fair one,
How on her first my glances fell!
How her dear tones resounded sweetly,
How they my heart enthrall'd completely,
How down my cheeks the tears coursed fleetly
But how it chanced, I could not tell.

There over me had crept a vision:
Methought I was again a child,
And in my mother's chamber sitting
In silence, by the lamp-light flitting,
And reading fairy tales befitting,
Whilst outside roar'd the tempest wild.

The tales began with life to glimmer,
The knights arise from out the grave;
By Roncesvall the battle rages,
Sir Roland in the fight engages,
And with him many a valiant page is, —
And also Ganelon, the knave.

By him is Roland ill entreated,
He swims in blood, fast ebbs his breath;
Scarce can his horn, at such far distance,
Call Charlemagne to his assistance:
So passed away the knight's existence,
And, with him, sank my dream in death.

It was a loud confused echo
That from my vision wakened me.
The legend that she sang was ended,
The people heartily commended,
And oft times shouted: "Bravo! splendid!"
Low bow'd the singer gracefully.

17.

THE SONG OF THE DUCATS.

O my golden ducats dear,
Tell me why ye are not here?

Are ye with the golden fishes
Which within the stream so gaily
Leap and splash and wriggle daily?

Are ye with the golden flow'rets
Which, o'er green fields scattered lightly,
In the morning dew gleam brightly?

Are ye with the golden bird-kins
Which we see in happy chorus
In the blue skies hov'ring o'er us?

Are ye with the golden planets
Which in radiant crowds each even
Smile in yonder distant heaven?

Ye, alas, my golden ducats,
Swim not in the streamlet bright,
Sparkle not on meadow green,
Hover not in skies serene,
Smile not in the heavens by night. —
Creditors, with greedy paws,
Hold you safely in their claws.

18.

DIALOGUE ON PADERBORN HEATH.

Hear'st thou not far music ringing,
As of double-bass and fiddle?
Many fair ones there are springing
Gaily up and down the middle.

“You're mistaken friend, in speaking
“Thus of fiddle and its brother;
“I but hear young porkers squeaking,
“And the grunting of their mother.”

Hear'st thou not the forest bugle?
Hunters in the chase are straying;
Gentle lambs are feeding, frugal
Shepherds on their pipes are playing.

“Ah, my friend, what you just now heard,
“Was not bugles, pipes, or hunters;
“I can only see the sow-herd
“Slowly driving home his grunters.”

Hear'st thou not the distant voices
In sweet rivalry contending?
Many an angel blest rejoices
Strains like these to hear ascending.

“Ah, that music sweetly ringing
“Is, my friend, no rival chorus;
“'Tis but youthful gooseherds, singing
“As they drive their geese before us.”

Hear'st thou not the church-bells holy,
Sweet and clear, with deep emotion?
To the village-chapel slowly
Wend the people with devotion.

“Ah, my friend, the bells ’tis only
“Of the cows and oxen also,
“Who, with sunken heads and lonely,
“Go back to their gloomy stalls so.”

See’st thou not the veil just moving?
See’st thou not those soft advances?
There I see my mistress loving,
Humid sorrow in her glances.

“She, my friend, who nods so much, is
“An old woman, Betsy namely;
“Pale and haggard, on her crutches
“O’er the meadow limps she lamely.”

Overwhelm me with confusion
At my questions, friend, each minute;
Wilt thou deem a mere illusion
What my bosom holds within it?

19.

LIFE'S SALUTATIONS.

(From an Album.)

This earth resembles a highway vast,
We men are the trav'lers along it;
On foot and on horseback we hurry on fast,
And as runners or couriers throng it.

In passing each other, we nod and we greet
With our handkerchiefs waved from the coaches;
We fain would embrace, but our horses are fleet,
And speed on, despite all reproaches.

Dear Prince Alexander, as onward we go,
We scarcely have met at a station,
When the signal to start the postilions blow,
Compelling our sad separation.

20.

QUITE TRUE.

When the spring returns with the sun's sweet light,
The flowers then bud and blossom apace;
When the moon begins her radiant race,
Then the stars swim after her track so bright.
When the minstrel sees two beautiful eyes,
Then songs from his inmost bosom arise; —
But songs and stars and flowerets gay,
And eyes and moonbeams and sun's bright ray,
However delightful they are,
Don't make up the world, friend, by far.

4.

SONNETS.

TO A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

In dainty hoop, with flowers all-richly dight,
With beauty-patches on her painted face,
With pointed shoes all hung about with lace,
With tow'ring curls, and, wasp-like, fasten'd tight, —
Thus was the spurious muse equipp'd that night
When first she offer'd thee her fond embrace;
But thou eludedst her and leftst the place,
Led by a mystic impulse from her sight:
A castle in the desert thou didst find,
Where, like a lovely marble image shrin'd,
Lay a fair maid, in magic slumber sunk;
But soon the spell was loosed, — when kiss'd by thee,
With smiles the lawful muse of Germany
Awoke, and sank within thine arms, love-drunk.

TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE, née VON GELDERN.

1.

I have been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly:
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough,
When thy much-cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit, grasping all things in its ken,
And soaring to the light of heaven again?
By the sad recollection I'm oppress'd
That I have done so much that grieved thy breast,
Which loved me, more than all things else, the best.

2.

With foolish fancy I deserted thee;
I fain would search the whole world through, to learn
If in it I perchance could love discern,
That I might love embrace right-lovingly.
I sought for love as far as eye could see,
My hands extending at each door in turn,
Begging them not my prayer for love to spurn —
Cold hate alone they laughing gave to me.
And ever search'd I after love; yes, ever
Search'd after love, but love discover'd never,
And so I homeward went, with troubled thought;
But thou wert there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then
That was the sweet love I so long had sought.

TO H. S.

When I thy book, friend, open hastily,
Full many a cherish'd picture meets my view,
And many a golden image that I knew
In boyish dreams and days of infancy.
Proudly tow'rd heaven upsoaring, then I see
The pious dome, rotted by religion true,
I bear the sound of bell and organ too,
Love's sweet lament at times addressing me.
Well see I, too, how o'er the dome they skip,
The nimble dwarfs, and with malicious joy
The beauteous flow'r- and carvèd- work destroy.
But though the oak of foliage we may strip,
And rob it of its fair and verdant grace,
When spring returns, fresh leaves it dons apace.

FRESCO-SONNETS TO CHRISTIAN S — .

1.

I take no notice of the blockheads tame
Who, seeming to be golden, are but sand;
I never offer to that rogue my hand
Who secretly would injure my good name;
I bow not to the harlots who proclaim
Boldly their infamy throughout the land;
And when in victor-cars the rabble band
Draw their vain idols, with them I ne'er came.
Well know I that the oak must fall indeed,
Whilst by the streamlet's side the pliant reed
Stands in all winds and weathers, fearing not;
But say, what is the reed's eventual lot?
What joy! As walking-stick it serves the dandy,
Or else for beating clothes they find it handy.

2.

Give me a mask, I'll join the masquerade
As country clown, so that the rabble rot
Who in their proud disguises strut about
May not suppose me one of their vile trade.
Give me low manners, words on purpose made
To show vulgarity beyond all doubt;
All sparks of spirit I'll with care put out
Wherewith dull fools coquet in accents staid.
So will I dance then at the great mask'd ball,
By German knights, monks, kings surrounded too,
By Harlequin saluted, known to few.
With wooden swords they'll strike me, one and all.
That is the joke. For if I show my face,
The rascals will be silenced in disgrace.

3.

I laugh at all the fools who at me gape,
And whom with prying goat-like face I see;
I laugh at every fox who knavishly
And idly snuffs me like a very grape;
I laugh at every vain pretentious ape,
Who a proud judge of genius claims to be;
I laugh at all the knaves who threaten me
With poisonous weapons whence there's no escape.
For when the charming fancies joy once gave
Are wrested from us by the hands of fate,
And at our feet in thousand atoms cast,
And when our very heart is torn at last,
All torn and cut and pierced and desolate,
A fine shrill laugh we still have power to save.

4.

A strange and charming tale still haunts my mind,
Wherein a song the leading part assumes,
And in the song there lives and twines and blooms
A lovely specimen of womankind;
And in this maiden is a heart enshrined,
And yet no love that little heart illumines;
Her loveless frosty disposition dooms
Her life to suffer from her pride so blind.
Hear'st thou how in my head the tale comes back?
And how the song sounds solemnly and sad?
And how the maiden titters softly yet?
I only fear lest my poor head should crack.
Alas! it would indeed be far too bad,
If my unlucky reason were upset.

5.

At evening's silent, melancholy hour,
Long buried songs around me take their place,
And burning tears course swiftly down my face,
And my old heart-wounds bleed with greater power.

My love's dear image like a beauteous flower
As in a magic glass again I trace;
In bodice red she sits and sews apace,
And silence reigns around her blissful bower.
But on a sudden springs she from her seat,
And cuts from her dear head a beauteous lock,
And gives it me — the very joy's a shock.
The Evil One soon spoilt my rapture sweet:
The hair he twisted in a rope full strong,
And many a year has dragg'd me thus along.

6.

“When I a year ago again met thee,
“No kiss thou gav'st me in that moment blest;” —
Thus spake I, and my love a kiss impress'd
With rosy mouth upon my lips with glee.
With a sweet smile she from a myrtle tree
Hard by us pluck'd a twig, and said in jest:
“Take thou this twig, in fresh earth let it rest,
“And o'er it place a glass,” — then nodded she.
Twas long ago. The twig died in the pot.
'Tis many a year since she hath cross'd my sight;
Yet in my head that kiss still burneth hot.
Lately returning home, I sought the place
Where dwells my love. Before her house all night
I stood, and left when morning show'd its face.

7.

Of savage devils'-brats, my friend, beware,
But gentle angels'-brats more hearts will break;
Once such a one a sweet kiss bid me take,
But when I came, I felt sharp talons there.
Of black and ancient cats, my friend, take care,
But white young kittens are still more awake;
Once such a one my sweetheart did I make, —
My heart my sweetheart savagely did tear.

O darling brat! O maiden passing sweet!
How could thy clear eye e'er deceive me so?
How could thy paw e'er give me such a blow?
O my dear kitten's paw so soft and neat!
Could I but press thee to my glowing lip!
And could my life-blood meanwhile cease to drip!

8.

Thou oft hast seen me boldly strive with those, —
Both spectacled old fop and painted dame, —
Who gladly would destroy my honest name,
And gladly see my last expiring throes.
Thou oft hast seen bow pedants round me close,
How fools with cap and bells my life defame,
How poisonous serpents gnaw my sinking frame,
Whilst from a thousand wounds my life-blood flows
But firm as any tower there stood thy form;
Thy head a lighthouse was amid the storm,
Thy faithful heart a haven was for me;
Though round that haven roars the raging main,
And few the ships the landing place that gain,
Once there, we slumber in security.

9.

Fain would I weep, but, ah, I cannot weep;
Fain would I upwards full of vigour spring
But cannot; to the earth I needs must cling,
Spurn'd by the reptiles that around me creep.
Fain would I near my beauteous mistress keep,
Near my bright light of life be hovering,
And in her dear sweet breath be revelling,
But cannot; for my heart with sorrow deep
Is breaking; from my broken heart doth flow
My burning blood, my strength within me fades
And darker, darker grows the world to me.
With secret awe I yearn unceasingly

For yonder misty realm, where silent shades
Their gentle loving arms around me throw.

LYRICAL INTERLUDE.

1822-23.

PROLOGUE.

There once lived a knight, who was mournful and bent,
His cheeks white as snow were, and hollow;
He totter'd and stagger'd wherever he went,
A vain vision attempting to follow.
He seem'd so clumsy and awkward and gauche,
That the flowers and girls, when they saw him approach,
Their merriment scarcely could swallow.

From his room's darkest corner he often ne'er stirr'd,
Esteeming the sight of men shocking,
And extended his arms, without speaking a word,
As though some vain phantom were mocking.
But scarce had the hour of midnight drawn near,
When a wonderful singing and noise met his ear,
And he heard at the door a strange knocking.

His mistress then secretly enters the room,
In a dress made of foam of the ocean;
She glows like a rosebud, so sweet is her bloom,
Her jewell'd veil's ever in motion;
Her golden locks play round her form slim and tall,
Their eyes meet with rapture, and straightway they fall
In each other's arms with devotion.

In his loving embraces the knight holds her fast,
The dullard with passion is glowing;
He reddens, the dreamer awakens at last,
And bolder and bolder he's growing.
But she grows more saucy and mocking instead,
And gently and softly she covers his head,
Her white jewell'd veil o'er him throwing.

To a watery palace of crystal bright
The knight on a sudden is taken;
His eyes are dazzled by radiant light,
By his wits he is well-nigh forsaken.

But the nymph holds him closely embraced by her side
The knight is the bridegroom, the nymph is the bride
While her maidens the lute's notes awaken.

So sweetly they play and so sweetly they sing,
In the dance they are moving so lightly,
That the knight before long finds his senses take wing,
He embraces his sweet one more tightly —
When all of a sudden the lights disappear,
And the knight's once more sitting in solitude drear
In his poet's low garret unsightly.

1.

'Twas in the beauteous month of May,
When all the flowers were springing,
That first within my bosom
I heard love's echo ringing.

'Twas in the beauteous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
That first I to my sweetheart
My vows of love was bringing.

2.

From out of my tears all burning
Many blooming flowerets break,
And all my sighs combining
A chorus of nightingales make.

And if thou dost love me, my darling,
To thee shall the flowerets belong;
Before thy window shall echo
The nightingale's tuneful song.

3.

The rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
I loved them all dearly once, every one;
I love them no longer, I love now alone
The small one, the neat one, the pure one, mine own.
Yes, she herself, the fount of all love,
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.

4.

When gazing on thy beauteous eyes
All thought of sorrow straightway flies;
But when I kiss thy mouth so sweet,
My cure is perfect and complete.

When leaning on thy darling breast,
I feel with heavenly rapture blest;
But when thou sayest: "I love thee!"
I begin weeping bitterly.

5.

Thy face, so lovely and serene,
In vision I have lately seen;
So like an angel's 'tis, and meek,
Though bitter grief has blanch'd thy cheek.

Thy lips alone, they still are red;
Death soon will kiss them pale and dead;
The heavenly light will soon be o'er
That from thine eyes is wont to pour.

6.

O lean thy beauteous cheek on mine,
That our tears together may mingle!
Against my bosom press thou thine,
That their flames may no longer be single

And when with the flame is mingled at last
The stream of our tears all burning,
And mine arm is lovingly round thee cast, —
I'll die of my love's sweet yearning.

7.

I'll dip my spirit discreetly
In the cup of the lily down here;
The lily shall sing to me sweetly
A song of my mistress dear.

The song shall tremble and quiver,
Like that delicious kiss,
Of which her mouth was the giver
In a wondrous moment of bliss.

8.

The stars in yonder heavens
Immovably have stood
For thousands of years, regarding
Each other in sad loving mood.

They speak a mysterious language
That's rich and sweet to the ear;
Yet no philologist living
Can make its meaning clear.

But I've learnt it, and ne'er will forget it,
Whatever the time and place;
As my grammar I used for the purpose
My own dear mistress's face.

9.

On song's exulting pinion
I'll bear thee, my sweetheart fair,

Where Ganges holds his dominion, —
The sweetest of spots know I there.

There a red blooming garden is lying
In the moonlight silent and clear;
The lotos flowers are sighing
For their sister so pretty and dear

The violets prattle and titter,
And gaze on the stars high above
The roses mysteriously twitter
Their fragrant stories of love.

The gazelles so gentle and clever
Skip lightly in frolicsome mood
And in the distance roars ever
The holy river's loud flood.

And there, while joyously sinking
Beneath the palm by the stream,
And love and repose while drinking
Of blissful visions we'll dream.

10.

The lotos flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.

The moon appears as her wooer,
She wakes at his fond embrace;
For him she kindly uncovers
Her sweetly flowering face.

She blooms and glows and glistens,
And mutely gazes above;

She weeps and exhales and trembles
With love and the sorrows of love.

11.

In the Rhine, that beautiful river,
The sacred town of Cologne,
With its vast cathedral, is ever
Full clearly mirror'd and shown.

A picture on golden leather
In that fair cathedral is seen;
On my life, so sad altogether,
It hath cast its rays serene.

The flowers and angels hover
Round our dear Lady there;
Her eyes, lips, cheeks, all over
Resemble my mistress fair.

12.

Thou lov'st me not, thou tellest me. —
It troubles me but slightly;
But when thy beauteous face I see,
No king's heart beats more lightly.

Thou hatest me, thy red lips say
With well-pretended snarling;
But when sweet kisses they convey,
I'm comforted, my darling.

13.

Full lovingly thou must embrace me,
My mistress beauteous and sweet!
With pliant form interlace me,
And with thine arms and thy feet.

The fairest of snakes e'er created
With vigour encircles anon,
And clasps and twines round the elated
And happy Laocoon.

14.

Swear not at all, but only kiss!
All woman's oaths I hold amiss;
Thy word is sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses that my guerdon are.
These keep I, while thy words but seem
A passing cloud, or fragrant dream.

* * * *

Now then, my loved one, swear away!
I'll credit all that thou dost say;
And when I sink upon thy breast,
I'll think that I am truly blest;
I'll think that, love, eternally
And even longer, thou'lt love me.

15.

Upon my mistress's eyes so clear
I write the fairest cantatas;
Upon my mistress's mouth sincere
I write the best of terzinas;
Upon my mistress's cheeks so dear
I write the cleverest stanzas;
And had my mistress a heart, upon it
I soon would write a charming sonnet.

16.

The world's an ass, the world can't see,
And grows more stupid daily:

It says, my darling child, of thee, —
Thou livest far too gaily.

The world's an ass, the world can't see,
Thy character not knowing;
It knows not how sweet thy kisses be,
How rapturously glowing.

17.

Loved one — gladly would I know it, —
Art thou but a vision fair,
Such as in his brain the poet
Loves in summer to prepare?

No! such eyes of magic splendour,
Lips so rosy and so warm,
Such a child, so sweet and tender,
Never did the poet form.

Basilisks and vampires gory,
Dragons, monsters of the earth,
Suchlike evil beasts of story
In the poet's fire have birth.

But thyself, thy wiles insidious,
And thy face, so sweet and staid,
And thy kindly looks perfidious, —
These the poet never made.

18.

Gleams my love in beauty's splendour,
Like the child of ocean foam;
As his bride my mistress tender
Is a stranger taking home.

Though 'tis treason, don't abuse it,
Heart, thou much-enduring one!
Bear it, bear it, and excuse it,
What the beauteous fool hath done.

19.

I'll not be angry, though my heart should break,
Evermore lost one! no complaint I'll make.
Though thou may'st sparkle 'neath thy diamonds bright,
No ray can pierce thy heart's unceasing night.

I've known it long. In vision saw I thee,
How night thy heart doth fill unceasingly,
And how the serpent at thy heart doth gnaw, —
How wretched, love, thou art, too well I saw.

20.

Thou'rt wretched, yes! — but no complaint I'll make; —
My love, we both, alas, must wretched be!
Till death our poor afflicted hearts doth break,
My love, we both, alas, must wretched be!

I see the scorn that round thy mouth doth play,
I see thine eyes that glance so haughtily,
I see the pride that doth thy bosom sway, —
Yet thou art wretched, wretched e'en as I.

Grief lurks around thy mouth, unseen indeed,
With hidden tears thine eyes can scarcely see,
And secret wounds on thy proud bosom feed —
My love, we both, alas, must wretched be!

21.

The flutes and fiddles are sounding,
The trumpets ringing clear;

In the wedding dance is bounding
My heart's own mistress dear.

The shawms and kettle-drums vying
In noisy chorus I hear;
But meanwhile good angels are sighing
And weeping many a tear.

22.

Thou scarcely could'st have forgotten it faster,
That I of thine heart so long was the master;
Thine heart so false, so small, and so sweet,
A sweeter and falser I never shall meet.

Thou now hast forgotten the love and disaster
That made my heart throb all the faster;
I know not if love was the greatest, or woe;
That both were great, full well I know.

23.

O if the tiny flowers
But knew of my wounded heart,
Their tears, like mine, in showers
Would fall, to cure the smart.

If knew the nightingales only
That I'm so mournful and sad,
They would cheer my misery lonely
With their notes so tuneful and glad.

If the golden stars high o'er us
But knew of my bitter woe,
They would speak words of comfort in chorus,
Descending hither below.

Not one of these can allay it,
One only knows of my smart;
'Tis she, I grieve to say it,
Who thus hath wounded my heart.

24.

O why have the roses lost their hue,
Sweet love, O tell me why?
Why mutely thus do the violets blue
In the verdant meadows sigh?

O why doth the lark up high in the air
With a voice so mournful sing?
O why doth each fragrant floweret fair
Exhale like a poisonous thing?

O wherefore looks the sun to-day
On the fields, so full of gloom?
O why doth the earth appear so grey,
And dreary as a tomb?

Why feel I myself so mournful and weak, —
Sweet love, I put it to thee?
My own sweet darling, sweet love, O speak, —
O wherefore leavest thou me?

25.

For thine ear many tales they invented,
And loud complaints preferred;
But how my soul was tormented,
Of this they said not a word.

They prated of mischief and evil,
And mournfully shook their head;
They liken'd poor me to the devil,
And thou didst believe what they said.

But, O; the worst and the saddest,
Of this they nothing knew;
The saddest and the maddest
In my heart was hidden from view.

26.

The linden blossom'd, the nightingale sung,
The sun was laughing with radiance bright;
Thou kissed'st me then, while thine arm round me clung,
To thy heaving bosom thou pressed'st me tight.

The raven was screeching, the leaves fast fell,
The sun gazed cheerlessly down on the sight;
We coldly said to each other "Farewell!"
Thou politely didst make me a curtsy polite.

27.

We have felt for each other emotions soft,
And yet our tempers always were matching,
At "man and wife" we have play'd full oft,
And yet ne'er took to fighting and scratching.
We have shouted together, together been gay,
And tenderly kiss'd and fondled away.
At last we play'd in forest and dell
At hide and seek, like sister and brother.
And managed to hide ourselves so well,
That never since then have we seen each other.

28.

I've no belief in the heavens
Of which the parsons rave;
In thine eyes believe I only,
In their heavenly light I lave.

I've no belief in the Maker
Of whom the parsons rave;
In thine heart believe I only,
No other God will I have.

I've no belief in the devil,
In hell or the pains of hell;
In thine eyes believe I only,
And thine evil heart as well.

29.

To me thou wert faithful and steady,
And madest for me supplication;
In my troubles and sad tribulation
Thy comfort always was ready.

Food and drink thou gav'st me in payment,
And plenty of money didst lend me,
And also a passport didst send me,
As well as some changes of raiment.

From heat and from coldness unpleasant
May heaven, my dear one, long guard thee,
And may it never reward thee
The kindness shown me at present!

30.

The earth had long been avaricious,
But May, when she came, gave with great prodigality,
And all things now smile with rapture delicious,
But I for laughter have no partiality.

The blue bells are ringing, their beauty displaying,
The birds, as in fables, talk sentimentality;
I take no pleasure in all they are saying,
And I am quite wretched in sober reality.

All men I detest, and now cannot meet one,
Not even my friend, with the least cordiality,
And this all because my amiable sweet one
They “madam” entitle, with chilling formality.

31.

And when I so long, so long had delay'd,
In foreign lands had in reveries stay'd,
My loved one found it too long to wait,
And sew'd herself a wedding-dress straight,
And then embraced in her arms, willy-nilly,
As bridegroom, the youth in the world the most silly.

My loved one is so beauteous and soft,
Before me still hovers her image oft;
Her rosy cheeks, her violet eyes
That all the year round glow bright as the skies.
That I could fly from such charming attractions
Was the silliest far of my silliest actions.

32.

The lovely eyes of violet blue,
The beauteous cheeks of rosy hue,
The hands so like white lilies too, —
All these still sweetly blossom and bloom,
The heart alone is cold as the tomb.

33.

The earth is so fair, and the heavens so bright,
The breezes are breathing with soothing might
The blooming fields with flowers are dight,
In the morning dew all radiant with light,
All men are rejoicing that meet my sight —
My bed in the grave I fain would be pressing,
The corpse of my mistress dear caressing.

34.

When in the tomb, my mistress fair,
The chilly tomb, thou must hide thee.
I'll soon descend to rejoin thee there,
And fondly nestle beside thee.

I wildly will press thee, embrace thee, and kiss
My pale, cold, fearful-to-see love!
I'll tremble, weep, shout with rapturous bliss,
And soon be a corpse like thee, love.

The dead will arise, when midnight is nigh,
And dance in airy troops lightly;
But we in the tomb will quietly lie,
Thine arms embracing me tightly.

The dead will arise, when the loud trump of doom
To bliss or to torment is calling;
But regardless of all, we'll remain in the tomb,
Still clasp'd in embraces enthralling.

35.

A lonely fir tree is standing
On a northern barren height;
It sleeps, and the ice and snow-drift
Cast round it a garment of white.

It dreams of a slender palm-tree,
Which far in the Eastern land
Beside a precipice scorching
In silent sorrow doth stand.

36.

Fair, bright, golden constellation,
Seek my love's far habitation;

Tell her that I still am true,
Sick at heart and palefaced too.

37.

(The head speaks.)

Ah, were I but the footstool e'en
On which my loved one's foot doth rest,
I ne'er to grumble should be seen,
However hard I might be press'd.

(The heart speaks.)

Ah, were I but the cushion soft
Wherein her pins she's wont to stick,
And 'twere her will to prick me oft,
I should rejoice at every prick.

(The song speaks.)

Ah, were I but the paper dear
Wherewith she's wont her hair to curl,
I'd gently whisper in her ear
The thoughts that in me live and whirl.

38.

Since my darling one has left me,
Power of laughing is bereft me;
Blockheads fain would raise a joke,
But no laughter can provoke.

Since I've lost my darling one,
Power of weeping, too, is gone;
Though my heart with sorrow deep
Wellnigh breaks, I cannot weep.

39.

My little songs do I utter
From out of my great, great sorrow;
Some tinkling pinions they borrow,
And tow'rd her bosom they flutter.

They found it, and over it hover'd,
But soon return'd they, complaining,
And yet to tell me disdain
What they in her bosom discover'd.

40.

Sweet darling, beloved by me solely,
The thoughts in my memory dwell
That once I possess'd thee wholly,
Thy soul and body as well.

Thy body, so young and tender,
I need, beyond all doubt;
Thy soul to the tomb I'll surrender,
I've plenty of soul without.

I'll cut my soul in sunder,
And half of it breathe into thee,
And when I embrace thee, — O wonder! —
One soul and body we'll be.

41.

The blockheads, their holidays keeping,
Are walking through forest and plain;
They shout, and like kittens are leaping,
And hail sweet Nature again.

They gaze, with glances that glisten,
On each romantic thing;

With ears like asses they listen
To hear the sparrows sing.

My chamber window to darken,
With black cloth I hang it by day;
To the signal my spirits straight hearken,
Day-visits they hasten to pay.

My olden love also draws nigh me,
From the realms of the dead she appears;
She, weeping, sits gently close by me,
And softens my bosom to tears.

42.

Many visions of times long vanish'd
Arise from out of their tomb,
And show me how once in thy presence
I lived in my life's young bloom.

All day I mournfully totter'd
Through the streets, as though in a dream
The people gazed on me with wonder,
So silent and sad did I seem.

The night-time suited me better,
Deserted the streets were then,
And I and my shadow together
We wandered in silence again.

With footsteps echoing loudly
I wander'd over the bridge;
The moon with solemn look hail'd me
As she burst through the cloudy ridge.

I stood in front of thy dwelling,
And fondly gazed up on high;

I gazed up towards thy window,
My heart breathed many a sigh.

Well know I that thou from the window
Full often hast gazed below,
And in the moonlight hast seen me
Stand fix'd, the image of woe.

43.

A youth once loved a maiden,
Who loved another instead;
The other himself loved another,
And with the latter did wed.
The maiden, in scornful anger,
Straight married the first of the men
Who happened to come across her, —
The youth was heart-broken then.
'Tis only an old, old story,
And yet it ever seems new;
The heart of him whom it pictures
Will soon be broken in two.

44.

Friendship, love, philosophers' stone, —
These three things men value alone.
I, too, valued and sought them ever,
But, alas, discovered them never.

45.

On hearing the strains enthralling
That my loved one sang to me erst,
With torments fierce and appalling
My heart is ready to burst.
Impell'd by a gloomy yearning
I seek in the forest relief,

And there in tears hotly burning
I quench my anguish and grief.

46.

The child of a king in dream have I seen;
How tear-stain'd and pallid her face is,
As we quietly sit 'neath the linden green,
Held fast in each other's embraces!

"Thy father's throne is nothing to me,
Nor yet his sceptre all golden,
And diamond crown; for nothing but thee,
Sweet love, will I be beholden."

"That may not be," the maiden replied,
For I in my grave am lying,
And only by night can I be by thy side,
To thy loving caresses replying."

47.

Sweet love, in fond converse together
In the light canoe sat we,
Still the night was, and calm was the weather,
As we skimm'd o'er the wide-spreading sea.

The fair spirit-islands before us
In the glimmering moonlight lay;
Sweet tones came floating o'er us,
While the mists were dancing in play.

On danced they with merrier motion,
And sweeter still sounded the song;
But over the boundless ocean
We mournfully floated along.

48.

From older legends springing,
Appears a snow-white band
With joyous strains, and singing,
From some far magic-land,

Where flowers in glowing splendour
Pine in the evening sun,
And bridal glances tender
Cast sweetly every one;

Where all the trees, uniting
In chorus, shout below,
And bubbling brooks delighting
The ear, like music flow;

And love-songs fierce and burning
Unheard of bliss impart,
Till sweet and wondrous yearning
Befools the throbbing heart.

Ah, could I thither travel,
And ease my aching breast,
And all my grief unravel,
And there be free and blest!

That land, whence care and trouble
Are banish'd, that in dreams
Oft see I, like a bubble
Dissolves, when morning beams.

49.

I've loved thee long, and I love thee still
And e'en if the world were shatter'd,
My glowing love would glisten and thrill,
Though widely earth's ruins were scatter'd.

.....

And when I thus have loved thee so well

Till the hour of death has sounded,
I'll take with me e'en to my tomb's dark cell
My love-pangs fierce and unbounded.

50.

In the glimmering summer morning
I pace the garden alone;
The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
But silently wander I on.

The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
My form with compassion they scan:
O pray be kind to our sister,
Thou mournful and pale-faced man!

51.

Her dark attire thus wearing
My love appears to my sight
Like a tale of sorrow despairing
That's told in the long summer night:

“In the magical garden there wander
“Two lovers mute and alone;
“Sweet sing the nightingales yonder,
“The moonbeams are over them thrown.

“Like a statue the maiden stands mildly,
“At her feet the faithful knight lies;
“The forest giant comes wildly,
“The sorrowing maiden soon flies.

“Soon the knight on the ground lies all gory,
“The giant goes home at his ease—”
And when I am buried, the story
Is ended as soon as you please.

52.

They often have vex'd me sadly
And worried me early and late;
While some with their love have annoy'd me,
The others pursued me with hate.

My bread they have utterly poison'd,
And poison'd my cup too of late;
While some with their love have annoy'd me,
The others pursued me with hate.

But she who more than all others
Has vex'd me, and worried, and chafed,
She only with hate ne'er pursued me,
She only her love ne'er vouchsafed.

53.

There lies the glow of summer
Upon thy cheek confess'd,
And in thine heart cold winter
Has made its place of rest.

All this will soon be alter'd,
My dearest love and best,
The winter on thy cheek be,
The summer in thy breast!

54.

When two fond lovers are parted,
They give each other the hand,
To weep and to sigh beginning,
And losing all self-command.

But not one single tear wept we,
No Ah! or Alas! did we sigh;

Our tears and our sighs both together
Too surely came by-and-by.

55.

They sat round the tea-table drinking
And speaking of love a great deal;
The men of æsthetics were thinking,
The ladies more prone were to feel.

“All love ought to be but platonical”
The wither’d old counsellor said;
His wife by a smile quite ironical
Rejoin’d, and then sighed “Ah!” instead.

Said the canon with visage dejected:
“Love ne’er should be suffered to go
“Too far, or the health is affected;”
The maiden then simper’d: “How so?”

The Countess her sad feelings vented,
Said “Love is a passion, I’m sure,”
And then to the Baron presented
His cup with politeness demure.

A place was still empty at table;
My darling, ’twas thou wert away;
Thou hadst been so especially able
The tale of thy love, sweet, to say.

56.

My songs with poison are tainted,
But how could it otherwise be?
My blossoming life thou hast poison’d,
And made it hateful to me.

My songs with poison are tainted,
But how could it otherwise be?
In my heart many serpents I carry,
And thee too, my dearest love, thee.

57.

I dreamt once more the vision of yore:
The time was a fair May even,
We sat 'neath the linden, and there we swore
To be faithful, in presence of heaven.

And once and again we plighted our troth,
And titter'd, caress'd, kiss'd so dearly;
And lest I should fail to remember my oath,
My hand thou then bittest severely.

O sweetest love, with the eyes so bright,
O sweet one, so fair and so biteful!
The swearing was doubtless all proper and right
But the biting was rather too spiteful!

58.

I stand on the brow of the mountain,
And sentimentally sigh.
"O were I only a bird now!"
I many a thousand times cry.

O were I only a swallow,
My darling, to thee would I fly,
And soon a nest would I build me,
Thy lattice window hard by.

O were I a nightingale only,
I would fly, my darling, to thee,
And sing my sweet songs by night-time
Perch'd high in the green linden tree.

O were I only a bullfinch,
I would fly straight into thy heart;
To the bullfinch thou always wert kindly,
And healest the bullfinch's smart.²

59.

My carriage is traversing slowly
The greenwood merry and bright,
Through flowering valleys, like magic
Illumed by the sun's glowing light.

I'm sitting and thinking and dreaming,
And muse on my mistress dear;
When, nodding their heads at the window,
Three shadowy figures appear.

They skip and they make wry grimaces,
So scoffing and yet so shy;
And twirling mist-like together,
They titter and haste swiftly by.

60.

In vision I lately was weeping,
I dreamt thou wert laid in thy grave;
I awoke, and the tears unceasing
My cheeks continued to lave.

In vision I lately was weeping,
I dreamt I was left, love, by thee;
I awoke, and weeping continued
Both long and bitterly.

In vision I lately was weeping,
I dreamt thou wert kind as of yore;
I awoke, and my tears in torrents
Continued to flow as before.

61.

All night in vision behold I thee,
And see thee greeting me kindly;
And loudly weeping then throw I me
Before thy sweet feet blindly.

With sorrowing looks thou stand'st in my view,
Thy fair locks mournfully shaking;
While teardrops bright of pearly hue
From thy dear eyes are breaking.

A gentle word thou dost secretly say,
And givest a cypress-wreath sweetly;
I awake, and the wreath has vanish'd away,
And the word is forgotten completely.

62.

'tis autumn, the night's dark and gloomy
With rain and tempest above;
Where tarries, — O tell it unto me, —
My poor and sorrowing love?

By the window I see her reclining,
In her chamber lonely and drear,
And out in the night, sadly pining,
She looks with many a tear.

63.

The trees in the autumn wind rustle,
The night is humid and cold;
I ride all alone in the forest,
And round me my grey cloak I fold.

And as I am riding, before me
My thoughts unrestrainedly roam;

They lightly and airily bear me
To my own dear mistress's home.

The dogs are barking, the servants
With glittering torches appear;
I climb up the winding staircase,
My spurs ring loudly and clear.

In her bright-lighted tapestry chamber,
So full of magical charms,
My own sweet darling awaits me,
I hasten into her arms.

The wind in the leaves is sighing,
The oak thus whispers to me:
"What means, thou foolish young horseman,
"Thy foolish reverie?"

64.

A glittering star is falling
From its shining home in the air;
The star of love 'tis surely
That I see falling there.

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple tree fall each day;
The merry breezes approach them,
And with them merrily play.

The swan in the pool is singing,
And up and down doth he steer,
And, singing gently ever,
Dips under the water clear.

All now is silent and darksome,
The leaves and blossoms decay,

The star has crumbled and vanish'd,
The song of the swan died away.

65.

The Dream-God brought me to a castle vast,
Where magic fragrance reign'd and lights were gleaming,
And through its mazy-winding chambers pass'd
A chequer'd throng, still onward, onward streaming.
The pale crowd seek the exit-portal fast,
Wringing their hands, and full of terror screaming,
And knights and maidens mingle in the throng,
And I myself am with them borne along.

But suddenly I stand alone, for, lo,
The crowd hath vanish'd and from sight departed;
I wander on, and through the chambers go,
All strangely winding, silent and deserted;
My foot is leaden, and I scarcely know
How to escape, thus sadden'd and faint-hearted.
At length the farthest portal I descry,
And seek to pass — great heavens, what meets mine eye!

It was my love, who at the door did stand,
Grief on her lips, her brow in tribulation.
I sought to fly, — she beckon'd with her hand,
Whether to warn me, or in indignation;
Yet gleam'd her eye like some sweet glowing brand,
Setting my heart and brain in conflagration.
And as she gazed with looks of passion deep,
Blended with sternness, I awoke from sleep.

66.

The midnight was cold, in plaintive mood
I wander'd mournfully through the wood;
I shook the trees from out of their sleep,
They shook their heads with pity deep.

67.

Beneath the crossway buried,
The suicide lies here,
Where grows a charming blue flow'ret,
The culprit-flower so dear.

I stood by the crossway sighing,
The night was chilly and drear,
While slowly moved in the moonlight
The culprit-flower so dear.

68.

Wheresoe'er I go, there darkles
Round me gloom and utter night,
Now that there no longer sparkles
On me, love, thine eyes' sweet light.

Quench'd are all the golden blisses
That love's star upon me smil'd;
'Neath my feet the dread abyss is, —
Night primeval, take thy child!

69.

Night lay upon mine eyelids,
Upon my mouth lay lead;
I in my grave was lying,
With frozen heart and head.

How long it was I know not
That I in slumber lay;
I woke and heard a knocking
Upon my grave one day.

“Wilt thou not rise up, Henry?
“The Judgment Day is this,

“The dead have all arisen,
“To taste of endless bliss.”

I cannot rise, my darling,
For I have lost my sight;
Mine eyes, through very weeping,
Are veil'd in darkest night.

“I'll kiss away the darkness,
“My Henry, from thine eyes;
“The angels shalt thou see then,
“The glory of the skies.”

I cannot rise, my darling,
The wound is bleeding yet,
Made by thee in my bosom
With one sharp word and threat.

“My hand all gently, Henry,
“I'll lay upon thy heart;
“It then will bleed no longer,
“And heal'd will be the smart.”

I cannot rise, my darling,
My head still bleeds amain!
'Twas there the bullet enter'd,
When thou wert from me ta'en.

“With my long tresses, Henry,
“I'll stanch the bleeding wound,
“And drive the blood-stream backwards,
“And make thy head thus sound.”

So gently, sweetly pray'd she,
I could not spurn her prayer;
I sought to rise and hasten
To join my mistress fair.

Then all my wounds 'gan bleeding,
Then, wildly rushing, broke
From head and breast the bloodstream,
And lo! — from sleep I woke.

70.

The numbers old and evil,
The dreams so harrowing,
Let's bury all together, —
A mighty coffin bring!

I'll place there much, but say not
What 'tis, till all is done;
The coffin must be larger
Than Heidelberg's vast tun.

And also bring a death-bier,
Of boards full stout and sound;
They also must be longer
Than Mayence bridge renown'd.

And also bring twelve giants
Whose strength of limb excels
Saint Christopher's, whose shrine in
Cologne Cathedral dwells.

The coffin they must carry,
And sink beneath the wave;
For such a mighty coffin
Must have a mighty grave.

Why was the coffin, tell me,
So great and hard to move?
I in it placed my sorrows,
And in it placed my love.

THE GODS' TWILIGHT.

Fair May has come with her bright golden radiance
And silken gales and fragrant spicy odours,
And kindly lures us with her snowy blossoms,
And from a thousand blue-eyed violets greets us,
And spreads abroad her flowery verdant carpet,
With morning dew and sunshine interwoven,
And summons all her favourite human children.
At her first call the bashful people come;
The men in haste put on their nankeen breeches,
And Sunday coats with golden glassy buttons;
The women don the white of innocence,
The youths take care to curl their spring-mustachios,
The maidens bid their bosoms softly heave;
The city poets cram into their pockets
Paper, lead-pencil, and lorgnette; and gaily
The eddying moving crowd draw near the gateway,
And lie at ease on the green turf beyond,
Amazed to see how much the trees have sprouted, —
Play with the tender colour'd flowerets fair,
List to the song of merry birds above them,
And shout exulting tow'ards the vault of heaven.

To me came also May, and three times knock'd she
Against my door and cried: "Behold sweet May!
"Thou palefaced dreamer, come, I fain would kiss thee!"
But I my door kept bolted, and I cried:
"In vain thou seek'st to tempt me, evil stranger.
"I long have seen thee through, I've seen through also
"The fabric of the world, and seen too much,
"And much too deep, and fled is all my pleasure,
"And endless torments quiver in my heart.
"I see through all the stony hard outsides
"Of human houses and of human bosoms,
"And see in both deceit and woe and falsehood.
"I've learnt to read the thoughts on every face, —

“All evil! In the maiden’s shamefaced blushes
“I see the trembling of a secret lust;
“On the inspired and haughty head of youth
“I see the laughing chequer’d fool’s cap jingling;
“And caric’tures alone and sickly shadows
“I see upon this earth, and live in doubt
“Whether a madhouse ’tis, or hospital.
“The old earth’s crust I see through but too plainly
“As though it were of crystal, — see the horrors
“Which May is vainly striving to conceal
“With pleasing verdure. There I see the dead;
“They lie beneath, in their small coffins prison’d,
“With hands together folded, eyes wide open,
“White is their garment, white their face as well,
“And yellow worms from out their lips are crawling.
“I see the son with his loved mistress sitting
“And toying with her on his father’s grave.
“Derisive songs the nightingales are singing,
“The gentle meadow flow’rets laugh with malice,
“And the dead father moveth in his grave,
“While the old mother-earth with pain doth shudder.”
O thou poor earth, thy sorrows know I well!
I see the glow that in thy breast is heaving,
Thy thousand veins I see all bleeding freely,
And see thy gaping wounds all, all torn open,
While flames and smoke and blood stream wildly forth.
I see thy proud defiant giant-children,
Primeval monsters, from dark gulfs arising
And swinging ruddy torches in their hands.
Their iron scaling-ladders they advance,
And wildly rush to storm the forts of heaven,
And swarthy dwarfs climb after them; with crackling
Each golden star on high like dust is scatter’d.
With daring hand they tear the golden curtain
From God’s own tent; the blessèd troops of angels
Fall headlong down with howling at the sight.
The pale God sits upon his awful throne,

Tears from his head his crown, and tears his hair. —
Still onward, onward press the savage crew,
The giants fiercely hurl their blazing torches
Into the realms of heaven, the dwarfs strike wildly
With flaming scourges on the angels' backs,
Who twist and writhe in ecstasy of anguish,
And by the hair are seized and whirl'd away.
And my own angel likewise see I there,
With his blond locks, his sweet expressive features,
With everlasting love around his mouth,
And with beatitude in his blue eyes.
A fearful hideous swarthy goblin comes,
Tears him from off the ground, my poor pale angel,
Grins as he ogles his fair noble limbs,
And clasps him firmly in his soft embraces, —
A yell re-echoes through the universe,
The pillars crash, and earth and heaven are hurl'd
Headlong together, and old night is lord.

RATCLIFF.⁸

The Dream-God brought me to a landscape fair
Where weeping willows nodded me a welcome
With their long verdant arms, and where the flowers
Gazed on me mutely with wise sisters' eyes,
Where the birds' twittering resounded sweetly,
Where the dogs' barking seem'd to me familiar,
And voices kindly greeted me, and figures,
Like an old friend, and yet where everything
Appear'd so strange, beyond description strange.
Before a pretty country-house I stood,
My bosom in me moving, but my head
All peaceful, and the dust with calmness shook I
From off my travelling garments; shrilly sounded
The bell I rang, and then the door was open'd.

Inside were men and women, many faces
To me well known. Still sorrow lay on all,
And secret fearful grief. With strange emotion,
Wellnigh with looks of pity, on me gazed they
Till my own soul with terror was pervaded,
As though foreboding some unknown misfortune.
Old Margaret I straightway recognized,
Gazed on her fixedly, but yet she spake not.
"Where is Maria?" ask'd I, yet she spake not,
But softly seized my hand, and led me on
Through many a long and brightly-lighted chamber,
Where splendour, pomp, and deathlike silence reign'd
And to a darksome room at length she brought me,
And, with her face averted from me, pointed
Toward the form that sat upon the sofa.
"Art thou Maria?" ask'd I. Inwardly
I was myself astounded at the firmness
With which I spoke. Like stone and hollow
Sounded a voice: "That is the name they call me."
A piercing agony straight froze me through,

For that cold hollow tone, alas, was yet
The once enchanting voice of my Maria!
And yonder woman in pale lilac dress,
In negligent attire, with unveil'd bosom,
With glassy staring eyes, like leather seeming
The muscles of the cheeks of her white face, —
Alas, that woman once was the most lovely,
The blooming, pleasing, sweet and kind Maria!
“Your travels have been long” she said aloud
In cold, unpleasing, but familiar accents, —
“You look no longer languishing, my friend,
“You’re well in health, your loins and calves elastic.
“Show your solidity.” A silly smile
Play’d the while round her yellow, pallid mouth.
In my confusion utter’d I these accents:
“I’ve been inform’d that thou art married now?”
“Ah yes!” she carelessly replied with laughing:
“I have a stick of wood that’s cover’d over
“With leather, call’d a husband. Still, for all that,
“Wood is but wood!” And then she laugh’d perversely
Till chilling anguish through my spirit ran,
And doubt upon me seized: — are those the modest,
The flowery-modest lips of my Maria?
But presently she rose, took quickly up
From off the chair her cashmere shawl, and threw it
Around her neck, my arm took hold of then,
Drew me away, and through the open housedoor,
And led me on through thicket, field, and meadow.

The sun’s red glowing disk already downward
Was hast’ning, and its purple rays were beaming
Over the trees and flowers, and o’er the river
That flow’d majestically in the distance.
“See’st thou the large and golden eye that’s floating
“In the blue water?” cried Maria quickly.
“Hush, thou poor creature!” said I, as I spied
In the dim twilight a strange wondrous motion.

Figures of mist arose from out the plain,
And with white tender arms embraced each other;
The violets eyed each other tenderly,
The lily cups with yearning bent together;
A loving glow in every rose was gleaming,
The pinks would fain in their own breath be kindled,
In blissful odours revell'd every flower,
And every one wept silent tears of rapture,
And all exulting shouted: Love! Love! Love!
The butterflies were fluttering, and the shining
Gold beetles humm'd their gentle fairy songs,
The winds of evening whisper'd, and the oaks
All rustled, and the nightingale sang sweetly;
And amid all the whispering, rustling, singing,
Prated away, with thin cold soundless voice,
The faded woman hanging on my arm:
"I know your nightly longing for the castle;
"Every long shadow is a simpleton,
"That nods and signs precisely as one wishes;
"The blue coat is an angel; but the red coat
"With his drawn sword, is very hostile to you."
And many other things in this strange fashion
Continued she to say, till, tired at length,
She sat down with me on the mossy bank
That stands beneath the ancient noble oak-tree.
Together there we sat, both sad and silent,
And gazed upon each other, growing sadder.
The oak, as with a dying sigh, was murmuring;
Deep-grieving, sang the nightingale down on us.
But through the leaves a ruddy light was piercing,
And flicker'd round Maria's pallid face,
And lured a glow from out her rigid eyes,
Until with her old darling voice thus spoke she:
"How knewest thou that I am so unhappy?
"I read it lately in thy strange wild numbers."

An ice-cold feeling pierced my breast, I shudder'd
At my own mad delirium, which the future
Saw through, my brain grew giddy with alarm,
And through sheer terror I awoke from sleep.

DONNA CLARA.

In the evening-shaded garden
Rambles the Alcalde's daughter;
Kettle-drums and trumpets loudly
Echo from the lofty castle.

“Wearisome I find the dances,
“And the honied words of flatt’ry,
“And the knights, who so gallantly
“Tell me I the sun resemble.

“Everything is hateful to me
“Since I by the beaming moonlight
“Saw the Knight whose lute allured me
“To the window every evening.

“As he stood, so slim, but daring,
“And his eyes shot lightning glances
“From his pale and noble features,
“Truly he Saint George resembled.”

In this manner Donna Clara
Thought, and on the ground then looked she;
When she raised her eyes, the handsome
Unknown Knight was standing by her.

Pressing hands with loving whispers
Wander they beneath the moonlight,
And the zephyr gently woos them,
Wondrously the roses greet them.

Wondrously the roses greet them,
Like love's messengers all glowing. —
“But, my loved one, prythee tell me
“Why so suddenly thou redden'st?”

“’Twas the flies that stung me, dearest,
“And the flies are, all the summer,
“Quite as much detested by me
“As the long-nosed Jewish fellows.”

“Never mind the flies and Jews, dear,”
Said the Knight, with fond caresses.
From the almond-trees are falling
Thousand white and fleecy blossoms.

Thousand white and fleecy blossoms
Their sweet fragrance shed around them.
“But, my loved one, prythee tell me
“Is thy heart devoted to me?”

“Yes, I truly love thee, dearest,
“And I swear it by the Saviour
“Whom the God-detested Jews erst
“Wickedly and vilely murder’d.”

“Never mind the Jews and Saviour,”
Said the Knight, with fond caresses.
In the distance snow-white lilies
Dreamily, light-bathed, are bending.

Bathed in light the snow-white lilies
Gaze upon the stars above them:
“But, my loved one, prythee tell me
“Hast thou not a false oath taken?”

“Falsehood is not in me, dearest,
“Since within my breast there flows not
“E’en one single drop of Moor’s blood,
“Or of dirty Jew’s blood either.”

“Never mind the Moors and Jews, dear,”
Said the Knight, with fond caresses;

And he to a myrtle bower
Leads the fair Alcalde's daughter.

With the nets of love so tender,
He hath secretly enclosed her!
Short their words and long their kisses,
And their hearts are overflowing.

Like a wedding-song all-melting
Sings the nightingale, the dear one;
Glowworms on the ground are moving,
As if in the torch-dance circling.

Silence reigns within the bower,
Nought is heard except the stealthy
Whispers of the cunning myrtles,
And the breathing of the flowerets.

But soon kettle-drums and trumpets
Echo from the lofty castle,
And, awakening, Clara quickly
From the Knight's arm frees her person.

"Hark, they're calling me, my dearest,
Yet before we part, thou need'st must
Thy dear name to me discover
Which thou hast so long concealèd."

And the Knight, with radiant smiling,
Kiss'd the fingers of his Donna,
Kiss'd her lips and kiss'd her forehead,
And at last these words he uttered:

"I, Señora, I, your loved one,
Am the son of the much honour'd
Great and learned scribe, the Rabbi
Israel of Saragossa."

ALMANSOR.

1.

In fair Cordova's cathedral,
Stand the columns, thirteen hundred, —
Thirteen hundred giant-columns
Bear the mighty dome in safety.

And on dome and walls and columns
From the very top to bottom
The Koran's Arabian proverbs
Twine in wise and flowery fashion.

Moorish Kings erected whilome
This vast house to Allah's glory,
Yet in many parts 'tis alter'd
In the darksome whirl of ages.

On the turret where the watchman
Summon'd unto prayer the people,
Now the Christian bell is sounding
With its melancholy murmur.

On the steps whereon the faithful
Used to sing the Prophet's sayings,
Now baldpated priests exhibit
All the mass's trivial wonders.

How they twirl before the colour'd
Puppets, full of antic capers,
Midst the incense smoke and ringing,
While the senseless tapers sparkle!

In fair Cordova's cathedral
Stands Almansor ben Abdullah,
Viewing silently the columns,
And these words in silence murmuring:

“O ye columns, strong, gigantic,
“Once adorn’d in Allah’s glory,
“Now must ye pay humble homage
“To this Christendom detested.

“To the times have ye submitted,
“And ye bear the burden calmly;
“Still more reason for the weaker
“To be patient all the sooner.”

And Almansor ben Abdullah
Bent his head with face unruffled
O’er the font so decorated
In fair Cordova’s cathedral.

2.

The cathedral left he quickly,
On his wild steed speeding onward,
While his moist locks and the feathers
In his hat the wind is moving.

On the road to Alcolea,
By the side of Guadalquivir,
Where the snowy almond blossoms,
And the fragrant golden orange,

Thither bastes the merry rider,
Piping, singing, laughing gaily,
And the birds all swell the chorus,
And the torrent’s noisy waters.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dwelleth Clara de Alvaes;
In Navarre her sire is fighting,
And she revels in her freedom.

And afar Almansor heareth
Sounds of kettle-drums and trumpets,
And the castle lights beholds he
Glittering through the trees' dark shadows.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dance twelve gaily trick'd-out ladies
With twelve knights attired as gaily,
But Almansor's the best dancer.

As if wing'd by merry fancies,
Round about the hall he flutters,
Knowing how to all the ladies
To address sweet flattering speeches.

Isabella's lovely hands he
Kisses quickly, and then leaves her,
And before Elvira stands he,
Looking in her face so archly.

He in turns assures each lady
That he heartily adores her;
"On the true faith of a Christian"
Swears he thirty times that evening.

3.

In the fort at Alcolea
Merriment and noise have ceased now
Knights and ladies all have vanish'd,
And the lights are all extinguish'd.

Donna Clara and Almansor
In the hall above still linger,
And one single lamp is throwing
On them both its feeble lustre.

On the seat the lady's sitting,
And the knight upon the footstool,
And his head, by sleep o'erpower'd,
On her darling knees is resting.

From a golden flask some rose-oil
Pours the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses, —
From his inmost bosom sighs he.

With her soft lips then the lady
Gives a sweet kiss, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses, —
And his brow is clouded over.

From her light eyes tears in torrents
Weeps the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses, —
And his lips begin to quiver.

And he dreams he's once more standing
With his head bent down and weeping
In fair Cordova's cathedral,
Many gloomy voices hearing.

All the lofty giant-columns
Hears he murmuring full of anger, —
That no longer will they bear it,
And they totter and they tremble.

And they wildly fall together,
Pale turn all the priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome upon them,
And the Christian gods wail loudly.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR

1.

The mother stood by the window,
The son in bed lay he.
“Wilt thou not rise up, William,
“The fair procession to see?” —

“I am so ill, my mother,
“I neither see nor hear;
“I think of my poor dead Gretchen,
“My heart is breaking near.”

“Arise, let’s go to Kevlaar,
“Take book and rosary too;
“The mother of God will heal thee,
“And cure thy sick heart anew.”

In church-like tones they are singing,
The banners flutter on high;
At Cologne on the Rhine this happens,
The proud procession moves by.

The crowd the mother follows,
Her son she leadeth now,
And both of them sing in chorus:
“O Mary, blessed be thou!”

2.

The mother of God at Kevlaar
Her best dress wears to-day;
Full much hath she to accomplish,
So great the sick folks’ array.

The sick folk with them are bringing,
As offerings fitting and meet,

Strange limbs of wax all fashion'd,
Yes, waxen hands and feet.

And he who a wax hand offers,
Finds cured in his hand the wound,
And he who a wax foot proffers,
Straight finds his foot grow sound.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
Who now on the tight rope skip,
And many a palsied finger
O'er the viol doth merrily trip.

The mother took a waxlight,
And out of it fashion'd a heart:
"My son, take that to God's mother,
"And she will cure thy smart."

The son took sighing the wax-heart,
Went with sighs to the shrine so blest,
The tears burst forth from his eyelids,
The words burst forth from his breast:

"Thou highly-favour'd blest one!
"Thou pure and godlike maid!
"Thou mighty queen of heaven,
"To thee my woes be display'd!

"I with my mother was dwelling
"In yonder town of Cologne,
"The town that many a hundred
"Fair churches and chapels doth own.

"And near us there dwelt my Gretchen,
"Who, alas! is dead to-day;
"O, Mary, I bring thee a wax-heart,
"My heart's wounds cure, I pray.

“My sick heart cure, O cure thou,
“And early and late my vow
“I’ll pay, and sing with devotion:
““O Mary, blessed be thou!””

3.

The poor sick son and his mother
In their little chamber slept,
The mother of God to their chamber
All lightly, lightly crept.

She bent herself over the sick one,
Her hand with action light
Upon his heart placed softly,
Smiled sweetly and vanish’d from sight.

The mother saw all in her vision,
Saw this and saw much more;
From out of her slumber woke she,
The hounds were baying full sore.

Her son was lying before her,
And dead her son he lay,
While over his pale cheeks gently
The light of morning did play.

Her hands the mother folded,
She felt she knew not how;
With meekness sang she and softly:
“O Mary, blessed be thou!”

THE DREAM.

(From Salon.)

A vision I dreamt of a lovely child.
She wore her hair in tresses;
In the blue nights of summer so calm and mild
We sat in the greenwood's recesses.

In mutual rapture and torture we vied,
We loved and exchanged loving kisses;
The yellow stars in the heavens all sigh'd
And seem'd to envy our blisses.

I now am awake, and around me gaze
In the darkness, alone and despairing;
The stars in the heavens are shedding their rays
In silence and all-uncaring.

NEW POEMS.

1.

SERAPHINA.

1.

When at evening in the forest,
In the dreamlike wood I rove,
Ever doth thy slender figure
Close beside me softly move.

See I not thy gentle features?
Is it not thy veil that stirs?
Can it be the moonlight only
Breaking through the gloomy firs?

Can it be mine own tears only
That I hear all-lightly flow?
Or my loved one, dost thou really
Close beside me weeping go?

2.

O'er the silent strand of ocean
Night appears in gloomy splendour
From the clouds the moon is breaking,
As the waves these whispers send her

“Yonder mortal, is he foolish,
“Or is he by love tormented,
“That he looks so sad, yet joyous,
“So distress'd, yet so contented?”

But the moon, with smiles replying,
Loudly said: “Full well I know it;
“He is both in love and foolish,
“And moreover is a poet.”

3.

'Tis surely a snowwhite seamew
That I see fluttering there
Just over the darksome billows;
The moon stands high in the air.

The shark and the ray snap fiercely
From out of the wave, and stare;
The seamew is rising and falling,
The moon stands high in the air.

O dear and wandering spirit,
So sad and full of despair!
Too near art thou to the water,
The moon stands high in the air.

4.

I knew that thou didst love me,
I knew it long, dear maid;
Yet when thou didst confess it
I felt full sore afraid.

I clamber'd up the mountain
With loud exulting song,
At sunset rambled weeping
The ocean shore along.

The sun my heart resembleth,
So flaming to the sight,
And in a loving ocean
It setteth, great and bright.

5.

How curiously the seamew
Looks over at us, dear,
Because against thy lips I
So firmly press my ear!

She maybe would discover
What from thy mouth did flow, —
If words alone or kisses
Thou in my ear didst throw.

O could I but decipher
What 'tis that fills my mind!
The words are with the kisses
So wondrously combined.

6.

As timid as the roe she fled,
And with its fleetness vying;
She clamber'd on from crag to crag
Her hair behind her flying.

Where to the sea the cliffs descend,
At length I caught the rover;
And gently there with gentle words
Her coy heart soon won over.

High as the heavens we sat, both fill'd
With heavenly blest emotion;
Beneath us by degrees the sun
Sank in the dark deep ocean.

In the dark sea beneath us far
The beauteous sun sank proudly;
The billows with impetuous joy
Were meanwhile roaring loudly.

Weep not, the sun in yonder waves
Hath not for ever perish'd,
But lieth hidden in my heart,
Where all its glow is cherish'd.

7.

Upon this rock we build the Church
Which (type of our to-morrow)
Proclaims the third New Testament,
And ended is our sorrow.

The twofold nature that so long
Deceived us, is abolish'd;
Our olden fierce corporeal pangs
Are now at length demolish'd.

Hear'st thou the God in yon dark sea?
He speaks with thousand voices;
See'st thou how overhead God's sky
With thousand lights rejoices?

Almighty God is in the light,
As in the dark abysses,
And everything there is, is God,
He is in all our kisses.

8.

Gray night broodeth o'er the ocean,
And the tiny stars are sparkling;
Long protracted voices oft-times
Sound from out the billows darkling.

There the aged north wind sporteth
With the glassy waves of ocean,
Which like organ pipes are skipping
With a never-ceasing motion.

Partly heathenish, partly churchlike,
Strangely doth this music move us,
As it rises boldly upwards,
Gladdening e'en the stars above us.

And the stars, still larger growing,
With a radiant joy are gleaming,
And at length around the heavens
Roam, with sunlike lustre beaming

To far-reaching strains of music
They revolve in madden'd legions
Sunny nightingales are circling
In those fair and blissful regions.

With a mighty roar and crashing,
Sea and heaven alike are singing,
And I feel a giant-rapture
Wildly through my bosom ringing

9.

Shadowy love and shadowy kisses,
Shadowy life, how wondrous strange!
Fool, dost think, then, that all this is
Ever true and free from change?

Like an empty dream hath vanish'd
All we loved with love so deep;
Memory from the heart is banish'd,
And the eyes are closed in sleep.

10.

The maid stood by the ocean,
And long and deep sigh'd she
With heartfelt sad emotion,
The setting sun to see.

Sweet maiden, why this fretting?
An olden trick is here;
Although before us setting,
He rises in our rear.

11.

With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea;
Thou know'st full well how sad am I,
And yet tormentest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind,
And flutters ceaselessly;
With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea.

12.

Though shamefully thou didst entreat me,
To no man would I e'er unfold it,
But travell'd far over the billows,
And unto the fishes I told it.

I've left thee thy good reputation
With earth and the beings upon her,
But every depth of the ocean
Knows fully thy tale of dishonour.

13.

The roaring waves are dashing
High on the strand;
They're swelling and they're crashing
Over the sand.

They come in noisy fashion
Unceasingly, —
At length burst into passion, —
But what care we?

14.

The Runic stone 'mongst the waves stands high,
There sit I, with thoughts far roaming;
The wind pipes loudly, the seamews cry,
The billows are curling and foaming.

I've loved full many a charming girl,
Loved many a comrade proudly —
Where are they now? The billows curl
And foam, and the wind pipes loudly.

15.

The sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky,
O let me there be buried,
My brethren, when I die.

The sea I have always loved so,
It oft hath cool'd my breast
With its refreshing billows,
Each in the other's love blest.

2.

ANGELICA.

1.

Now that heaven my wish hath granted,
Why be dumb, like mutes inglorious, —
I who, when unhappy, chanted
Of my woe with noise uproarious,

Till a thousand youths despairing
Sang like me with voices hollow,
And the song I sang uncaring
Made still greater mischief follow?

O ye nightingale-like chorus,
That I bear within my spirit,
Let your song of joy rise o'er us
Merrily, that all may hear it.

2.

Once more behind thee thou wert looking,
Swiftly as thou didst past me glide,
With open mouth, as if inquiring,
And in thy look a stormy pride.

O that I ne'er had sought to grasp it,
That flowing robe of snowy white!
The little foot's enchanting traces,
O that they ne'er had met my sight!

Thy wildness now indeed hath vanish'd,
Like other women tame art thou,
And mild, and somewhat over-civil,
And, ah, thou even lov'st me now.

3.

I'll not credit, youthful beauty,
What thy bashful lips may say;
Eyes so black and large and rolling
Are not much in virtue's way.

Strip away this brown-striped falsehood —
Well and truly love I thee;
Let thy white heart kiss me, dearest —
White heart, understand'st thou me?

4.

Upon her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye;
She gives me now no peace for this,
But asks the reason why.

From night to morn, because of this,
This is her constant cry:
“When on my mouth thou giv'st a kiss,
“Why close my either eye?”

I tell her not the cause of this,
Nor know the reason why,
Yet on her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye.

5.

When I am made blest with kisses delicious,
And lie in thine arms, O in that happy season
Thou ne'er must discourse of Germany, dearest, —
It spoils my digestion, — there's plenty of reason.

With Germany leave me in peace, I implore thee,
Thou must not torment me with question on question
Of home and relations and manner of living, —
There's plenty of reason, — it spoils my digestion.

The oaks there are green, and blue are the dear eyes
Of German women; they sigh as they please on
The blisses of love and of hope and religion, —
It spoils my digestion, — there's plenty of reason.

6.

Whilst I after other people
And their treasures have been prying,
And with ever-restless yearning,
At strange doors of love been spying,

Probably those other people
Have been taking their own pleasure
Similarly, and been ogling
At my window my own treasure.

This is human! God in heaven
In our every action guard us!
God in heaven give us blessings,
And with happiness reward us!

7.

O yes, thou art my ideal forsooth,
I've often confirmed it till dizzy
With kisses and oaths unnumber'd in truth; —
To-day I however am busy.

Return to-morrow between two and three,
And then a fresh-kindled passion
Shall prove my love, and afterwards we
Will dine in a friendly fashion.

And if I in time the tickets receive,
We'll join in a merry revel,
And go to the Opera, where I believe
They're playing Robert the Devil.

A wondrous magic play is here,
With devils' loves and curses;
The music is by Meyerbeer;
By Scribe the wretched verses.

8.

Dismiss me not, although thy thirst
The pleasant draught has still'd;
Some three months longer keep me on,
Till I too have been fill'd.

If thou my love canst not remain,
O be my friend, I pray;
For when one has outloved one's love,
Friendship may have its way.

9.

This wild carnival of loving,
This delirium of our bosoms
Comes unto an end, and now we
Soberly gape on each other!

Drain'd the cup is to the bottom,
Brimming with intoxication,
Foaming, glowing to the margin;
Drain'd the cup is to the bottom.

And the fiddles too are silent,
Which for dancing gave the signal,
Signal for the dance of passion;
Yes, the fiddles too are silent.

And the lamps too are extinguish'd,
Which their wild light shed so brightly
On the masquerade exciting;
Yes, the lamps too are extinguish'd.

And to-morrow comes Ash-Wednesday,
When I'll sign upon thy forehead
With the cross of ashes, saying:
"Woman, that thou'rt dust, forget not."

10.

O how rapidly develop
From mere fugitive sensations
Passions that are fierce and boundless,
Tenderest associations!

Tow'ards this lady grows the bias
Of my heart on each occasion,
And that I'm enamoured of her
Has become my firm persuasion.

Beauteous is her spirit. Truly
Thus I learn to rise superior
To the overpowering beauty
Of her form and mere exterior.

Ah, what hips! and, ah, what forehead!
Ah, what nose! Could aught serener
Be than this sweet smile she's wearing?
And how noble her demeanour!

11.

Ah, how fair art thou, whenever
Thou thy mind disclosest sweetly,
And thy language with the grandest
Sentiments o'erflows discreetly!

When thou tell'st me how thou always
Worthily and nobly thoughtest;
How unto thy pride of heart thou
Greatest sacrifices broughtest!

How with countless millions even
Men could woo and win thee never;
Sooner than be sold for money
Thou wouldst quit this world for ever.

And I stand before thee, listening
To the end with due emotion;
Like an image mute of faith, I
Fold my hands with meek devotion.

12.

Have no fear, dear soul, I pray thee,
Thou art safe here evermore;
Fear not lest they'll take away thee,
For I'll forthwith bar the door.

Though the wind may roar around us,
It will do no mischief here;
That a fire may not confound us,
Let us put the light out, dear!

Let me in mine arm, dear small one,
Thy enchanting neck enfold;
In the absence of a shawl, one
Gets so very quickly cold.

3.

DIANA.

1.

These fair limbs, of size so massive,
Of colossal womanhood,
Now are, in a yielding mood,
Under my embraces passive.

Had I, with unbridled passion,
Trusting in my strength drawn near,
I had soon had cause for fear!
She had thrashed me in strange fashion.

How her bosom, neck, throat charm me
(Higher I can scarcely see);
Ere alone I'd with her be,
Pray I that she may not harm me.

2.

'Twas in the Bay of Biscay
That she first saw the light;
Two kittens in the cradle
She squeezed to death outright.

Across the Pyrenees she
With feet uncover'd ran;
Then for her size gigantic
Was shown at Perpignan.

She's now the grandest dame in
The Faubourg Saint-Denis,
Where unto small Sir William
Some thousand pounds costs she.

3.

Often when I am with thee,
Much-beloved and noble lady,
The remembrance steals o'er me
Of Bologna's market shady.
There a massive fount doth stand —
'Tis the Giants' Fountain pretty —
With a Neptune, by the hand
Of Giovanni of that city.

4.

HORTENSE.

1.

Once I thought each kiss a woman
Gives us, or receives instead,
By some influence superhuman
Was from old predestinèd.

I both took and gave back willing
Kisses then as earnestly
As if I were but fulfilling
Actions of necessity.

Kisses are superfluous, — this I
Have discover'd on life's stage,
And with small concern now kiss I,
Heedless of the surplusage.

2.

Beside the corner of the street
We stood in fond communion
For full an hour, and talked about
Our spirits' loving union.

We loved each other — this we said
A hundred times repeating;
Beside the corner of the street
We stood, and went on greeting.

The Goddess of Occasion, brisk
As waiting maids, and sprightly,
Pass'd by that way and saw us stand
And smiled, and went on lightly.

3.

In all my dreams by daytime,
In all my watchings nightly,
Thy sweet delicious laughter
Rings through my spirit lightly.

Remember'st Montmorency,
Where, on the donkey riding,
Thou fell'st among the thistles,
From off the saddle gliding?

The ass stood still, the thistles
Demurely looking after, —
I never shall forget, love,
Thy sweet delicious laughter.

4.

(She speaks.)

In the garden fair a tree stands,
And an apple hangeth there,
And around the trunk a serpent
Coils himself, and I can ne'er
From the serpent's eyes enchanting
Turn away my troubled sight,
And he whispers words alluring,
And enthrals me with delight.

(The other one speaks.)

'Tis the fruit of life thou spyest, —
Its delicious flavour taste,
That thy life until thou diest
May not be for ever waste!
Darling dove, sweet child, no sighing!
Quickly taste, and never fear;
Follow my advice, relying
On thy aunt's sage counsel, dear.

5.

On my newly-tuned guitar I
Play new tunes that seem much fitter
Old the text is, for the words are
Solomon's: A woman's bitter.

To her husband she is faithless,
And she treats her friend with malice;
Wormwood are the last remaining
Drops in love's once-golden chalice.

Tell me, is the ancient legend
Of the curse of sin no libel?
Did the serpent bring it on thee,
As recorded in the Bible?

Creeping on the earth, the serpent
Lurks in every bush around thee,
Still, as formerly, caresses,
And her hisses still confound thee.

Ah, how cold and dark 'tis growing!
Round the sun the ravens hover
Croakingly, and love and rapture
Now for evermore are over.

6.

The bliss that thou didst falsely pledge
For but a short time cheated;
Thine image, like a vision false,
Soon from my bosom fled.

The morning came, the mist soon fled
Before the sun's rays splendid;
And wellnigh ere it had commenced,
Our passing fondness ended.

5.

CLARISSA.

1.

All my charming loving offers
Thou art eagerly declining;
If I say: "Is this refusal?"
Thou at once beginnest whining.

Seldom pray I, but now hear me,
Gracious God! O help this maiden!
Dry her sweet tears, and enlighten
Her poor brains so sorrow-laden!

2.

Wheresoever thou mayst wander,
Thou dost every hour behold me,
And I love thee all the fonder,
When thou dost rebuke and scold me.
Charming malice will ensnare me,
While I hate a kindly action;
And the surest way to scare me,
Is to love me to distraction.

3.

May the devil take thy mother
And thy father, for their cruel
Conduct at the play, in hiding
Thee from me, my precious jewel!

There they sat, their spreading dresses
Leaving but few spaces only
Through the which to spy thee sitting
In the box's rear, all lonely.

There they sat, and saw two lovers
Both destroy'd, with eyes admiring;
And they clapp'd a loud approval
When they saw them both expiring.

4.

Go not through the naughty quarters
Where the pretty eyes are living;
Ah, they fain would spare their lightnings
With a semblance of forgiving.

From the high bow-window looking
In a loving way they greet thee,
Smiling kindly (death and devil!)
Sisterlike their glances meet thee.

But thou'rt on thy way already,
And in vain is all thy striving;
Thou wilt have a very breastful
Of distress, when home arriving.

5.

It comes too late, thy present smiling,
It comes too late, thy present sigh!
The feelings all long since have perish'd
That thou didst spurn so cruelly.

Too late has come thy love responsive,
My heart thou vainly seek'st to stir
With burning looks of love, all falling
Like sunbeams on a sepulchre.

* * *

This would I learn: when life is ended,
O whither doth our spirit go?

Where is the flame when once extinguish'd?
The wind, when it hath ceased to blow?

6.

Wounded, in distress, and sickly,
On a lovely summer's morrow
Men I fly, and bury quickly
In the wood my bitter sorrow.

As I move, in mute compassion
All the noisy birds are vying;
At my grief in wondrous fashion
Each dark linden-tree is sighing.

In the vale I sadly sit on
Some green bank, sweet balm exhaling:
"Kitten! O my pretty kitten!"
And the hills repeat my wailing.

Kitten! O my pretty kitten!
Why delightest thou to do ill?
Sadly is my poor heart smitten
By thy tiger-talons cruel.

For my heart, grown stern and sadden'd,
Long had been to joy a stranger,
Till by new love I was gladden'd
At thy sight, and fear'd no danger.

Thou in secret seem'st to mew thus:
"Have no fear of being bitten;
"Prythee trust me when I sue thus,
"I'm a very gentle kitten."

* * *

7.

Whilst sweet Philomel in airy
Woods at random sings and wildly,
Thou preferrest the canary
Doubtless, as it flutters mildly.

In the cage I see thee feeding
This small bird, so tame and yellow,
And it picks thy fingers, pleading
For some sugar, pretty fellow!

Charming is the scene and moving!
Angels must enjoy the notion!
I myself, with look approving,
Drop a tear of deep emotion.

8.

With Wedding Gifts the Spring Has Arrived,
With music and exultation;
It brings the bridegroom and the bride
Its hearty congratulation.

It brings its violets, rosebuds fair,
And jasmine and herbs sweet-scented,
And for the bride asparagus too, —
The bridegroom's with salad contented.

9.

God protect thee from o'erheating,
And thy heart from palpitation,
Keep thee from excessive eating,
And excessive perspiration.

As upon thy day of marriage
May thy love be ever blessed!
Ne'er the bridal yoke disparage!
Be thy frame with health possessed!

10.

Pretty maid, if so inclined,
Thou mayst now thus think anent me
This man's conduct is unkind,
For he's seeking to torment me; —

Me, who never said a word
That could possibly offend him;
Who, when others' blame I heard,
Did my utmost to befriend him.

Me, who had resolved in fact
By-and-by to love him dearly,
Had he not begun to act
As if he were frantic nearly!

11.

How thou snarlest, laughest, broodest.
How thou in ill humour twistest,
When thou, to all love a stranger,
Yet on jealousy existest!

'Tis not red and fragrant roses
Thou dost smell and love so dearly;
No, amongst the thorns thou sniffest,
Till they scratch thy nose severely.

6.

YOLANTE AND MARY.

1.

Both these ladies know by instinct
How a poet well to treat,
For they ask'd me and my genius
Luncheon with them once to eat.

Ah! the soup was quite delicious,
And the wine was old and rare,
And the game was really heavenly,
And well-larded was the hare.

They of poetry kept talking,
Till I had enough at last,
And I thank'd them for the honour
Of this very kind repast.

2.

With which shall I become enamour'd,
Since both are loveable and mild?
The mother's still a pretty woman,
The daughter is a pretty child.

The white and inexperienced members
Are very pleasant to the view,
And yet the genial eyes that answer
Our tenderness are charming too.

My heart the jackass grey resembles,
Who when twixt two hay bundles placed,
Eyes them with hesitation, doubting
Which of the two the best will taste.

3.

The bottles are empty, the breakfast was good,
The ladies are gay and impassion'd;
They open their corsets in right merry mood,
Methinks they with point lace are fashion'd.

Their bosoms how fair! Their shoulders how white!
My heart is soon trembling all over;
They presently jump on the bed with delight,
And hide themselves under the cover.

The curtains around them before long they pull,
And snore away, free from intrusion;
I stand in the chamber alone, like a fool,
And stare at the bed in confusion.

4.

Now that I'm fast growing older,
Youth's by keener fire replaced,
And my arm, becoming bolder,
Circles many a loving waist.

Though at first they were affrighted,
Yet they soon were reconcil'd;
Modest doubts and wrath united
Were o'ercome by flattery mild.

Yet the best of all is wanting
When I taste my victory;
Can it be my youth's enchanting
Bashful weak stupidity?

5.

This tricolour'd flow'r now worn is
In my breast, to show I'm free,
Proving that my heart freeborn is,
And a foe to slavery.

Sweet Queen Mary, who thy quarters
In my heart hast fix'd, pray list:
Many of earth's fairest daughters
There have reign'd, then been dismiss'd.

7.

EMMA.

1.

He stands as firm as a tree stem,
In heat and tempest and frost;
His toes in the ground are planted,
His arms are heavenward toss'd.

Thus long is Bagíratha tortured,
And Brama his torments would end;
He makes the mighty Ganges
Down from the heavens descend.

But I, my loved one, am vainly
Tormented and stricken with woe;
From out of thine heavenly eyelids
No drops of pity e'er flow.

2.

Four-and-twenty hours I still must
Wait, to see my bliss complete,
As her sidelong glances tell me,
Glances, O how dazzling sweet!

Language is but inexpressive,
Words are awkward and in vain;
Soon as they are said, the pretty
Butterfly flies off again.

But a look may last for ever,
And with joy may fill thy breast,
Making it like some wide heaven,
Full of starry rapture blest.

3.

Not one solitary kiss
After months of loving passion,
So my mouth must still continue
Dry, in very wretched fashion.

Happiness seem'd once at hand,
And her breath I e'en felt nigh me
But without my lips e'er touching,
She, alas! soon fled by me.

4.

Emma, for my satisfaction
Say if I'm distracted driven,
By my love, or is love only
The result of my distraction?

Ah! I'm tortured, charming Emma,
Not alone by my mad loving,
Not alone by loving madness,
But besides by this dilemma.

5.

When I'm with thee, strife and need!
So I on my travels started;
Yet my life, when from thee parted,
Is no life, but death indeed.

Pondering all the livelong night,
I 'twixt death and hell lay choosing —
Ah, methinks this strife confusing
Now has driv'n me mad outright!

6.

Fast is creeping on us dreary
Night with many a ghostly shape,

And our souls are growing weary,
And we at each other gape.

Thou art old and I still older,
And our spring has ceased to bloom;
Thou art cold, and I still colder,
At th' approach of winter's gloom.

At the end, how all is sadden'd!
After love's sweet cares are past,
Cares draw nigh, by love ungladden'd,
After life comes death at last.

8.

FREDERICA.

1.

O leave Berlin, with its thick-lying sand,
Weak tea, and men who seem so much to know
That they both God, themselves, and all below
With Hegel's reason only understand.

O come to India, to the sunny land
Where flowers ambrosial their sweet fragrance throw
Where pilgrim troops on tow'rd the Ganges go
With reverence, in white robes, a festal band.

There, where the palm-trees wave, the billows smile,
And on the sacred bank the lotos-tree
Soars up to Indra's castle blue, — yes there,

There will I kneel to thee in trusting style,
And press against thy foot, and say to thee:
“Madam, thou art the fairest of the fair!”

2.

The Ganges roars; amid the foliage see
The sharp eyes of the antelope, who springs
Disdainfully along; their colour'd wings
The peacocks as they move, show haughtily.

Deep from the bosom of the sunny lea
Rises a newborn race of flowers, sweet things;
With yearning-madden'd voice Cocila sings —
Yes, thou art fair, no woman's like to thee!

God Cama⁹ lurks in all thy features fair,
He dwells within thy bosom's tents so white,
And breathes to thee the sweetest songs he knows.

Upon thy lips Vassant¹⁰ has made his lair,
I find within thine eyes new worlds of light,
In my own world no more I find repose.

3.

The Ganges roars; the mighty Ganges swells,
The Himalaya glows in evening's light,
And from the banyan-forest's gloomy night
The elephantine herd breaks forth and yells.

O for a type to show how she excels!
A type of thee, so lovely to the sight,
Thee the incomparable, good and bright,
So that sweet rapture in my bosom dwells.

In vain thou see'st me seek for types, and prate, —
See'st me with feelings struggle, and with rhyme,
And, ah, thou smilest at my pangs of love!

But smile! For when thou smil'st, Gandarvas straight
Seize on the sweet guitar, and all the time
Sing in the golden sunny halls above.

9.

CATHERINE.

1.

A beauteous star arises o'er my night,
A star which smiles down on me comfort bright,
And new life pledges to supply, —
O do not lie!

As leaps to the moon the sea with sullen roar,
So gladly, wildly, doth my spirit soar
Up to thy blissful light on high, —
O do not lie!

2.

“Will you not be presented to her?”
The duchess whisper'd once to me.
“On no account! for I to woo her
“Methinks have too much modesty.”

How gracefully she stands before me!
I fancy, when I near her go,
A newborn life is stealing o'er me,
With newborn joy and newborn woe.

I'm from her kept as though by anguish,
While yearning drives me to draw near;
Her eyes, as they so sweetly languish,
The wild stars of my fate appear.

Her brow is clear, yet in the distance
The future lightning gathers there,
The storm which, spite of all resistance,
My spirit's deepest seat will tear.

Her mouth is lovely, but with terror
I see beneath the roses hiss

The serpents which will prove my error,
With honied scorn and treach'rous kiss.

Impell'd by yearning, still more near I
Draw to the dear but dangerous place;
Her darling voice already hear I —
Bright flames her every sentence grace.

“Sir, what's the name” — I hear her utter
These words— “Of her whose voice I heard?”
I only answer with a stutter:
“Madam, I did not hear one word!”

3.

Yes, I now, a poor magician,
Like sage Merlin, am held fast
In my magic ring at last,
In disconsolate condition.

At her feet imprison'd sweetly
I am lying all the while,
Gazing on her eyes' sweet smile,
And the hours are passing fleetly.

Thus, for hours, days, weeks behold me!
Like a vision time has fled,
Scarcely know I what I said,
And I know not what she told me.

Just as if her lips were dearly
Press'd to mine, beyond control
I am stirr'd, till in my soul
I can trace the flames full clearly.

4.

Thou lie'st in my arms so gladly.
So gladly thou lie'st on my heart!
I am thy one sole heaven,
My dearest star thou art.

The foolish race of mortals
Is swarming far below;
They're shouting and storming and scolding,
(And each one is right, I well know)

Their cap and bells they jingle,
And quarrel without a cause,
And with their heavy club-sticks
They break each other's jaws.

How happy are we, my darling,
That we so far away are;
Thou hidest in thy heaven
Thy head, my dearest star!

5.

I love such white and snowy members,
The thin veil of a spirit tender,
Wild and large eyes, a brow encompass'd
With flowing locks of swarthy splendour.

Thou art indeed the very person
Whom I in every land have sought for,
While girls like thee a man of honour
Like me have always cared and thought for.

The very man thou stand'st in need of
Is found in me. At first thou'lt pay me
Richly with sentiments and kisses,
And then, as usual, wilt betray me.

6.

The spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling.

My darling sitteth by my side,
In carriage onward fleeting;
She looks on me with tender pride,
Her heart, I feel it beating.

What warbling, what fragrance the sun's light awakes!
Like jewels the verdure is gleaming,
His snowy-blossoming head soon shakes
The sapling with joyous seeming.

The flowers peep forth from the earth to see,
With longing in every feature,
The lovely woman won by me,
And me, the happy creature.

O transient bliss! Across the corn
To-morrow will pass the sickle,
The beauteous spring wither, and I all forlorn
Be left by the woman fickle.

7.

Lately dreamt I I was walking
In the happy realms of heaven,
Walking with thee, for without thee,
Heaven itself would be a hell.

There I saw th' Elect together,
All the righteous and the godly,
Who had for their souls' salvation
Mortified on earth their bodies.

Fathers of the Church, apostles,
Capuchins and holy hermits,
Strange old fellows, some strange young ones —
'Twas the latter look'd the ugliest!

Very long and saintly faces,
Ample bald pates, also grey beards
(Various Jews were of the number)
Pass'd us, looking stern and solemn.

Not one look upon thee throwing,
Although thou, my pretty darling,
On my arm wert hanging, toying,
Toying, smiling, and coquetting.

One alone upon thee look'd,
And he was the only handsome,
Handsome man of all the number;
And majestic were his features.

Round his lips was human kindness,
In his eyes divine repose,
And he mildly gazed upon thee
As upon the Magdalene.

Ah! I know, he meant it kindly,
None was e'er so pure and noble,
But I, I was notwithstanding
Moved as by an envious feeling;

And, I must confess, I found it
Far from pleasant up in heaven —
May God pardon me! Our Saviour
Jesus Christ I deem'd intrusive.

Each person to this feast enchanting
His mistress takes, and with delight
Roams in the blooming summer night.
I wander alone, for my loved one is wanting.

Like some sick man, I wander all lonely,
And far from the mirth and dancing go,
The music sweet and the lamps' bright glow
My thoughts are away, and in England only.

I pluck the pinks and I pluck the roses,
Distractedly and full of woe,
And know not on whom the flow'rs to bestow;
My heart soon withers along with the posies.

9.

Long songless and oppress'd with sadness,
I now compose again with yearning!
Like tears that from us burst with madness
My songs are suddenly returning.

Again I chant, with voice melodious,
Of great love and still greater sorrow;
Of hearts which, to each other odious
To-day, when parted break to-morrow.

I oftentimes think I feel the greeting
Of German oak trees waving o'er me,
With whispers of a glad re-meeting —
A dream! they vanish from before me.

I oftentimes think I hear the singing
Of German nightingales once cherish'd;
Sweetly their notes are round me clinging —
A dream! the vision soon has perish'd.

Where are the roses whose delicious
Perfume once bless'd me? Every blossom
Long since has died! With taint pernicious
Their ghostly scent still haunts my bosom.

10.

SONGS OF CREATION.

1.

God at first the sun created,
Then each nightly constellation;
From the sweat of his own forehead
Oxen were his next creation.

Wild beasts he created later,
Lions with their paws so furious;
In the image of the lion
Made he kittens small and curious.

Afterwards, the wilds to people,
Man to spring to being bade he,
And in man's attractive image
Interesting monkeys made he.

Satan saw it, full of laughter:
"Copies from himself he's taking!
"In the image of his oxen
"Calves he finally is making."

2.

To the devil spake the Lord thus:
Copies of myself I'm taking;
After sun come constellations,
After oxen, calves I'm making.

After lions with their furious
Paws, I'm making kittens curious,
After men come monkeys clever:
Thou canst nothing make, however.

3.

I made for my glory and edification
Men, lions, and oxen, and sunlight splendid;
But calves, cats, monkeys, and each constellation
For nought but my own delight I intended.

4.

With one short week of preparation
The whole of the world was made by me
And yet I work'd out the plan of creation
For thousands of years full thoughtfully.

Creation itself is a mere act of motion
That's easily done in a very short time;
And yet the plan, the primary notion, —
'Tis that that proves the artist sublime.

Three hundred long years have I been taking
In solving the question by slow degrees
As to which was the proper manner of making
Both Doctors of Law and little fleas.

5.

On the sixth day spake the Lord thus:
I have finish'd finally
All this vast and fair creation,
And that all is good, I see.

How the sun's rays, golden-roselike,
O'er the ocean brightly gleam!
Every tree is green and glittering,
And enamell'd all things seem.

On the plain yon lambkins sporting
Are like alabaster white;
O how natural and perfect
Nature seemeth to the sight!

Earth and heaven alike are teeming
With my glorious majesty,
And through long and endless ages
Man will praise and worship me.

6.

The stuff out of which a poem is wrought
Is not to be suck'd from the finger;
No God created the world from nought
Any more than an earthly singer.

'Twas mud primeval that form'd the source
Whence the body of man I created,
And from the ribs of man in due course
Fair woman I separated.

The heavens I form'd from out of the earth,
And angels from women completed;
The raw material first gets its worth
From being artist'cally treated.

7.

The chiefest reason why I made
The earth, I will confess with gladness:
Within my soul, like fiery madness,
A burning call to do so play'd.

Illness was the especial ground
Of my creative inclination;
I might recover by creation,
Creation made me once more sound.

11.

ABROAD.

1.

From place to place thou'rt wandering still,
Thou scarcely knowest why;
A gentle word the wind doth fill, —
Thou look'st round wond'ringly.

My loved one, who was left behind,
Is calling softly now:
“Return, I love thee, O be kind,
My only joy art thou!”

But on, still on, no peace, no rest,
Thou never still mayst be;
What thou of yore didst love the best,
Thou ne'er again shalt see.

2.

Thou art to-day of sadder seeming
Than thou hast been for long before;
Mute tears upon thy cheeks are gleaming,
Thy sighs wax louder more and more.

Of thy far home long vanish'd is it
That thou art thinking, full of pain?
Wouldst thou not joyfully revisit
Thy much-loved fatherland again?

Art thinking now of her who sweetly
With tiny rage enchanted thee?
Vex'd by her oft, ye soon completely
Were reconciled, and laugh'd with glee.

Art thinking of the friends whom yearning
Impell'd to fall upon thy breast?

Within the heart the thoughts were burning,
And yet the lips remain'd at rest.

Or of the sister and the mother
Art thinking, who approved thy suit?
Methinks within thy breast, good brother,
Wild passions fast are growing mute.

Of the fair garden art thou thinking,
Its birds and trees, where love's young dream
Ofttimes sustain'd thy spirits sinking,
And hope shone forth with trembling beam?

'Tis late. The snow has fallen thickly,
Bright night illumines the humid mass;
I now must go, and hasten quickly
To dress for company, — Alas!

3.

Of my fair fatherland I once was proud;
Beside the stream
The oak soar'd high, the violets gently bow'd;
It was a dream.

German the kisses were, in German too
(Sweet then did seem
The sound) they spake the words: "Yes, I love you!" —
It was a dream.

12.

TRAGEDY

1.

O fly with me, and be my wife,
And to my heart for comfort come!
Far, far away hence be my heart,
Thy fatherland and father's home.

If thou'lt not go, I here will die,
And all alone abandon thee;
And if thou in thy father's home
Dost stay, thou'lt seem abroad to be.

2.

A genuine national song, heard by Heine on the Rhine.

There fell a frost in a night of spring,
It fell on the tender flowerets blue,
They all soon wither'd and faded.

A youth once loved a maiden full well,
They secretly fled away from the house,
Unknown to father and mother.

They wander'd here and they wander'd there,
And neither joy nor star could they find,
And so they droop'd and they perish'd.

3.

Upon her grave a linden is springing,
Where birds and the evening breeze are singing,
And on the green sward under it
The miller's boy and his sweetheart sit.

The winds are blowing so softly and fleetly,
The birds are singing so sadly and sweetly,
The prattling lovers are mute by-and-by,
They weep and they know not the reason why.

13.

THE TANNHAUSER.

A Legend.

(Written in 1836.)

1.

O all good Christians, be on your guard,
Lest Satan's wiles ensnare you!
I'll sing you the song of the Tannhauser bold,
That ye may duly beware you.

The noble Tannhauser, a valiant knight,
For love and pleasure yearning,
To the Venus' mount travell'd, and there he dwelt
Seven years without returning.

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, farewell!
"Though much thou mayst enchant me,
"No longer will I tarry with thee,
"Permission to leave now grant me."

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
"To-day you have kept from kissing;
"So kiss me quickly and tell me true,
"What is there in me you find missing?

"Have I each day the sweetest wine
"Not pour'd out for you gaily?
"And have I not always crown'd your head
"With fragrant roses daily?" —

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
"My soul no longer finds pleasing
"These endless kisses and luscious wine, —
"I long for something that's teasing.

“Too much have we jested, too much have we laugh’d,
“My heart for tears has long panted;
“Each rose on my head I fain would see
“By pointed thorns supplanted.” —

“Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
“You fain would vex and grieve me;
“An oath you have sworn a thousand times
“That you would never leave me.

“Come, let us into the chamber go,
“To taste of love’s rapture and gladness,
“And there my fair and lily-white form
“Shall drive away thy sadness.” —

“Dear Venus, lovely mistress, thy charms
“Will bloom for ever and ever;
“As many already have glow’d for thee,
“So men will forget thee never!

“But when I think of the heroes and gods
“Who erst have taken their pleasure
“In clasping thy fair and lily-white form
“My anger knows no measure.

“Thy fair and lily-white figure with dread
“Is filling me even this minute,
“When thinking how many in after times
“Will still take pleasure in it!” —

“Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
“You should not utter such treason;
“‘Twere better to beat me, as you have before
“Oft done for many a season.

“‘Twere better to beat me, than such harsh words
“Of insult thus to have spoken,

“Whereby, O Christian ungrateful and cold,
“The pride in my bosom is broken.

“Because I love you so much, I forgive
“Your evil words, thankless mortal;
“Farewell, I grant you permission to leave,
“I’ll open myself the portal.”

2.

In Rome, in the holy city of Rome,
With singing and ringing and blowing
A grand procession is moving on,
The Pope in the middle is going.

The pious Pope Urban is his name,
The triple crown he is wearing,
He wears a red and purple robe,
And Barons his train are bearing.

“O holy Father, Pope Urban, stay!
“I will not move from my station,
“Until thou hast saved my soul from hell,
“And heard my supplication!” —

The ghostly songs are suddenly mute,
The people fall backwards dumbly;
O who is the pilgrim pale and wild
Who bends to the Pope so humbly?

“O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
“To bind and to loose not too much is,
“O save me from the pangs of hell,
“And out of the Evil One’s clutches!

“By name, I’m the noble Tannhauser call’d;
“For love and pleasure yearning,

“To the Venus’ mount I travell’d and dwelt
“Seven years there without returning.

“This Venus is a woman fair
“With charms of dazzling splendour;
Like light of sun and flowers’ sweet scent
“Her voice is gentle and tender.

“As a butterfly flutters around a flower
“And from its calyx sips too,
So flutters my soul for evermore
“Around her rosy lips too.

“Around her noble features entwine
“Her blooming black locks wildly;
Thy breath would be gone if once her great eyes
“Were fix’d upon thee mildly.

“If her great eyes upon thee were fix’d
“They surely would harass thee greatly;
’Twas with the greatest trouble that I
“Escaped from the mountain lately.

“From out of the mountain I made my escape
“And yet for ever pursue me
“The looks of the beautiful woman, which seem
“To say ‘O hasten back to me!’

“A wretched spectre by day I’ve become,
“At night I vainly would hide me
“In sleep, for I dream that my mistress dear
“Is sitting and laughing beside me.

“How clearly, how sweetly, how madly she laughs
“Her white teeth all the while showing!
“Whenever I think of that laugh, in streams
“The tears from my eyes begin flowing.

“I love her indeed with a boundless love
“That scorches me up to a cinder;
“’Tis like a wild waterfall, whose fierce flood
“No barrier ever can hinder.

“It nimbly leaps from rock to rock
“With noisy foaming and boiling;
“Its neck it may break a thousand times,
“Yet on, still on, it keeps toiling.

“If all the expanse of the heavens were mine,
“To Venus the whole I’d surrender;
“I’d give her the sun, I’d give her the moon,
“I’d give her the stars in their splendour.

“I love her indeed with a boundless love,
“Whose flame within me rages;
“O say can this be the fire of hell,
“The glow that will last through all ages?

“O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
“To bind and to loose not too much is,
“O save me from the pangs of hell,
“And out of the Evil One’s clutches!—”

His hands the Pope raised sadly on high,
And sigh’d till these words he had spoken:
“Tannhauser, most unhappy knight,
“The charm can never be broken.

“The Devil whom they Venus call
“Is mighty for hurting and harming;
“I’m powerless quite to rescue thee
“From out of his talons so charming.

“And so thy soul must expiate now
Thy fleshly lusts infernal;

Yes, thou art rejected, yes, thou art condemn'd
To suffer hell's torments eternal."

3.

The knight Tannhauser roam'd on till his feet
Were sore with his wanderings dreary.
At midnight's hour he came at length
To the Venus' mountain, full weary.

Fair Venus awoke from out of her sleep,
And out of her bed sprang lightly,
And clasp'd her fair and lily-white arms
Around her beloved one tightly.

From out of her nose the blood fell fast,
The tears from her eyes descended;
She cover'd the face of her darling knight
With blood and tears closely blended.

The knight lay quietly down in the bed,
And not one word has he spoken;
While Venus went to the kitchen, to make
Some soup, that his fast might be broken.

She gave him soup, and she gave him bread,
She wash'd his wounded feet, too;
She comb'd his rough and matted hair,
And laugh'd with a laugh full sweet, too.

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
"Full long hast thou been wandering;
"O say in what lands hast thou thy time
"So far from hence been squandering?"

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
"In Italy I have been staying;

“I’ve had some bus’ness in Rome, and now
“Return without further delaying.

“Rome stands on the Tiber, just at the spot
“Where seven hills are meeting;
“In Rome I also beheld the Pope, —
“The Pope he sends thee his greeting.

“And Florence I saw, when on my return,
“And then through Milan I hasted,
“And next through Switzerland scrambled fast,
“And not one moment wasted.

“And when I travell’d over the Alps,
“The snow already was falling;
“The blue lakes sweetly on me smiled,
“The eagles were circling and calling.

“And when on the Mount St. Gothard I stood,
“Below me snored Germany loudly;
“Beneath the mild sway of thirty-six kings
“It slumber’d calmly and proudly.

“In Swabia I saw the poetical school
“Of dear little simpleton creatures;
“They sat together all ranged in a row,
“With very diminutive features.

“In Dresden I saw a certain dog,
“A sprig of the aristocracy;
“His teeth he had lost, and bark’d and yell’d
“Like one of the vulgar democracy.

“At Weimar, the Muses’ widow’d seat,
“I heard them their sentiments giving;
“They wept and lamented that Goethe was dead,
“And Eckermann still ‘mongst the living!

“At Potsdam I heard a very loud cry, —
“I said in amaze: ‘What’s the matter?’ —
“’Tis Gans¹¹ at Berlin, who last century’s tale
“Is reading and making this clatter.’

“At Göttingen knowledge was blossoming still,
“But bringing no fruit to perfection;
“’Twas dark as pitch when I got there at night,
“No light was in any direction.

“In the bridewell at Zell Hanoverians alone
“Were confined; at our next Reformation
“A national bridewell and one common lash
“We must have for the whole German nation.

“At Hamburg, in that excellent town,
“Many terrible rascals dwell still;
“And when I wander’d about the Exchange,
“I fancied myself in Zell still!

“At Hamburg I Altona saw; ’tis a spot
“In a charming situation;
“And all my adventures that there I met
“I’ll tell on another occasion.”¹²

14.

ROMANCES.

1.

A WOMAN.

They loved each other beyond belief,
The woman a rogue was, the man was a thief;
At each piece of knavery, daily
She fell on the bed, laughing gaily.

In joy and pleasure they pass'd the day,
Upon his bosom all night she lay;
When they carried him off to Old Bailey,
At the window she stood, laughing gaily.

He sent her this message: O come to me,
I yearn, my love, so greatly for thee;
I want thee, I pine, and look palely, —
Her head she but shook, laughing gaily.

At six in the morning they hang'd the knave,
At seven they laid him down in his grave;
At eight on her ears this fell stalely,
And a bumper she drank, laughing gaily.

2.

CELEBRATION OF SPRING.

O list to this spring time's terrible jest!
In savage troops the maidens fair
Are rushing along with fluttering hair,
And howls of anguish and naked breast: —
Adonis! Adonis!

The night falls fast. By torchlight clear
They sadly explore each forest track,
Which mournful answers is echoing back
Of laughter, sobs, sighs, and cries of fear: —
Adonis! Adonis!

That youthful figure, so wondrous fair,
Now lies on the ground all pale and dead;
His blood has dyed each floweret red,
And mournful sighs resound through the air: —
Adonis! Adonis!

3.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Slow and weary, moves a dreary
Stout black bark the stream along;
Visors wearing, all-uncaring,
Funeral mutes the benches throng.

‘Mongst them dumbly, with his comely
Face upturn’d, the dead bard lies;
Living seeming, toward the beaming
Light of heaven still turn his eyes.

From the water, like a daughter
Of the stream’s voice, comes a sigh,
And with wailing unavailing
‘Gainst the bark the waves dash high.

4.

THE EXORCISM.

The young Franciscan friar sits
In his cloister silent and lonely;
He reads a magical book, which speaks
Of exorcisms only.

And when the hour of midnight knell'd,
An impulse resistless came o'er him;
The underground spirits with pallid lips
He summon'd to rise up before him:

“Ye spirits! Go, fetch me from out of the grave
The corpse of my mistress cherish'd;
For this one night restore her to life,
Rekindling joys long perish'd.”

The fearful exorcising word
He breathes, and his wish is granted;
The poor dead beauty in grave-clothes white
Appears to his vision enchanted.

Her look is mournful; her ice-cold breast
Her sighs of grief cannot smother;
The dead one sits herself down by the monk,
In silence they gaze on each other.

5.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

(The Sun speaks.)

What matter all my looks to thee?
It is the well-known right of the sun
To shed down his rays on ev'ry one;
I beam because 'tis proper for me.

What matter all my looks to thee?
Thy duties bear in mind, poor elf;
Quick, marry, and get a son to thyself,
And so a German worthy be!

I beam because 'tis proper for me.
I wander up and down in the sky,
From mere *ennui* I peep from on high —
What matter all my looks to thee?

(The Poet speaks.)

It is in truth my special merit
That I can bear thy radiant light,
Pledge of an endless youthful spirit,
Thou dazzling beauty, blest and bright.

But now mine eyes are growing weary,
On my poor eyelids fast are falling,
Like a black covering, the dreary
Dark shades of night with gloom appalling.

(Chorus of Monkeys.)

We monkeys, we monkeys,
Like impudent flunkies,
Stare at the sun,
Who can't prevent its being done.

(Chorus of Frogs.)

The water is better,
But also much wetter
Than 'tis in the air,
And merrily there
We love to gaze
On the sun's bright rays.

(Chorus of Moles.)

How foolish people are to chatter
Of beams and sunny rays bewitching
With us, they but produce an itching
We scratch it and so end the matter.

(A Glow-worm speaks.)

How boastingly the sun displays
His very fleeting daily rays!
But I'm not so immodest quite,
And yet I'm an important light, —
I mean by night, I mean by night!

6.

THE EVIL STAR.

The star, after beaming so brightly,
From the sky fell, a vision unsightly,
What is the love by poets sung?
A star amid a heap of dung.

Like a poor mangy dog, when he's dying,
Beneath all this filth it is lying;
Shrill crows the cock, loud grunts the sow,
And wallows in the fearful slough.

In the garden O had I descended,
By fair flowerets lovingly tended,
Where I oft yearn'd to find my doom,
A virgin death, a fragrant tomb!

7.

ANNO 1829.

Give me a wide and noble field
Where I may perish decently!
O let me in this narrow world
Of shops be not condemned to die!

They eat full well, they drink full well,
And revel in their mole-like bliss;
Their magnanimity's as great
As any poor-box opening is.

Cigars they carry in their mouths,
Their hands we in their breeches view,
And their digestive powers are great, —
O could we but digest them too!

They trade in every spice that grows
Upon the earth, yet we can trace,
Despite their spices, in the air
The odour of a grovelling race.

Could I some great transgressions, yes,
Colossal bloody crimes but see, —
Aught but this virtue flat and tame,
This solvent strict morality!

Ye clouds on high, O bear me hence,
To some far spot without delay!
To Lapland or to Africa,
To Pomerania e'en — away!

O bear me hence! — They hearken not —
The clouds on high so prudent are!
They fly above this town, to seek
With trembling haste some region far.

8.

ANNO 1839.

Dear distant Germany, how often
I weep when I remember thee!
Gay France my sorrow cannot soften,
Her merry race gives pain to me.

In Paris, in this witty region,
'Tis cold dry reason that now reigns;
O bells of folly and religion,
How sweetly sound at home your strains!

Courteous the men! Their salutation
I yet return with feelings sad;
The rudeness shown in every station
In my own country made me glad!

Smiling the women! but their clatter,
Like millwheels, never seems to cease;
The Germans (not to mince the matter)
Prefer I, who lie down in peace.

And all things here with restless passion
Keep whirling, like some madden'd dream;
With us, they move in jog-trot fashion,
And well-nigh void of motion seem.

Methinks I hear the distant ringing
Of the soft bugle's notes serene;
The watchman's songs I hear them singing,
With Philomel's sweet strains between.

At home the bard, a happy vagrant
In Schilda's oak woods loved to rove;
From moonbeams fair and violets fragrant
My tender verses there I wove.

9.

AT DAWN.

On the Faubourg Saint Marceau
Lay the mist this very morning,
Mist of autumn, heavy, thick,
And a white-hued night resembling.

Wandering through this white-hued night,
I beheld before me gliding
An enchanting female form
Which the moon's sweet light resembled.

Yes, she was, like moonlight sweet,
Lightly floating, tender, graceful;
Such a slender shape of limbs
I had here in France ne'er witness'd.

Was it Luna's self perchance,
Who with some young dear and handsome
Fond Endymion had to-day
In th' Quartier Latin been ling'ring?

On my way home thus I thought:
Wherefore fled she when she saw me?
Did the Goddess think that I
Was perchance the Sun-God Phœbus?

10.

SIR OLAVE.

I.

At the door of the cathedral
Stand two men, both wearing red coats,
And the first one is the monarch,
And the headsman is the other.

To the headsman spake the monarch:
“By the priest’s song I can gather
“That the wedding is now finish’d —
“Keep thy trusty hatchet ready!”

To the sound of bells and organ
From the church the people issue
In a motley throng, and ‘mongst them
Move the gay-dress’d bridal couple.

Pale as death and sad and mournful
Looks the monarch’s lovely daughter;
Bold and joyous looks Sir Olave,
And his ruddy lips are smiling.

And with smiling ruddy lips he
Thus the gloomy king addresses:
“Father of my wife, good morning!
“Forfeited to-day my head is.

“I to-day must die, — O suffer,
“Suffer me to live till midnight,
“That I may with feast and torch-dance
“Celebrate my happy wedding!

“Let me live, O let me live, sire,
“Till I’ve drain’d the final goblet,
“Till the final dance is finish’d —
“Suffer me to live till midnight!”

To the headsman spake the monarch:
“To our son-in-law a respite
“Of his life we grant till midnight —
“Keep thy trusty hatchet ready!”

II.

Sir Olave he sits at his wedding repast,
And every goblet is drained at last;
Upon his shoulder reclines
His wife and pines —
At the door the headsman is standing.

The dance begins, and Sir Olave takes hold
Of his youthful wife, and with haste uncontr'ld
They dance by the torches' glow
Their last dance below —
At the door the headsman is standing.

The fiddles strike up, so merry and glad,
The flutes they sound so mournful and sad;
Whoever their dancing then saw
Was filled with awe —
At the door the headsman is standing.

And as they dance in the echoing hall,
To his wife speaks Sir Olave, unheard by them all:
“My love will be ne'er known to thee —
“The grave yawns for me—”
At the door the headsman is standing.

III.

Sir Olave, 'tis the midnight hour,
Thy days of life are number'd;
In a king's daughter's arms instead
Thou thoughtest to have slumber'd.

The monks they mutter the prayers for the dead,
The man the red coat wearing
Already before the black block stands,
His polish'd hatchet bearing.

Sir Olave descends to the court below,
Where the swords and the lights are gleaming;
The ruddy lips of the Knight they smile,
And he speaks with a countenance beaming:

“I bless the sun, and I bless the moon,
“And the stars in the heavens before me;
“I bless too the little birds that sing
“In the air so merrily o'er me.

“I bless the sea and I bless the land,
“And the flow'rs that the meadow's life are;
“I bless the violets, which are as soft
“As the eyes of my own dear wife are.

“Ye violet eyes of my own dear wife,
“My life for your sakes I surrender!
“I bless the elder-tree, under whose shade
“We plighted our vows of love tender.”

11.

THE WATER NYMPHS.

The waves were plashing against the lone strand,
The moon had risen lately,
The knight was lying upon the white sand,
In vision musing greatly.

The beauteous nymphs arose from the deep,
Their veils around them floated;
They softly approach'd, and fancied that sleep
The youth's repose denoted.

The plume of his helmet the first one felt,
To see if perchance it would harm her;
The second took hold of his shoulder belt,
And handled his heavy chain armour.

The third one laugh'd, and her eyes gleam'd bright,
As the sword from the scabbard drew she;
On the bare sword leaning, she gazed on the knight,
And heartfelt pleasure knew she.

The fourth one danced both here and there,
And breath'd from her inmost bosom:
"O would that I thy mistress were,
"Thou lovely mortal blossom!"

The fifth her kisses with passionate strength
On the hand of the knight kept planting;
The sixth one tarried, and kissed at length
His lips and his cheeks enchanting.

The knight was wise, and far too discreet
To open his eyes midst such blisses;
He let the fair nymphs in the moonlight sweet
Continue their loving kisses.

12.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

A noble pride on every feature,
His forehead stamp'd with thought mature,
He could subdue each mortal creature,
Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

How wondrously his sweet notes caught her,
Plantagenet the Lion's queen!
Both sons as well as lovely daughter
He sang into his net, I ween.

The father too he fool'd discreetly!
Hush'd was the monarch's wrath and scorn
On hearing him discourse so sweetly,
The troubadour, Bertrand de Born.

13.

SPRING.

The waters glisten and merrily glide, —
How lovely is love midst spring's splendour!
The shepherdess sits by the streamlet's side,
And twines her garlands so tender.

All nature is budding with fragrant perfume,
How lovely is love midst spring's splendour!
The shepherdess sighs from her heart: "O to whom
"Shall I my garlands surrender?"

A horseman is riding beside the clear brook,
A kindly greeting he utters;
The shepherdess views him with sorrowful look,
The plume in his hat gaily flutters.

She weeps and into the gliding waves flings
Her flowery garlands so tender;
Of kisses and love the nightingale sings —
How lovely is love midst spring's splendour!

14.

ALI BEY.

Ali Bey, the true Faith's hero,
Happy lies in maids' embraces;
Allah granteth him a foretaste
Here on earth of heavenly rapture.

Odalisques, as fair as houris,
Like gazelles in every motion —
While the first his beard is curling,
See, the second smoothes his forehead.

And the third the lute is playing,
Singing, dancing, and with laughter
Kissing him upon his bosom,
Where the flames of bliss are glowing.

But the trumpets of a sudden
Sound outside, the swords are rattling,
Calls to arms, and shots of muskets —
Lord, the Franks are marching on us!

And the hero mounts his war-steed,
Joins the fight, but seems still dreaming;
For he fancies he is lying
As before in maids' embraces.

Whilst the heads of the invaders
He is cutting off by dozens,
He is smiling like a lover,
Yes, he softly smiles and gently.

15.

PSYCHE.

In her hand the little lamp, and
Mighty passion in her breast,
Psyche creepeth to the couch where
Her dear sleeper takes his rest.

How she blushes, how she trembles,
When his beauty she descries!
He, the God of love, unveil'd thus,
Soon awakes and quickly flies.

Eighteen hundred years' repentance!
And the poor thing nearly died!
Psyche fasts and whips herself still,
For she Amor naked spied.

16.

THE UNKNOWN ONE.

Every day I have a meeting
With my golden-tressèd beauty
In the Tuileries' fair garden
Underneath the chesnuts' shadow.

Every day she goes to walk there
With two old and ugly women —
Are they aunts? or else two soldiers
Muffled up in women's garments?

Overawed by the mustachios
Of her masculine attendants,
And still farther overawed too
By the feelings in my bosom,

I ne'er ventured e'en one sighing
Word to whisper as I pass'd her,
And with looks I scarcely ventured
Ever to proclaim my passion.

For the first time I to-day have
Learnt her name. Her name is Laura,
Like the Provençal fair maiden
Whom the famous poet loved so.

Laura is her name! I've gone now
Just as far as Master Petrarch,
Who the fair one celebrated
In canzonas and in sonnets.

Laura is her name! like Petrarch
I can now platonically
Revel in this name euphonious —
He himself no further ventured.

17.

THE CHANGE.

With brunettes I now have finish'd,
And this year am once more fond
Of the eyes whose colour blue is,
Of the hair whose colour's blond.

Mild the blond one, whom I love now,
And in meekness quite a gem!
She would be some blest saint's image,
Held her hand a lily stem.

Slender limbs of wondrous beauty,
Little flesh, much sympathy;
All her soul is glowing but for
Faith and hope and charity.

She maintains she understands not
German, — but it can't be so;
Hast ne'er read the heavenly poem
Klopstock wrote some time ago?

18.

FORTUNE.

Madam Fortune, thou in vain
Act'st the coy one! I can gain
By my own exertions merely
All thy favours prized so dearly.

Thou art overcome by me,
To the yoke I fasten thee;
Thou art mine beyond escaping —
But my bleeding wounds are gaping.

All my red blood gushes out,
My life's courage to the rout
Soon is put; I'm vanquish'd lying,
And in victory's hour am dying.

19.

LAMENTATION OF AN OLD-GERMAN YOUTH.

The man on whom virtue smiles is blest,
He is lost who neglects her instructions;
Poor youth that I am, I am ruin'd
By evil companions' seductions.

For cards and dice soon dispossess'd
My pockets of all their money;
At first the maidens consoled me
With smiles as luscious as honey.

But when they had fuddled with wine their guest,
And torn my garments, straightway
(Poor youth that I am) they seized me,
And bundled me out at the gateway.

On waking after a bad night's rest, —
Sad end to all my ambition! —
Poor youth that I am, I was filling
At Cassel a sentry's position.

20.

AWAY!

The day's enamour'd of the night,
The springtime loves the winter,
And life's in love with death, —
And thou, thou lovest me!

Thou lov'st me — thou'rt already seized
By fear-inspiring shadows,
And all thy blossoms fade,
To death thy soul is bleeding.

Away from me, and only love
The butterflies, gay triflers,
Who in the sunlight sport —
Away from me and sorrow!

21.

MADAM METTE.

(From the Danish.)

Says Bender to Peter over their wine:
“I’ll wager (though doubtless you’re clever)
“That though your fine singing may conquer the world,
“My wife ‘twill conquer never.”

Then Peter replied: “I’ll wager my horse
“To your dog, or the devil is in it,
“I’ll sing Madam Mette into my house
“This evening, at twelve to a minute.”

And when the hour of midnight drew near,
Friend Peter commenced his sweet singing;
Right over the forest, right over the flood
His charming notes were ringing.

The fir-trees listen’d in silence deep,
The flood stood still and listen’d,
The pale moon trembled high up in the sky,
The wise stars joyously glisten’d.

Madam Mette awoke from out of her sleep:
“What singing! How sweet the seduction!”
She put on her dress, and left the house —
Alas, it proved her destruction!

Right through the forest, right through the flood,
She speeded onward straightway;
While Peter, with the might of his song,
Allured her inside his own gateway.

And when she at morning return’d back home,
At the door her husband caught her:
“Pray tell me, good wife, where you spent the night!
“Your garments are dripping with water.”

“I spent the night at the water-nymphs’ stream,
“And heard the Future told by them;
“The mocking fairies wetted me through
“With their splashes, for going too nigh them.”

“You have not been to the water-nymphs’ stream,
“The sand there could ne’er make you muddy;
“Your feet, good wife, are bleeding and torn,
“Your cheeks are also bloody.”

“I spent the night in the elfin wood,
“To see the elfin dances;
“I wounded my feet and face with the thorns
“And fir-boughs cutting like lances.”

“The elfins dance in the sweet month of May
“On flowery plains, but the chilly
“Bleak days of autumn now reign on the earth,
“The wind in the forests howls shrilly.”

“At Peter Nielsen’s I spent the night,
“He sang so mightily to me,
“That through the forest, and through the flood
“He irresistibly drew me.

“His song is mighty as death itself,
“To-night and perdition alluring;
“Its tuneful glow still burns in my heart,
“ A speedy death insuring.”

The door of the church is hung with black,
The funeral bells are ringing,
Poor Madam Mette’s terrible death
To public notice bringing.

Poor Bender sighs, as he stands at the bier, —
’Twas sad to hear him call so! —

“I now have lost my beautiful wife,
“And lost my true dog also.”

22.

THE MEETING.

The music under the linden-tree sounds,
The boys and the maidens dance lightly;
Amongst them two dance, whom nobody knows,
Of figures noble and sightly.

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The maiden the youth thus addresses:

“My handsome youth, upon thy hat
There nods a lily splendid,
That only grows in the depths of the sea, —
From Adam thou art not descended.

“The Kelpie art thou, who the fair village maids
Would’st allure with thy arts of seduction;
I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
By thy teeth of fish-like construction.”

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The youth the maid thus addresses:

“My handsome maiden, tell me why
“Thy hand so icy cold is?
“And tell me why thy snow-white dress
“So moist in every fold is?

“I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
“By thy bantering salutation;
“Thou art no mortal child of man,
“But the water-nymph, my relation.”

The fiddles are silent, and finish'd the dance,
They part like sister and brother,
They know each other only too well,
And shun now the sight of each other.

23.

KING HAROLD HARFAGAR.

The great King Harold Harfagar
In ocean's depths is sitting,
Beside his lovely water-fay;
The years are over him flitting.

By water-sprite's magical arts chain'd down,
He is neither living nor dead now,
And while in this state of baneful bliss
Two hundred years have sped now.

The head of the king is laid on the lap
Of the beautiful woman, and ever
He yearningly gazes up tow'rd her eyes,
And looks away from her never.

His golden hair is silver grey,
His cheekbones (of time's march a token)
Project like a ghost's from his yellow face,
His body is wither'd and broken.

And many a time from his sweet dream of love
He suddenly is waking,
For over him wildly rages the flood,
The castle of glass rudely shaking.

He oftentimes fancies he hears in the wind
The Northmen shouting out gladly;
He raises his arms with joyous haste,
Then lets them fall again sadly.

He oftentimes fancies he hears far above
The seamen their voices raising,
The great King Harold Harfagar
In songs heroical praising.

And then the king from the depth of his heart
Begins sobbing and wailing and sighing,
When quickly the water-fay over him bends,
With loving kisses replying.

24.

THE LOWER WORLD.

I.

Many a time poor Pluto sigh'd thus:

“Were I but a single man!

“Since my married life began,

“Hell, I’ve learnt, was not a hell

“Till I to a wife was tied thus!

“Would that I remain’d still single!

“Since I Proserpine did wed,

“Each day wish I I was dead!

“With the bark of Cerberus

“Her loud scoldings ever mingle.

“Each attempt I make is fruitless

“After peace. There’s not a ghost

“Half so sad in all my host,

“And I envy Sisyphus,

“And the Danaid’s labour bootless.”

II.

On golden chair in the regions infernal,

Beside her spouse, the monarch eternal,

Queen Proserpine’s sitting

With mien ill befitting

Her station, and sadly she’s sighing:

“For roses I yearn, and the rapturous blisses

“Of Philomel’s song, and the sun’s sweet kisses;

“And here ‘mongst the pallid

“Lemures and squalid

“Dead bodies, my youth’s days are flying.

“I’m firmly bound in the hard yoke of marriage

“In this hole, which I’m sure e’en a rat would disparage

“And the spectres unsightly
“Through my window peep nightly,
“Their wails with the Styx’s groans vying.

“This very day I’ve invited to dinner
“Old Charon, the bald-pated spindle-shank’d sinner, —
“And also the Judges,
“Those wearisome drudges —
“Such company’s really too trying!”

III.

Whilst these murmurs unavailing
In the lower world found vent,
Ceres on the earth was wailing,
And the crazy goddess went,
With no cap on, with no collar,
And with loose dishevell’d hair,
Uttering, in a voice of dolour,
That lament known everywhere:¹³

“Is’t the beauteous spring I see?
“Hath the earth grown young again?
“Sunlit hills glow verdantly,
“Bursting through their icy chain.
“From the streamlet’s mirror blue
“Smiles the now-unclouded sky,
“Zephyr’s wings wave milder too,
“Youthful blossoms ope their eye.
“In the grove sweet songs resound,
“While the Oread thus doth speak:
““Once again thy flow’rs are found,
“Vain thy daughter ’tis to seek.”

“Ah, how long ’tis since I went
“First in search o’er earth’s wide face!
“Titan, all thy rays I sent,
“Seeking for the loved one’s trace!

“Of that form so dear, no ray
“Hath as yet brought news to me,
“And the all-discerning Day
“Cannot yet the lost one see.
“Hast thou, Zeus, her from me torn?
“Or to Orcus’ gloomy stream,
“Hath she been by Pluto borne,
“Smitten by her beauty’s beams?

“Who will to yon dreary strand
“Be the herald of my woe?
“Ever leaves the bark the land,
“Yet but shadows in it go.
“To each blest eye evermore
“Closed those night-like fields remain;
“Styx no living form e’er bore,
“Since his stream first wash’d the plain.
“Thousand paths lead downward there,
“None lead up again to light;
“And her tears no witness e’er
“Brings to her sad mother’s sight.”

IV.

“Ceres! my good wife’s relation!
“Prythee cease to weep and call so!
“I now grant your application —
“I have suffer’d greatly also!

“Comfort take! we’ll share your daughter’s
“Sweet society, and let her
“Have on earth six months her quarters
“Yearly, if you like it better.

“She, when men in summer swelter,
“Can assist your rural labours,
“Neath a straw hat taking shelter,
“Flow’r-bedizen’d, like her neighbours’.

“She can rant, when colours glowing
“Robe the evening sky in splendour,
“When beside the stream is blowing
“On his flute a bumpkin tender.

“She’ll rejoice with lads and lasses
“At the harvest-home’s gay dances,
“And amongst the sheep and asses
“Be a lioness, the chance is.

“I’ll recruit my spirits sinking
“Here in Orcus in a canter,
“Mingled punch and Lethe drinking,
“And forget my wife instanter!”

V.

“Methinks at times thy brow is shaded
“With yearnings that in secret dwell;
“Thy hapless lot I know full well;
“Lost love, a life untimely faded!

“Thou nodd’st a sad assent! I never
“Can give thee back thy youthful prime;
“Thy heart’s woes cannot heal with time:
“A faded life, love lost for ever!”

15.

MISCELLANIES.

1.

MULEDOM.

Thy father, as is known to all,
A donkey was, beyond denial;
Thy mother on the other hand
A noble brood-mare proved on trial.

Thy mulish nature, worthy friend,
Though little liked, a thing of course is;
Yet thou canst say, with perfect truth,
That thou belongest to the horses.

Thou spring'st from proud Bucephalus;
Thy fathers were with the invaders
Who to the Holy Sepulchre
Of old time went, the famed Crusaders.

Thou countest 'mongst thy relatives
The charger ridden by the glorious
Sir Godfrey of Bouillon the day
He took God's town with arm victorious.

Thou canst aver that Bayard's steed
Thy cousin was, and say (andante)
Thine aunt the knight Don Quixote bore,
The most heroic Rosinante.

But Sancho's donkey thou'lt not own
As kin, he being much too lowly;
Thou'lt e'en disown the ass's foal
That whilome bore the Saviour holy.

And thou art not obliged to stick
A long-ear surely in thy scutcheon;
Of thine own value be the judge,
And thou wilt never lay too much on.

2.

THE SYMBOL OF MADNESS.

We'll now begin to sing the song
Of a Number of much reputation,
Known by the name of Number Three:
To joy succeeds vexation.

Though sprung from an old Arabian stock,
In Christian estimation
Nothing in Europe higher stood
Than this Number of proud reputation.

A very pattern of modesty,
How great was her indignation
At finding the man in bed with the maid!
She gave them a sound castigation.

In summer her coffee at seven A.M.
She drank with much gratification,
In winter at nine, and slept all night
Without the least molestation.

But now 'tis time to alter our rhyme,
To-day is changed to to-morrow,
And, sad to say, poor Number Three
Must suffer pain and sorrow.

There came a cobbler who said: "The head
"Of Number Three at present
"Is like a small Seven that's placed on the top
"Of the moon when she's shaped like a crescent.

"The Seven the mystical number is
"Of the ancient Pythagoreans;
"The crescent Diana's worship denotes,
"And also recalls the Sabeans.

“The Three herself the famed Shibboleth is
“Of the senior bonze of Babel,
“Intriguing with whom she at length gave birth
“To the Holy Trinity’s fable.”

A tailor came next, with a smile on his face;
Poor Number Three, he insisted,
Was nought but a name, and nowhere else
Except upon paper existed.

When poor Three heard these cruel words,
Like a duck in a state of distraction
She waddled here and waddled there,
Lamenting with vehement action:

“I’m just as old as the sea and the wold,
“As the stars that in heaven are blinking;
“I’ve seen kingdoms ascend, and presently end,
“And nations rising and sinking.

“I’ve stood on the ceaselessly whirling loom
“Of time for many long ages;
“I’ve peep’d into Nature’s fashioning womb,
“Where everything rushes and rages.

“And nevertheless I withstood all assaults
“Of darkness and sensuality,
“And safely preserved my virgin charms,
“Despite their cruel brutality.

“What use is my virtue now? By the wise
“And the fools I am evil entreated;
“The world is wicked, and ne’er content
“Till every one is cheated.

“But cheer up, my heart! thou still hast left
“Thy faith and hope and charity,

“With excellent coffee and glasses of rum
“Above the reach of vulgarity.”

3.

PRIDE.

O Countess Gudel of Gudelfeld town,
Because you are wealthy, you're held in renown
With not less than four horses contented,
At court you are duly presented;
In carriage of gold you go lightly
To the castle, where waxlights gleam brightly;
Up the marble stairs rustle
Your clothes with their bustle,
And then at the top, on the landing
The servants in gay dresses standing
Shout: Madame la Comtesse de Gudelfeld!

Your fan in your hand, talking loudly,
Through the chamber you wander on proudly;
With diamonds gaily bedizen'd,
In pearls and Brussels lace prison'd,
Your snowy bosom with madness
Is heaving in uncontroll'd gladness.
What smiles, nods, polite interjections!
What curtsies and deep genuflexions!
The Duchess of Pavia
Calls you her *cara mia*;
The nobles and courtiers advancing
Invite you to join in the dancing;
And the heir to the crown (who's thought witty)
Says loudly: How graceful and pretty
Are all the *stern* movements of Gudelfeld!

But if, poor creature, you money did lack,
The world would straightway show you its back;
The very lackeys with loathing
Would spit on your clothing;
'Stead of bows and civility,
Nought but vulgar scurrility;
The Duchess would cross herself rudely,

And the Crown Prince take snuff, and say shrewdly:
She smells of garlic — this Gudelfeld!

4.

AWAY!

If by one woman thou'rt jilted, love
Another, and so forget her;
To pack up thy knapsack, and straight remove
From the town will be still better.

Thou'lt soon discover a blue lake fair,
By weeping willows surrounded;
Thy trifling grief thou'lt weep away there,
Thy pangs so little founded.

Whilst climbing up the hillside fast,
Thou'lt pant and groan full loudly;
But when on the rocky summit at last,
Thou'lt hear the eagle scream proudly.

An eagle thyself thou'lt seem to be,
New life the change will bestow thee;
Thou'lt feel thou hast lost, when thus set free,
Not much in the world below thee.

5.

WINTER.

The cold may burn us sadly
Like fire, and mortals hurry
Amidst the snowdrift madly,
With still-increasing flurry.

O winter stern and chilly,
When frozen are our noses,
And piano-strumming silly
Our ears so discomposes!

I like the summer only
When in the wood I'm roving
With my own griefs all-lonely,
And scanning verses loving.

6.

THE OLD CHIMNEYPiece.

Outside fall the snowflakes lightly
Through the night, loud raves the storm
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

Musing sit I on the settle
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays.

And beside me sits a kitten,
Warming at the blaze her feet;
Strangely are my senses smitten
As the flickering flames they meet.

Many a dim long-buried story
O'er me soon begins to rise,
But with dead and faded glory,
And in strange and mask'd disguise.

Lovely women with shrewd faces
Greet me with a secret smile,
Then the harlequins run races,
Laughing merrily the while.

Distant marble-gods nod kindly,
Dreamily beside them grow
Fable-flow'rs, whose leaves wave blindly
In the moonlight to and fro.

Magic castles, once resplendent,
Ruin'd now, in sight appear;
Knights in armour, squires attendant
Quickly follow in their rear.

All these visions I discover
As with shadowy haste they pass, —
Ah, the kettle's boiling over,
And the kitten's burnt, alas!

7.

LONGING.

Thou beholdest in thy vision
Fable's silent flow'rs before thee,
And a yearning wild steals o'er thee
At their fragrant scent elysian.

But thou from those flow'rs art parted
By a gulf both deep and fearful;
Thou becomest sad and tearful,
And at last art broken-hearted.

How they glitter! how they lure me!
Could I but the gulf pass over!
How the secret to discover,
And a bridge across procure me?

8.

HELENA.

Thou hast call'd me forth from out of the grave
By means of thy magic will now,
And fill'd me full of love's fierce glow —
This glow thou never canst still now.

O press thy mouth against my mouth,
Man's breath with heaven is scented;
Thy very soul I'll drain to the dregs,
The dead are never contented.

9.

THE WISE STARS.

The flowerets sweet are crush'd by the feet
Full soon, and perish despairing;
One passes by, and they must die,
The modest as well as the daring.

The pearls all sleep in the caves of the deep,
Where one finds them, despite wind and weather
A hole is soon bored and they're strung on a cord,
And there fast yoked together.

The stars are more wise, and keep in the skies,
And hold the earth at a distance;
They shed their light in the heavens so bright,
In safe and endless existence.

10.

THE ANGELS.

Faithless as Saint Thomas, never
Could I in the heaven believe
Which both Jew and Priest endeavour
To compel men to receive.

That the angels, though, are real
I have never held in doubt;
Spotless, and of grace ideal,
On this earth they move about.

Still I doubt if such a being
Wing'd is, it must be confess'd;
I have recently been seeing
Wingless angels, I protest.

With their dear and loving glances
With their loving hands so white
Men they guard, and all advances
Of misfortune put to flight.

Every one can comfort borrow
From their favour and regard;
Most of all that child of sorrow
Whom the people call a bard.

16.

POEMS FOR THE TIMES.

1.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

Quick, beat the drum, and be not afraid,
The suttler-maiden lovingly kiss;
This is the whole of knowledge, in truth,
The deepest book-learning lies in this.

Quick, drum the people out of their sleep,
And drum the réveille with the ardour of youth,
And as you march, continue to drum —
This is the whole of knowledge, in truth.

All Hegel's philosophy here is found,
The deepest book-learning lies in this;
I've found it out, because I'm no fool,
And also because I drum not amiss.

2.

ADAM THE FIRST.

Gendarmes of heaven with flaming swords
Thou sent'st in cruel fashion,
And drov'st me out of Paradise
Without the least compassion.

In search of another country, I
And my wife from Eden hasted;
Thou canst not alter the fact that there
The tree of knowledge I tasted.

Thou canst not alter the fact that I know
Thy weakness and many blunders,
However mighty thou seemest to be
When wielding death and thunders.

O heavens, how pitiful is this
Consilium abeundi!
I call it a Magnificus
Of earth, a Lumen Mundi.

I shall not miss the spacious realms
Of Paradise one minute.
It is no genuine Paradise
When trees forbidden are in it.

I claim my full unfetter'd rights!
The slightest limitation
Changes my Paradise at once
To hell and desolation.

3.

WARNING.

Worthy friend, 'twill be perdition
Books like this to think of printing!
Wouldst thou money earn or honour
Thou must bend in meek submission.

Never in this manner flighty
Shouldest thou before the public
Thus have spoken of the parsons
And of monarchs high and mighty!

Friend, thou'lt be by all forsaken!
Princes have long arms, the parsons
Have long tongues, and then the public
Have long ears, or I'm mistaken!

4.

TO A QUONDAM FOLLOWER OF GOETHE.

(1832.)

Hast thou, then, superior risen
To the chilly dream of glory
Which great Weimar's poet hoary
Wove around thee, like a prison?

Are thy old friends bores now voted? —
Clara, Gretchen, — names familiar, —
Serlo's chaste maid, and Ottilia
In the "Wahlverwandschaft" noted?

Thou'rt with Germany enchanted,
Art become a Mignon-hater,
And thou seek'st for freedom greater
Than Philina ever granted.

Like a Luneburgomaster,
Thou dost battle for the nation,
Holding up to execration
Kings, as causing all disaster.

And I hear with pleasure hearty,
What a pitch thy praises grow to,
And how thou'rt a Mirabeau, too,
At each Luneburg tea-party!

5.

THE SECRET.

We sigh not, and the eye's not moisten'd,
We laugh at times, we often smile;
In not a look, in not a gesture
The secret comes to light the while.

Deep in our bleeding spirit hidden,
It lies in silent misery;
If in our wild heart it finds language,
The mouth's still closed convulsively.

Ask of the suckling in the cradle,
Ask of the dead man in the grave;
They may perchance disclose the secret
To which I never utterance gave.

6.

ON THE WATCHMAN'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

“Good watchman with face so sad and despairing,
“Why runnest thou hither with headlong speed?
“My dear fellow-countrymen, how are they faring?
“My fatherland, is it from tyranny freed?”

All's going on well, and liberty's blessing
Is showering silently on us its stores,
And Germany, calmly and safely progressing,
Unfolds and develops herself within doors.

Unlike France, superficial are none of her blossoms, —
There freedom but touches the outside of life;
'Tis but in the depths of their innermost bosoms
That freedom with Germans is found to be rife.

They'll finish Cologne's great cathedral, they tell us,
The Hohenzollerns[A] have brought this to pass;
A Hapsburg[A] has shown himself equally zealous,
A Wittelsbach¹⁴ gives it some fine painted glass.

That true Magna Charta, a free constitution,
They've promised, and surely their promise they'll keep;
A king's word's a prize, without circumlocution, —
Like the Nibelung stone in the Rhine it lies deep.

The Brutus of rivers, the free Rhine, they surely
Can never remove him from out of his bed;
The Dutchman his feet have fasten'd securely,
The Switzers securely are holding his head.

God will grant us a fleet, if we prove persevering;
Our patriotic exuberant strength
Will find a vent in sailing and steering,
The pain of imprisonment ending at length.

The seeds cast their shells and the spring's blooming sweetly,
We draw a free breath at this time of the year;
If permission to print is denied us completely,
The censorship will of itself disappear.

THE DRUM-MAJOR.¹⁵

The old drum-major it is that we see;
Poor fellow, he's pull'd down sadly!
In the Emperor's time a youngster was he,
And merrily lived and gladly.

He used to balance his ponderous stick,
While a smile on his face play'd lightly;
The silver-lace on his tunic so thick
In the rays of the sun gleam'd brightly.

Whene'er with a mighty roll of the drum
He enter'd a village or city,
He caused an echo responsive to come
In the heart of each girl, plain or pretty.

He came and saw and conquer'd too
Each fair one welcomed him in;
His black moustache was wetted through
With tears of German women.

Resistance was vain! In every land
That the foreign invaders came to,
The Emperor vanquished the gentlemen, and
The drum-major each maiden and dame too.

Our sorrows full long we patiently bore
Like oaks, with no one to heed 'em,
Until the Authorities gave us once more
The signal to battle for freedom.

Like buffaloes rushing on to the fray,
We toss'd our horns up proudly,
The yoke of France we cast away,
The songs of Körner sang loudly.

O terrible verses! the tyrant's ear
At their awful sound revolted;
The Emperor and the drum-major in fear
Precipitately bolted.

They both of them reap'd the wages of sin,
And came to an end inglorious;
The Emperor Napoleon tumbled in
The hands of the Britons victorious.

In Saint Helena his time he now pass'd
In martyrdom, banish'd from France, Sir,
And, after long suff'ring, died at last
Of that terrible ailment cancer.

The poor drum-major, too, fell in disgrace,
And lost his situation;
In our hotel he took the place
Of boots, — what degradation!

He warms the oven, he scours the pots,
And wood and water fetches;
His grey head wags as he wheezingly trots
Up the stairs, so weak the poor wretch is.

When Fritz comes to see me, he finds himself
Inclined to jeer and rally
The comical lanky poor old elf
And his motions shilly-shally.

O Fritz, a truce to raillery, please!
The sons of Germany never
Should fallen greatness love to tease,
Or to torment endeavour.

Such people you ought to regard with pride
And filial piety rather;

Perchance upon the mother's side
The old man is your father!

8.

DEGENERACY.

Has Nature's self been going backward,
And human faults assuming, then?
The very plants and beasts, I fancy,
Now lie as much as mortal men.

I trust not in the lily's chasteness;
The colour'd fop, the butterfly,
Toys with her, kisses, round her flutters,
Till lost is all her purity.

The violet's modesty moreover
I hold full cheap. The little flower
With the coquettish breezes trifles,
In secret pants for fame and power.

I doubt if Philomel appreciates
The time she sings with pompous mien;
She overdoes it, sobs, and warbles
Methinks from nought but pure routine.

Truth from the earth is fast departing,
The days of Faith are also o'er;
The dogs still wag their tails, smell bully
And yet are faithful now no more.

9.

HENRY.

In Canossa's castle courtyard
Stands the German Cæsar Henry,
Barefoot, clad in penitential
Shirt — the night is cold and rainy.

From the window high above him
Peep two figures, and the moonlight
Gregory's bald head illumines
And the bosom of Mathilda.

Henry, with his lips all pallid,
Murmurs pious paternosters;
Yet in his imperial heart he
Secretly revolts and speaks thus:

“In my distant German country
“Upward rise the sturdy mountains;
“In the mountain-pits in silence
“Grows the iron for the war-axe.

“In my distant German country
“Upward rise the fine oak-forests;
“In the loftiest oak-stem ‘mongst them
“Grows the handle for the war-axe.

“Thou, my dear and faithful country,
“Wilt beget the hero also
“Who in time will crush the serpent
“Of my sorrows with his war-axe.”

10.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

What laughter and singing! The sun's rays crossing
Each other gleam brightly; the billows are tossing
The joyous bark, and there I reclined
With friends beloved and lightsome mind.

The bark was presently wreck'd and shatter'd,
My friends were poor swimmers, and soon were scatter'd,
And all were drown'd, in our fatherland;
I was thrown by the storm on the Seine's far strand.

Another ship I now ascended,
My journey by new companions attended;
By strange waves toss'd and rock'd, I depart —
How far my home! how heavy my heart!

Once more arises that singing and laughter!
The wind pipes loud, the planks crack soon after —
In heaven is quench'd the last last star —
How heavy my heart! My home how far!

11.

THE NEW JEWISH HOSPITAL AT HAMBURG.

A hospital for Jews who're sick and needy,
For those unhappy threefold sons of sorrow,
Afflicted by the three most dire misfortunes
Of poverty, disease, and Judaism.

The worst by far of all the three the last is,
That family misfortune, thousand years old,
That plague which had its birth in Nile's far valley,
The old Egyptian and unsound religion.

Incurable deep pain! 'gainst which avail not
Nor douche nor vapour-bath, the apparatus
Of surgery, nor all the means of healing
Which this house offers to its sickly inmates.

Will Time, eternal goddess, e'er extinguish
This glowing ill, descending from the father
Upon the son, — and will the grandson ever
Be cured, and rational become and happy?

I cannot tell! Yet in the meantime let us
Extol that heart which lovingly and wisely
Sought to alleviate pain as far as may be,
Into the wounds a timely balsam pouring.

Dear worthy man! He here has built a refuge
For sorrows which by the physician's science
(Or else by death's!) are curable, providing
Cushions, refreshing drinks, and food, and nurses.

A man of deeds, he did his very utmost,
Devoted to good works his hard-earned savings
In his life's evening, kindly and humanely,
Recruiting from his toils by acts of mercy.

He gave with open hand — but gifts still richer,
His tears, full often from his eyes were rolling,
Tears fair and precious, which he wept deploring
His brethren's great, incurable misfortune.

GEORGE HERWEGH.¹⁶

When Germany first drank her fill,
You then were her obedient vassal,
Believing in each pipe-bowl still,
And in its black-red-golden tassel.

But when the fond delirium ceased,
Good friend, how great your consternation!
The public seem'd a very beast,
After its sweet intoxication!

Pelted by vile abusive swarms
With rotten apples, in disorder,
Under an escort of gendarmes
You reach'd at length the German border.

There you stood still. A tear you wiped
Away, the well-known posts on spying
Which like the zebra's back are striped,
With heavy heart as follows sighing: —

“Aranjuez, in lightsome mood
“Once stay'd I in thy halls so splendid,
“When I before King Philip stood,
“By all his proud grandees attended.

“He gave me an approving smile
“When I the Marquis Posa acted;
“My prose he could not relish, while
“My verses his applause attracted.”¹⁷

13.

THE TENDENCY.

German bard! extol our glorious
German freedom, that thy lay
May possess our souls, and fire us,
And to mighty deeds inspire us,
Like the Marseillaise notorious.

Be no more, like Werther, tender,
Who for Lotte sigh'd all day;
Thou shouldst tell the people proudly
What the bells proclaim so loudly, —
Speak of dirks, swords, no surrender.

Gentle flutes no more resemble,
Be not so idyllic, pray!
Fire the mortars, beat to quarters,
Crash, kill, thunder, make them tremble.

Crash, kill, thunder like a devil
Till the last foe flies away;
To this cause devote thy singing,
Thy poetic efforts bringing
To the common public's level.

14.

THE CHILD.

The good their gifts in dream enjoy,
How did it fare with thee?
Scarce feeling it, you've got a boy,
Poor virgin Germany!

This boy an urchin frolicsome
Ere long shall we behold;
A first-rate archer he'll become,
As Cupid was of old.

He'll pierce the soaring eagle through;
And, proudly though he fly,
The double-headed eagle too
Struck by his bolt, shall die.

But that blind heathen God of love
Will he resemble not
In wearing neither clothes nor glove,
Nor be a sans-culotte.

The seasons in our land combine
With morals and police
To make both old and young incline
To wear their clothes in peace.

15.

THE PROMISE.

You no more shall barefoot crawl so
Through the dirt, poor German freedom!
Stockings (as you find you need 'em)
You shall have, and stout boots also.

As respects your head, upon it
To protect your ears from freezin'
In the chilly winter-season
You shall have a nice warm bonnet.

You shall have, too, savoury messes —
Grand the future that's before you!
Let no Satyr, I implore you,
Lure you onward to excesses!

Do not haste on fast and faster!
Render, as becomes inferiors,
Due respect to your superiors
And the worthy burgomaster.

16.

THE CHANGELING.

A child with monstrous pumpkin head,
Grey pigtail, and moustache light red,
With lanky arms and yet stupendous,
No bowels, yet with maw tremendous, —
A changeling which a Corporal
Into our cradle had let fall
On stealing from it our own baby —
This monster, falsehood's child, (or may be
'Twas in reality the son
Of his own favourite dog alone) —
What need to say how much we spurn it?
For heaven's sake, drown it or else burn it!

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.¹⁸

My father was a dreadful bore,
A good-for-nothing dandy;
But I'm a mighty Emperor,
And love a bumper of brandy.

These glorious draughts all others surpass
In this, their magical power:
As soon as I have drain'd my glass,
All China bursts into flower.

The Middle Kingdom bursts into life,
A blossoming meadow seeming;
A man I wellnigh become, and my wife
Soon gives me signs of teeming.

On every side abundance reigns,
The sick no longer need potions;
Confucius, Court-philosopher, gains
Distinct and positive notions.

The ryebread the soldiers used to eat
Of almond cakes is made now;
The very vagabonds in the street
In silk and satin parade now.

The knightly Order of Mandarins,
Those weak old invalids, daily
Are gaining strength and filling their skins,
And shaking their pigtails gaily.

The great pagoda, faith's symbol prized,
Is ready for those who're believing;
The last of the Jews are here baptized,
The Dragon's order receiving.

The noble Manchoos exclaim, when freed
From the presence of revolution:
“The bastinado is all that we need,
“We want no constitution!”

The pupils of Æsculapius perhaps
May tell me that drink’s dissipation;
But I continue to drink my Schnaps,
To benefit the nation.

And so in drinking I persevere;
It tastes like very manna!
My people are happy, and drink their beer
And join in shouting Hosanna!

18.

CHURCH-COUNSELLOR PROMETHEUS.

Good Sir Paulus,¹⁹ noble robber,
All the gods are on thee gazing
With their brows in anger knitted,
Furious at the theft amazing
Thou hast practised in Olympus —
Sorry for it they will make thee!
Fear the fate of poor Prometheus
If Jove's bailiffs overtake thee!
Worse indeed his theft, because he
Stole the light in heaven dwelling
To enlighten us weak mortals —
Thou didst steal the works of Schelling,
Just the opposite of light, — nay,
Darkness we can feel and handle
Like the old Egyptian darkness, —
Not one solitary candle!

19.

TO THE WATCHMAN.

(ON A RECENT OCCASION.)

If heart and style remain still true,
I'll not object, whatever you do.
My friend, I never will mistake you,
E'en though a Counsellor they make you.

They now are raising a terrible din
Because you've been sworn as a Counsellor in;
From the Seine to the Elbe, regardless of reason,
For months they've declaim'd thus against your sad treason:

His progress onward is changed of late
To progress backward; O, answer us straight —
On Swabian crabs are you really riding?
Is't only court-ladies you now take pride in?

Perchance you are tired, and long for rest;
All night on your horn you've been blowing your best
And now on a nail you quietly stow it;
No longer for Germany's hobby you'll blow it.

You lie down in bed, and straightway close
Your eyes, but vainly you seek for repose;
Before the window the mockers salute us:
Awake, Liberator! What! sleeping, Brutus?

Ah, bawlers like these can never know why
The best of watchmen ceases to cry;
These young braggadocios cannot discover
Why man his exertions at length gives over.

You ask me how matters are going on here?
No breeze is stirring, the atmosphere's clear;
The weathercocks all are perplex'd, not discerning
The proper direction in which to be turning.

20.

CONSOLING THOUGHTS.

We sleep as Brutus slept of yore, —
And yet he awoke, and ventured to bore
In Cæsar's bosom his chilly dagger!
The Romans their tyrants loved to stagger. —

No Romans are we, tobacco we smoke,
Each nation its favourite taste can invoke;
Each nation its special merit possesses —
The finest dumplings Swabia dresses.

But Germans are we, kindhearted and brave,
We sleep as soundly as though in the grave;
And when we awake, our thirst is excessive,
But not for the blood of tyrants oppressive.

'Tis our great pride to be as true
As heart of oak and linden too;
The land which oaks and lindens gives birth to
Can never produce a Brutus of worth too.

And e'en if amongst us a Brutus were found,
No Cæsar exists in the country round;
Despite all his search, he would find him never, —
We make good gingerbread however.

We've six-and-thirty masters and lords,
(Not one too many!) who wear their swords
And stars on their regal breasts to protect them;
The Ides of March can never affect them.

We call them Father, and Fatherland
We call the country they command
By right of descent, and love to call so —
We love sour-crout and sausages also.

And when our Father walks in the street
We take off our hats with reverence meet;
Our guileless Germany, injuring no man,
Is not a den of murderers Roman.

21.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

The world is topsy-turvy turn'd,
We walk feet-upwards in it;
The woodcocks shoot the sportsmen down,
A dozen in a minute.

The calves are seen to roast the cook,
On men are riding the horses;
On freedom of teaching and laws of light
The Catholic owl discourses.

The herring is a sans-culotte,
The truth is told by Bettina,
And puss-in-boots brings Sophocles
On the stage, with learned demeanour.

An ape for German heroes has built
A Pantheon, for glory zealous;²⁰
And Massmann has lately been using a comb,
As German papers tell us.

The German bears, I grieve to say,
Are atheists unbelieving,
And in their place the parrots of France
The Christian faith are receiving.

The Moniteur of Uckermark
With equal frenzy seems smitten;
The dead have on the living there
The vilest epitaph written.²¹

Then let us not swim against the stream,
Good friends! 'twould serve us but badly;
But let us ascend the Templehof hill,²²
“Long life to the king!” shouting gladly.

22.

ENLIGHTENMENT.

Have the scales that dimm'd thy vision
Fallen, Michael? Canst thou see
How they're stealing in derision
All the choicest food from thee?

In return, divine enjoyment
Promise they in realms above,
Where the angels' sole employment
Is to cook us fleshless love.

Michael, hath thy faith grown weaker,
Or thy appetite more strong?
Thou dost grasp life's sparkling beaker,
And thou sing'st a hero-song.

Fear not, Michael! take thy pleasure
While on earth, and eat what's good;
When thou'rt dead, thou'lt have full leisure
To digest in peace thy food.

23.

WAIT AWHILE!

Because my lightnings are so striking,
You think that I can't thunder too!
You're wrong, for I've a special liking
For thunder, as I'll prove to you.

This will be seen with awful clearness
When the right moment is at hand;
You'll hear my voice in startling nearness, —
The word of thunder and command.

The raging storm will surely shiver
Full many an oak upon that day;
Each palace to its base shall quiver,
And many a steeple proud give way.

24.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

When, Germany, I think of thee
At night, all slumber flies from me;
I cannot close mine eyes for yearning,
And down my cheeks run tears all burning.

How swiftly speeds each rolling year!
Since I have seen my mother dear
Twelve years have pass'd away; the longer
I wait, my yearning grows the stronger.

My yearning's growing evermore;
That woman has bewitch'd me sore!
Dear, dear old woman! with what fervour
I think of her! may God preserve her!

The dear old thing in me delights,
And in the letters that she writes
I see how much her hand is shaking, —
Her mother's heart, how nearly breaking!

My mother's ever in my mind;
Twelve long long years are left behind,
Twelve years have follow'd on each other
Since to my heart I clasp'd my mother.

For ages Germany will stand;
Sound to the core is that dear land!
Its oaks and lindens I shall ever
Find just the same, they alter never.

For Germany I less should care
If my dear mother were not there;
My fatherland will never perish
But *she* may die, whom most I cherish.

Since I my native land saw last,
Into the tomb have many pass'd
Whom I so loved — When of them thinking
How sadly bleeds my spirit sinking!

I needs must count them, — as I count
My sorrows higher, higher mount;
I feel as though each corpse were lying
Upon my breast — Thank God, they're flying!

Thank God! for through the window-pane
France's clear daylight breaks again;
My fair wife enters, sweetly smiling,
And all my German cares beguiling!

NEW SPRING.

PROLOGUE.

Sometimes when o'er pictures turning
You have seen the man perchance,
Who is for the battle yearning,
Well-equipp'd with shield and lance.

Yet young loves are hov'ring round him,
Stealing lance and sword away;
They with flow'ry chains have bound him
Though he struggle in dismay.

I, too, in such charming fetters,
Bind myself with sad delight,
And I leave it to my betters
In time's mighty fight to fight.

1.

'Neath the white tree sitting sadly,
Thou dost hear the far winds wailing,
Seest how the mute clouds o'er thee
Are their forms in mist fast veiling;

See'st how all beneath seems perish'd,
Wood and plain, how shorn and dreary;
Round thee winter, in thee winter,
Frozen is thy heart and weary.

Sudden downward fall upon thee
Flakes all white, and with vexation
Thou dost think the tree is show'ring
Snow-dust from that elevation.

Soon with joyful start thou findest
'Tis no snow-dust cold and freezing;
Fragrant blossoms 'tis of springtime
Cov'ring thee and fondly teasing.

What a shudd'ring-sweet enchantment!
Into May is winter turning,
Snow hath changed itself to blossoms,
And thy heart with love is yearning.

2.

In the wood, the verdure's shooting,
Joy-oppress'd, like some fair maiden;
Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward:
"Welcome, young spring, rapture-laden!"

Nightingale! I hear thee also,
Piping, blissful-sad and lonely,
Sobbing tones and long-protracted,
And thy song of love is only!

3.

The beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
With comfort are downward gazing:
If love hath made thee so small in our sight,
Yet love hath the power of raising.

Sweet Philomel sits on the linden green,
Her notes melodiously blending;
And as to my soul her song pierceth e'en,
My soul once more is distending.

4.

Which flower I love, I cannot discover;
This grief doth impart.
In every calix I search like a lover,
And seek a heart.

The flowers smell sweet in the sun's setting splendour,
The nightingale sings.

I seek for a heart that like my heart is tender,
And like it springs.

The nightingale sings; his sweet song, void of gladness,
Comes home to my breast;
We're both so oppress'd and heavy with sadness,
So sad and oppress'd.

5.

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The rosy clouds move on.

The nightingales are singing
On leafy perch aloft;
The snowy lambs are springing
In clover green and soft.

I cannot be singing and springing,
Ill in the grass I lie;
I hear a distant ringing,
And dream of days gone by.

6.

Softly through my spirit ring
Blissful tones loved dearly;
Sound, thou little song of spring,
Echoing far and clearly.

Sound, till thou the home com'st nigh
Of the violet tender;
And when thou a rose dost spy,
Say, my love I send her.

7.

With the rose the butterfly's deep in love,
A thousand times hovering round;
But round himself, all tender like gold,
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.

With whom is the rose herself in love?
An answer I'd fain receive.
Is it the singing nightingale?
Is it the silent star of eve?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
But every one love I:
The rose, the nightingale, sun's sweet ray,
The star of eve and butterfly.

8.

All the trees with joy are shouting,
All the birds are singing o'er us —
Tell me, who can be the leader
In this green and forest chorus?

Can it be the grey old plover,
Wise nods evermore renewing?
Or yon pedant, who is ever
In such measured time coo-coo-ing?

Can it be yon stork, the grave one,
His director's airs betraying,
And his long leg rattling loudly,
Whilst the music's round him playing?

No, the forest concert's leader
In my own heart hath his station,
All the while he's beating time there, —
Amor is his appellation.

9.

“The nightingale appear’d the first,
“And as her melody she sang,
“The apple into blossom burst,
“To life the grass and violets sprang.

“She her own bosom then did bite,
“Her red blood flow’d, and from the blood
“A beauteous rose-tree came to light,
“To whom she sings in loving mood.

“That blood atones for, to this day,
“Us birds within the forest here;
“Yet when the rose-song dies away,
“Will all the wood too disappear.”

Thus to his youthful brood doth speak
The sparrow in his oaken nest;
His mate pips, while she trims her beak,
And proudly sits and looks her best.

She is a homely wife and kind,
Broods well, and ne’er is seen to pout;
The father makes his children find
Pastime in studying things devout.

10.

The warm and balmy spring-night’s air
Hath waken’d every flower,
And take I not the greatest care,
My heart must succumb to love’s power.

But which of all the flowery throng
Is likely most to snare me?
The nightingales say, in their blissful song
Of the lily I ought to beware me.

11.

I'm sore perplex'd, the bells are ringing,
And by my senses I feel forsaken;
The spring and two fair eyes together
Against my heart an oath have taken.

The spring and two fair eyes together
Lure on my heart to a new illusion;
Methinks the nightingales and roses
Have much to do with all my confusion.

12.

Ah! I yearn for tears all-burning,
Tears of love and gentle woe,
And I tremble lest this yearning
At the last should overflow.

Ah! love's pangs, that sweetly languish,
And love's bitter joy, so blest,
Creep again, with heavenly anguish,
Into my scarce healèd breast.

13.

The eyes of spring, so azure,
Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets,
That I in nosegays bound.

I pluck them, thinking deeply,
And all the thoughts so dear,
That in my heart are sighing,
The nightingale sings clear.

Yes, all my thoughts she singeth
And warbleth, echoing far;
So that my tender secrets
Known to the whole wood are.

14.

When thy dress doth gently touch me,
As thou pass'st before my face,
How my heart exults, how wildly
Follows it thy lovely trace!

Then thou turnest round and gazest
With thy large bright eyes on me,
And my heart doth feel so startled,
That it scarce can follow thee.

15.

The slender water-lily
Peeps dreamingly out of the lake;
The moon, oppress'd with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.

With blushes she bends to the water
Once more her head so sweet —
Then sees she the poor pale fellow
Lying before her feet.

16.

If thou hast good eyes, and look'st
In my songs, when thou hast tried them,
Thou wilt see a fair young maiden
Wandering up and down inside them.

If thou hast good ears as well,
Thou canst hear her voice quite clearly,
And her sighing, laughing, singing
Thy poor heart will madden nearly.

For she will, with look and word,
Thee, like me, make wellnigh crazy:

An enamour'd springtime-dreamer
Thou wilt tread the forest mazy.

17.

What drives thee on, in the spring's clear night?
Thou hast driven the flowers all mad with fright,
The violets tremble and shiver;
The roses are all with shame so red,
The lilies are death-pale, and hang their head,
They mourn, and falter, and quiver.

O darling moon, what an innocent race
Those sweet flowers are! They are right in this case,
I really have acted badly;
Yet how could I tell that in wait she would lie,
When I was addressing the stars on high,
With fierce love raving so madly?

18.

Thou sweetly lookest on me
With eyes so blue and meek;
My senses feel all-dreamy,
And not a word can I speak.

I everywhere am thinking
Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile;
A sea of blue thoughts is spreading
Over my heart the while.

19.

Once again my heart is vanquish'd,
And my rancour is subsiding;
Once again hath May breath'd on me
Feelings tender and confiding.

Once more late and early haste I
Through the walks the most frequented,
Under every bonnet seek I
For my fair one's face lamented.

Once more at the verdant river
On the bridge I take my station;
Peradventure she will come there,
And will see my desolation.

In the waterfall's loud music
Hear I once again soft sighing,
And my gentle heart well knoweth
What the white waves are replying.

Once again in mazy pathways
am lost in dreamy vision,
And the birds in every thicket
Hold the fond fool in derision.

20.

The rose is fragrant — yet if she divineth
Her own sweet fragrance, if the nightingale
Herself feels what round man's soul softly twineth,
When echoes her sweet song across the vale, —

I cannot tell. Yet man is with vexation
Oft fill'd by truth. If nightingale and rose
The feeling only feign'd, the fabrication
Would still be useful, we may well suppose.

21.

Because I love thee, be not scornful,
If, flying, I avoid thy face;
How ill accords my visage mournful
With thine, so fair and full of grace!

Because I love thee, every feature
Grows pale and thinner day by day;
Thou'lt find me but a hideous creature, —
I'll shun thee, — be not scornful, pray.

22.

I wander 'mid the flowers,
And blossom with them too;
I wander as in vision,
And at each step totter anew.

O hold me fast, my loved one,
Or at thy feet I'll fall,
With love intoxicated,
In the garden, in presence of all!

23.

As the moon's fair image quaketh
In the raging waves of ocean,
Whilst she, in the vault of heaven,
Moves with silent peaceful motion,
Thus, beloved one, thou art moving,
Still and peaceful, and nought quaketh
In my heart save thy dear image,
While my own heart 'tis that shaketh.

24.

The hearts of us two, my loved one,
A Holy Alliance have made;
They well understood each other,
When close together laid.

Alas! the rose so youthful
That decks thy gentle breast,

Our poor ally and associate,
To death was wellnigh press'd.

25.

Tell me who first taught clocks to chime,
Made minutes, hours, divisions of time?
It was a cold and sorrowful elf;
He sat in the winter-night, wrapp'd in himself,
And counted the mouse's squeakings mysterious,
And the wood-worm's regular tick so serious.

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kiss'd and it thought of nothing beside.
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast springing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.

26.

How the pinks are breathing fragrance!
How the thronging stars so tender,
Golden bee like, sadly glimmer
'Mid the heaven's blue-violet splendour!

Through the gloom of yonder chestnuts
Gleams the manse, so white and stately,
And I hear the glass door rattling
While the dear voice thrills me greatly.

Sweet alarm and blissful tremor,
Soft embraces, terror-bringing —
And the youthful rose is list'ning,
And the nightingales are singing.

27.

Have I not the self-same vision
Dreamt before of all these blisses?
Were there not these same elysian
Looks of love, and flowers, and kisses?

By the stream the moon was peeping
Through the foliage of our bower;
Marble-gods still watch were keeping
At the entrance in that hour.

Ah! I know how soon is over
Every sweet and blissful vision,
How the snow's cold dress doth cover
Heart and tree in sad derision.

How e'en we are fast congealing,
Careless, and no love possessing,
We, who're now so softly feeling,
Heart to heart so softly pressing!

28.

Kisses that one steals in darkness,
And in darkness then returns —
How such kisses fire the spirit,
If with honest love it burns!

Pensive, and with fond remembrance,
Then the spirit loves to dwell
Much on days that long have vanish'd,
Much on future days as well.

Yet methinks that too much thinking
Dang'rous is, if kiss we will; —
Weep, then, rather, darling spirit,
For to weep is easier still.

29.

There was an aged monarch,
His heart was sad, his head was grey;
This poor and aged monarch
A young wife married one day.

There was a handsome page, too,
Fair was his hair, and light his mien;
The silken train he carried
Of the aforesaid young Queen.

Dost know the ancient ballad?
It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad
They both of them must perish,
For too much affection they had.

30.

In my remembrance blossom
The images long forsaken —
Within thy voice what is there
By which so deeply I'm shaken?

Say not that thou dost love me!
I know that earth's fairest treasure,
Sweet love and happy spring time,
'Twould shame beyond all measure.

Say not that thou dost love me!
A silent kiss I'll bestow thee;
Then smile, when I to-morrow
The withered roses show thee.

31.

"Linden blossoms drunk with moonlight
"Fly about in fragrant showers,
"And the nightingale's sweet music
"Fills the air and leafy bowers.

“Ah! how sweet it is, my loved one,
“Neath these lindens to be sitting,
“When the glimm’ring golden moonbeams
“Through the fragrant leaves are flitting.

“If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
“Thou a heart’s form wilt discover;
“Therefore are the lindens ever
“Chosen seats of each fond lover.

“Yet thou smilest, as though buried
“In far distant visions yearning —
“Speak, belovèd, all the wishes
“That in thy dear heart are burning.”

Ah, my darling! I will tell thee
Whence my thoughts proceed, and whither:
Fain I’d see the chilly north-wind
Sudden bring white snowstorms hither.

So that we, with furs well cover’d,
And in gaudy sledges riding,
Cracking whips, with bells loud ringing,
Might o’er stream and plain be gliding.

32.

Through the forest, in the moonlight,
I the elves saw riding proudly;
And I heard their trumpets sounding,
And I hear their bells ring loudly.

Their white horses had upon them
Golden staghorns, whilst proceeding
Swiftly on — like flights of wild swans
Through the air the train was speeding.

Smilingly the queen bent tow' rds me,
Smiling, as the band rode by me;
Is't a sign that new love's coming,
Or a sign that death is nigh me?

33.

In the morning send I violets,
Early in the wood discover'd,
And at evening bring I roses
Pluck'd while twilight's hour still hover'd.

Knowest thou the hidden language
By these lovely flowerets spoken?
Truth by day-time, love at night-time —
'Tis of this that they're the token!

34.

Thy letter, sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong;
No longer wilt thou love me, —
Thy letter, though, is long.

Twelve sides, to tell thy views all!
A manuscript, in fact!
In giving a refusal
Far otherwise we act.

35.

Care not, if my love I'm telling
Unto all the world around,
When my mouth, thy beauty praising,
Full of metaphor is found.

Underneath a wood of flowers,
Lies in shelter safe below,

All that deep and glowing secret,
All that deep and secret glow.

If suspicious sparks should issue
From the roses, — fearless be!
This dull world in flames believes not,
But believes them poetry.

36.

Day and night alike the springtime
Makes with sounding life all-teeming;
Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wilder yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the pictures of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing —

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of springtime
That before my window rustle.

37.

Stars with golden feet are wand'ring
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream.

What call'd yonder? In my bosom
Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
Or the nightingale alone?

38.

The spring is solemn, mournful only
Are all its dreams, each flower appears
Weigh'd down by grief, the song all-lonely
Of Philomel wakes secret tears.

O smile thou not, my darling beauty,
O smile not, full of charming grace!
But weep, that it may be my duty
To kiss a tear from off thy face.

39.

Once more from that fond heart I'm driven
Which I so dearly love, so madly;
Once more from that fond heart I'm driven —
Beside it would I linger gladly.

The chariot rolls, the bridge is quaking,
The stream beneath it flows so sadly;
Once more the joys am I forsaking
Of that fond heart I love so madly.

In heav'n rush on the starry legions,
As though before my sorrow flying —
Sweet one, farewell! in distant regions
My heart for thee will still be sighing.

40.

My cherish'd wishes blossom,
And wither again at a breath,
And blossom again and wither,
And so on until death.

This know I, and it saddens
All love and joy, once so blest;
My heart is so wise and witty,
And bleeds away in my breast.

41.

Like an old man's face confounded
Is the sky so broad and airy,
Red, one-eyed, and close surrounded
By the grey clouds' locks all hairy
When upon the earth it gazes,
Flower and bud grow pale and sickly;
Love and song in all their phases
Fade away from men's minds quickly.

42.

With sullen thoughts in chilly bosom cherish'd,
I travel sullen through the world so cold;
The autumn's end hath come, a humid mist doth hold
Deep veil'd from sight the country drear and perish'd.

The winds are piping, hither, thither bending
The red-tinged leaves, that from the trees fall fast,

The bare plain steams, the wood sighs 'neath the blast,
The worst of all comes next — the rain's descending!

43.

Late autumnal mists all-dripping
Spread o'er hill and valley fair;
Storms the trees of leaves are stripping,
And they ghostly look, and bare.

But one single sad tree only
Silent and unstripp'd is seen;
Moist with tears of woe, and lonely,
Shaketh he his head still green.

Ah! this waste my heart displayeth,
And the tree, still full of life,
Summer-green, thy form portrayeth,
Much beloved and beauteous wife!

44.

Grey's the sky and every-day like,
And the town still looks afflicted;
Ever weak and castaway like,
In the Elbe its form's depicted.

Long each nose is, and its blowing
Tedious an affair as ever;
All with pride are overflowing,
Both at pomp and cringing clever.

Beauteous South! O, how adore I
All thy gods, thy sky's sweet blisses,
Since these human dregs once more I
See, and weather foul as this is!

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

THE RETURN HOME.

1823-4.

1.

On my life, a life of darkness,
Once a vision sweet shone bright;
Now that vision sweet hath faded,
And I'm veil'd in utter night.

When in darkness children wander,
Soon their spirits die away,
And to overcome their terror,
Some loud song straight carol they.

I, a foolish child, am singing
In the darkness spread around;
Though my song may give no pleasure,
Yet mine anguish it hath drown'd.

2.

In vain would I seek to discover
Why sad and mournful am I;
My thoughts without ceasing brood over
A tale of the times gone by.

The air is cool, and it darkleth,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain sparkleth,
While evening's sun doth shine.

Yon sits a wondrous maiden
On high, a maiden fair;
With bright golden jewels all-laden,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with comb all-golden,
And sings the while a song;

How strange is that melody olden,
As loudly it echoes along!

It fills with wild terror the sailor
At sea in his tiny skiff;
He looks but on high, and grows paler,
Nor sees the rock-girded cliff.

The waves will the bark and its master
At length swallow up, then methought
'Tis Lore-ley who this disaster
With her false singing hath wrought.

3.

My heart, my heart is mournful,
Yet May is gleaming like gold;
I stand, 'gainst the linden reclining,
High over the bastion old.

Beneath, the moat's blue water
Flows peacefully along;
A boy his bark is steering,
And fishes, and pipes his song.

Beyond, in pleasing confusion,
In distant and chequer'd array,
Are men, and villas, and gardens,
And cattle, woods, meadows so gay.

The maidens are bleaching the linen,
And spring on the grass, like deer
The mill-wheel's powd'ring diamonds,
Its distant murmur I hear.

Beside the old grey tower
A sentry-box is set;

A red-accoutred fellow
Walks up and down there yet.

He's playing with his musket,
While gleameth the sun o'erhead;
He first presents and shoulders —
I would that he'd shoot me dead!

4.

With tears through the forest I wander,
The thristle's sitting on high;
She, springing, sings softly yonder:
O wherefore dost thou sigh?

“Sweet bird, thy sister the swallow
“Can tell thee the cause of my gloom;
“She dwells in a nest all hollow,
“Beside my sweetheart's room.”

5.

The night is damp and stormy,
No star is in the sky;
In the wood, 'neath the rustling branches
In silence wander I.

A distant light is twinkling
From the hunter's lonely cot;
But within, the scene is but saddening,
And the light can allure me not.

The blind old grandmother's sitting
In her leather elbow-chair,
All-gloomily fix'd like a statue,
Not a word escapeth her there.

With curses to and fro paces
The forester's red-headed son;
With fury and scorn he's laughing,
As he throws 'gainst the wall his gun.

The fair spinning-maiden's weeping,
And moistens the flax with her tears;
The father's terrier, whining,
Curl'd up at her feet appears.

6.

When I, on my travels, by hazard,
My sweetheart's family found,
Her sister and father and mother, —
They gave me a welcome all round.

When they for my health had inquired,
They added, all of a breath,
That they thought me quite unalter'd,
Though my face was pale as death.

I ask'd for their aunts and their cousins,
And many a tiresome friend;
I ask'd for the little puppy
Whose soft bark knew no end.

And then for my married sweetheart
I ask'd, as if just call'd to mind,
And they answer'd, in friendly fashion,
That she had but just been confin'd.

I gave them my very best wishes,
And lovingly begg'd them apart
That they'd give her a thousand greetings
From the bottom of my heart.

Then cried the little sister:
“The small and gentle hound
Grew to be big and savage,
And in the Rhine was drown’d.”

That little one’s like my sweetheart,
So like when she wears a smile!
Her eyes are the same as her sister’s
Which caus’d all my mis’ry the while.

7.

We sat by the fisherman’s cottage,
O’er ocean cast our eye;
Then came the mists of evening,
And slowly rose on high.

The lamps within the light-house
Were kindled, light by light,
And in the farthest distance
A ship was still in sight.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
And of the sailor’s strange life,
‘Twixt sky and water, ‘twixt terror
And joy in endless strife.

We spoke of distant regions,
Of North and South spoke we,
The many strange races yonder,
And customs, strange to see.

The air on the Ganges is balmy,
And giant-trees extend,
And fair and silent mortals
Before the lotos bend.

In Lapland, the people are dirty,
Flat-headed, broad-mouthèd, and small;
They squat round the fire, bake fishes,
And squeak, and speak shrilly, and squall.

The maidens earnestly listen'd,
At length not a word was said;
The ship from sight had vanish'd,
For darkness o'er all things was spread.

8.

Thou pretty fisher-maiden,
Quick, push thy bark to land;
Come hither, and sit beside me,
And toy with me, hand in hand.

Recline thy head on my bosom,
Nor be so fearful of me;
Thou trustest thyself, void of terror,
Each day to the raging sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
Hath tempest, ebb, and flow,
And many pearls full precious
Lie in its depths below.

9.

The moon hath softly risen,
And o'er the waves doth smile;
Mine arms hold my sweetheart in prison,
Our hearts both swelling the while.

Blest in her sweet embraces
I calmly repose on the strand:
Hear'st thou aught in the wind as it races?
Why shrinks thy snow-white hand?

“O, ’tis not the tempest’s commotion,
“’Tis the song of the mermaids below;
“’Tis the voice of my sisters, whom Ocean
“Swallow’d up in its depths long ago.”

10.

On the clouds doth rest the moon,
Like a giant-orange gleaming;
Broad her streaks, with golden rays
O’er the dusky ocean beaming.

Lonely roam I by the strand
While the billows white are breaking;
Many sweet words hear I there,
From the water’s depths awaking.

Ah! the night is long, full long,
And my heart must break its slumbers;
Beauteous nymphs, come forth to light,
Dance! and sing your magic numbers!

To your bosom take my head,
Soul and body I surrender!
Sing me dead, caress me dead,
Drain my life with kisses tender.

11.

In their grey-hued clouds envelop’d,
Now the mighty gods are sleeping;
And I listen to their snoring,
Stormy weather o’er us creeping.

Stormy weather! Raging tempests
On the poor ship bring disaster;
On these winds who’ll place a bridle, —
On these waves that own no master?

I the storm can never hinder,
Nor the mast and planks from creaking,
So I wrap me in my mantle,
Like the gods for slumber seeking.

12.

The wind puts on its breeches again,
Its white and watery breeches;
It flogs each billow with might and main,
Till it howls and rushes and pitches.

From the darksome height, with furious might
Pours the rain in wild commotion;
It seems as though the ancient Night
Would drown the ancient Ocean.

To the ship's high mast the sea-mew clings,
With hoarse and shrill shrieking and yelling;
In anxious-wise she flutters her wings,
Approaching disasters foretelling.

13.

The storm strikes up for dancing,
It blusters, pipes, roars with delight;
Hurrah, how the bark is springing!
How merry and wild is the night!

A living watery mountain
The raging sea builds tow'rd the sky;
A gloomy abyss here is gaping,
There, mounts a white tower on high.

A vomiting, cursing, and praying
From the cabin bursts forth 'mid the roar;
I cling to the mast for protection,
And wish I was safely on shore.

'Tis evening, darker 'tis getting,
 Mist veils the sea from the eye;
 The waves are mysteriously fretting,
 White shadows are rising on high.

From the billows the mermaid arises,
 And sits herself near me on shore;
 The veil which her figure disguises
 Her snow-white bosom peeps o'er.

She warmly doth caress me,
 And takes my breath away:
 Too closely dost thou press me,
 Thou lovely water-fay!

"My arms thus closely caress thee,
 "I clasp thee with all my might;
 "In hope of warmth do I press thee,
 "For cold indeed is the night."

The moon from her dusky cloister
 Of clouds, sheds a paler ray;
 Thine eye grows sadder and moister
 Thou lovely water-fay!

"No sadder nor moister 'tis growing,
 "Mine eye is moist and wet,
 "For when from the wave I was going,
 "A drop remain'd in it yet."

The sea-mew mourns shrilly, while ocean
 Is growling and heaving its spray;
 Thy heart throbs with raging emotion,
 Thou lovely water-fay!

“My heart throbs with raging emotion,
“Emotion raging and wild;
“For I love thee with speechless devotion,
“Thou darling human child!”

15.

When I before thy dwelling
At morning happen to be,
I rejoice, my little sweet one,
When thee at thy window I see.

With thy dark-brown eyes so piercing
My figure thou dost scan:
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou strange and sickly man?

“I am a German poet,
“Well known in the German land;
“When the best names in it are reckon’d,
“My name amongst them will stand.

“My little one, that which ails me
“Ails crowds in the German land;
“When the fiercest sorrows are reckon’d,
“My sorrows amongst them will stand.”

16.

The gleam o’er the ocean had faded not,
While the eve’s last rays were flitting;
We sat by the lonely fisherman’s cot,
Alone and in silence sitting.

The waters swell’d, while the mist rose above,
The restless sea-mew was screaming;
From out thine eyes, so full of love,
The tears were quickly streaming.

I saw them falling on thy fair hand,
And on my knees soon sank I,
And then from off thy snow-white hand
The tears with rapture drank I.

Since that hour, my body hath fast decay'd,
My soul is dying with yearning;
I was poison'd, alas! by the hapless maid
With her falling tears so burning.

17.

Up high on yonder mountain
Stands a stately castle alone,
Where dwell three beauteous maidens,
Whose love in turns I have known.

On Saturday Harriet kiss'd me,
While Sunday was Julia's right;
On Monday Cunigund follow'd,
Who well nigh stifled me quite.

To hold a fête in the castle
On Tuesday my maidens agreed;
The neighbouring lords and ladies
All came with carriage or steed.

But I was never invited,
To your great wonder, no doubt;
The whispering aunts and cousins
Observ'd it, and laugh'd right out.

18.

On the dim and far horizon
Appeareth, misty and pale,
The city, with all its towers,
In evening twilight's veil.

A humid gust is ruffling
The path o'er the waters dark;
With mournful measure, the sailor
Is rowing my tiny bark.

The sun once more ariseth,
And over the earth gleams he,
And shows me the spot out yonder
Where my loved one was lost to me.

19.

All hail to thee, thou stately
Mysterious town, all hail,
Who erst within thy bosom
My loved one's form didst veil!

O say, ye towers and gateways,
O where can my loved one be?
To your keeping of yore was she trusted,
And ye must her bail be to me.

The towers, in truth, are guiltless,
From their places they could not come down,
When she, with her trunks and boxes,
So hastily went from the town.

The gates, however, they suffer'd
My darling to slip through them straight;
A gate is ever found willing
To let a fool "gang her ain gait."²³

20.

Once more my steps through the olden path
And the well-known streets are taken,
Until I come to my loved one's house,
So empty now and forsaken.

How narrow and close the streets appear!
How nauseous the smell of the plaster!
The houses seem tumbling down on my head,
So I haste away, fearing disaster.

21.

Once more through the halls I pass'd
Where her troth to me was plighted;
On the spot where her tears fell fast
A serpent's brood had alighted.

22.

The night is still, and the streets are deserted,
In this house my love had her dwelling of yore;
'Tis long since she from the city departed,
Yet her house still stands on the spot as before.

There stands, too, a man, who stares up at her casement,
And wrings his hands with the weight of his woes;
I look on his face with shudd'ring amazement, —
The moon doth the form of myself disclose.

Thou pallid fellow, thou worthless double!
Why dare to mimic my love's hard lot,
Which many a night gave me grief and trouble
In former days, on this very spot?

23.

How canst thou sleep in quiet,
And know that I'm still alive?
I burst the yoke that's upon me,
When my olden wrath doth revive.

Dost know the ancient ballad:
How of yore a dead stripling brave

At midnight came to his loved one,
And carried her down to his grave.

Believe me, thou wondrous beauty,
Thou wondrously lovely maid,
I'm alive still, and feel far stronger
Than the whole of the dead's brigade!

24.

"The maiden's asleep in her chamber,
"In peeps the quivering moon;
"Outside is a singing and jingling,
"As though to a waltz's tune.

"I needs must look through my window,
"To see who's disturbing my rest;
"There stands a skeleton ghastly
"Who's fiddling and singing his best:

"Thy hand for the dance thou didst pledge me,
"And then thy promise didst break;
"To-night there's a ball in the churchyard,
"Come with me, the dance to partake.

"He forcibly seizes the maiden,
"And lures her from out her abode;
"She follows the skeleton wildly,
"Who fiddles and sings on the road.

"He hops and he skips and he fiddles,
"His bones they rattle away;
"With his skull he keeps nidding and nodding,
"By the moonlight's glimmering ray."

25.

I stood, while sadly mused I,
And her likeness closely did scan,
And her belovèd features
To glow with life began.

Around her lips there gather'd
A sweet and wondrous smile,
And as through tears of sorrow
Her clear eyes shone the while.

And then my tears responsive
Adown my cheeks did pour —
And ah! I scarce can believe it,
That I've lost thee evermore.

26.

Unhappy Atlas that I am! I'm doom'd
To bear a world, a very world of sorrows;
Unbearable's the load I bear, and e'en
The heart within me's breaking.

O thou proud heart! thy doing 'twas indeed,
Thou wouldst be happy, utterly be happy,
Or utterly be wretched, O proud heart,
And now in truth thou'rt wretched!

27.

The years are coming and going,
To the grave whole races descend,
And yet the love in my bosom
Shall never wax fainter or end.

O could I but once more behold thee,
Before thee sink down on my knee,
And die, as these words I utter:
Dear Madam, I love but thee!

28.

I dreamt: the quivering moon gleam'd above,
And the stars cast a mournful ray;
I was borne to the town where dwelleth my love,
Many hundred miles away
And when I arrived at her dwelling so blest,
I kiss'd the stones of the stair,
Which her little foot so often had press'd,
And the train of her garment fair.

The night was long, the night was chill,
And cold were the stones that night;
Her pallid form from the window-sill
Look'd down in the moonbeam's light.

29.

What means this tear all-lonely
That troubles now my gaze?
Of olden times the offspring
Still in mine eye it stays.

It had its shining sisters,
Who all have faded from sight,
With all my joys and sorrows,
Yea, faded in storm and night.

Like clouds have also fled
The stars so blue and mild,
Which into my yearning bosom
Those joys and sorrows once smiled.

Ah! even my love's devotion
Like idle breath did decay;
Thou old, old tear all-lonely,
Do thou, too, pass away!

The pallid autumnal half-moon
 Looks down from the clouds on high;
 The parsonage, silent and lonely,
 By the side of the churchyard doth lie.

The mother is reading her Bible,
 The son on the light turns his eyes,
 All-sleepy, the elder daughter
 Doth stretch, while the younger thus cries:

“Good heavens, how dreadfully tedious
 “The days are! I’m quite in despair!
 “’Tis only when there’s a burial
 “One sees aught of life, I declare!

The mother then says, midst her reading:
 “You’re mistaken, four only have died
 “Since the time when they buried your father
 “By the gate of the churchyard outside.”

The elder daughter says gaping:
 “I’ll starve no longer with you;
 “I’ll go to the Count to-morrow,
 “He’s rich and he loves me too.”

The son bursts out into laughter:
 “At the tavern drink huntsmen three;
 “They’re making money, and gladly
 “Would teach the secret to me.”

The mother then throws her Bible
 Full hard in his lanky face:
 “Wouldst thou dare, thou accursed of heaven,
 “As a robber thy friends to disgrace?”

They hear a knock at the window,
And see a beckoning hand;
And behold, outside the dead father
In his black preaching-garment doth stand.

31.

The weather is bad and stormy,
With rain and tempest and snow;
I sit at the window, gazing
On the gloomy darkness below.

One single light I see glimm'ring
That slowly moves in the street;
'Tis a woman holding a lantern,
And walking with tottering feet.

I expect that she's making a purchase
Of meal and butter and eggs;
'Tis to bake a cake for her daughter
That she is out now on her legs.

The daughter's at home in the arm-chair
And sleepily looks at the light,
Her golden locks stray over
Her face so lovely and bright.

32.

'Tis thought that I am tormented,
By love's bitter sorrow distress'd,
And at length I myself believe it
As well as all the rest.

Thou great-eyed little maiden,
I ever have whisper'd apart:
I love thee beyond expression,
While love is gnawing my heart.

'Twas but in my lonely chamber
That I dared my love to proclaim,
And, ah! I have ever been silent,
When into thy presence I came.

When there, the evil angels
Appear'd, and my lips they held;
And, ah! 'tis by evil angels
That my joy hath now been dispell'd.

33.

O thy tender lily-fingers,
Could I once again but kiss them,
Press them softly to my heart,
And then die in silent weeping!

O thy violet eyes so radiant
Hover near me day and night,
And I'm troubled: what forebodeth
All this sweet, this blue enigma?

34.

"Hath she then no word e'er spoken
"Of thy passion, hapless lover?
"In her sweet eyes couldst thou never
"Signs of answering love discover?

"Through her sweet eyes couldst thou never
"Reach her soul, and so get at her?
"Yet thou art not thought a blockhead,
"Worthy friend, in such a matter."

35.

They loved each other, but neither
Would be the first to confess;

Like foes, they gaz'd at each other,
And would die of their love's distress.

They parted at length, and thereafter,
Except in vision, ne'er met;
From life they long have departed,
And scarcely know of it yet.

36.

And when I to you my grief did confide,
You only yawn'd, and nothing replied;
But when I reduced my sorrow to rhyme,
You praised me greatly, and call'd it sublime.

37.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,
He talks right glibly of church and state.
He's rather pale, but it's really not strange,
For his studies through Sanskrit and Hegel range.
Fouqué is still his favourite poet;
But criticism he'll touch no more,
But has handed that subject entirely o'er
To his grandmother Hecate, that she may know it.
My juridical works did he kindly praise,
His favourite hobby in former days.
He said that my friendship was not too dear,
And then he nodded, and look'd severe,
And afterwards asked if it wasn't the case
We had met at the Spanish ambassador's rout?

And when I look'd him full in the face
I saw him to be an old friend without doubt.

38.

Man, revile not thou the devil,
For the path of life is short,
And damnation everlasting
Is too true, not mere report.

Man, pay all the debts thou owest,
For the path of life is long,
And thou'lt often have to borrow
Just as usual, right or wrong.

39.

The three holy kings from the Eastern land
Inquired in every city:
Where goeth the road to Bethlehem,
Ye boys and maidens pretty?

The young and the old, they could not tell,
The kings went onward discreetly;
They follow'd the track of a golden star,
That sparkled brightly and sweetly.

The star stood still over Joseph's house,
And they enter'd the dwelling lowly;
The oxen bellow'd, the infant cried,
While sang the three kings holy.

40.

My child, we once were children,
Two children, little and gay;
We crawl'd inside the henhouse,
And hid in the straw in play.

We crow'd as the cocks are accustom'd,
And when the people came by,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" — and they fancied
'Twas really the cock's shrill cry.

The chests within our courtyard
With paper we nicely lined,
And in them lived together,
In a dwelling quite to our mind.

The aged cat of our neighbour
Came oft to visit us there;
We made her our bows and our curtsies,
And plenty of compliments fair.

For her health we used to inquire
In language friendly and soft;
Since then we have ask'd the same question
Of many old cats full oft.

We used to sit, while we wisely
Discoursed, in the way of old men,
And lamented that all was better
In the olden days than then;

How love and truth and religion
From out of the world had fled,
How very dear was the coffee,
How scarce was the gold, we said.

Those childish sports have vanish'd,
And all is fast rolling away;
The world, and the times, and religion,
And gold, love, and truth all decay.

My heart is sore oppress'd, with sighing
I think upon the days of yore;
The world was then in calmness lying,
And men were peaceful evermore.

All now is changed, in mournful chorus
Want and confusion round us spread;
The Lord seems dead that erst rul'd o'er us
Beneath us, is the Devil dead.

All now appears so drear and sadden'd,
Decay'd and cold, of joy bereft,
That, were we not by love still gladden'd,
No single resting-place were left.

42.

As the gleaming moon is piercing
Through the darksome clouds above,
So from out time's darksome mirror
Peeps a vision full of love.

All upon the deck were sitting,
Proudly sailing down the Rhine,
And the shores, in summer verdure,
In the setting sun did shine.

Thoughtfully was I reclining,
Bent before a lovely maid;
In her beauteous, pallid features
Lo, the golden sunlight play'd.

Lutes were sounding, youths were singing,
Wondrous was our joy that day;
And the heavens became still bluer,
And our souls soar'd high away.

Hills and castles, woods and meadows,
Like a vision fled by,
And I saw them all reflected
In the lovely maiden's eye.

43.

In vision saw I my loved one
A worn, sad woman one day;
Her once so-blooming figure
Had wither'd and fallen away.

A child in her arms she carried,
By the hand another she led,
And grief and poverty plainly
In her walk, looks, and garments I read.

Across the market she totter'd,
And then did I meet her eye;
She looked upon me, and gently
I spake to her thus, with a sigh:

"Come with me to my dwelling,
"For thou art pale and ill,
"And food and drink I'll earn thee
"By industry and skill.

"I'll also nourish and cherish
"The children that with thee I see;
"But, my child so poor and unhappy,
"I'll care the most for thee.

"I never will remind thee
"That I loved thee so dearly of yore,
"And when at length thou diest,
"I'll weep at thy grave full sore."

44.

“Friend! why always thus endeavour
“To repeat the same old story?
“Wilt thou brooding sit for ever
“On love’s eggs grown old and hoary?

“Ah! ’tis but the usual custom,
“Chickens from the shells are crawling;
“In a book thou seek’st to thrust ’em,
“While they’re fluttering and calling!”

45.

Prythee, be not thou impatient
If there still are loudly ringing
Many of my old sad numbers
In the newest songs I’m singing.

Wait awhile, and soon the echo
Will have died away of sorrow,
And a new-born song-spring softly
From the heal’d heart shoot to-morrow.

46.

’Tis now full time that my folly I drop,
And return to sober reason;
This comedy now ’twere better to stop
That we’ve played for so long a season.

In a gay and highly romantic style
The gorgeous coulisses were painted;
My knight’s cloak glitter’d, while I was the while
With the finest sensations acquainted.

And now that I, while more sober I grow,
Am against this toying inveighing,
I feel that I’m still as wretched as though
A comedy still I were playing.

Alas! unconsciously and in jest
Of my feelings was I the narrator;
And I've play'd, with my own death in my breast,
The dying gladiator.

47.

The monarch Wiswamitra,
Is restlessly striving now;
He must needs, by fighting and penance,
Obtain Wasischta's cow.

O monarch Wiswamitra,
O what an ox art thou,
To have all this fighting and penance,
And all for nought but a cow!

48.

Let not grief, my heart, come o'er thee
Bear thy lot with faith unshaken,
For what winter may have taken
Will returning spring restore thee.

And how much remaineth over!
And how fair the world is still!
And, my heart, if 'tis thy will,
Thou of All mayst be the lover!

49.

A flow'ret thou resemblest,
So pure and fair and blest;
But when I view thee, sorrow
Straight creepeth to my breast.

I feel as though inspired
My hands on thy head to lay,

And pray that God may keep thee
So blest, fair, pure, for aye.

50.

Child! it would be thy perdition,
And the greatest pains I've taken
Ne'er within thy fond heart tow'rd me
Loving feelings to awaken.

Now that I've so soon succeeded,
To my vow I'm wellnigh faithless,
And this thought steals o'er me often:
Would that thou could'st love me nathless.

51.

When on my couch I'm lying
In night and pillows conceal'd,
A sweet and charming image
Before me stands reveal'd.

As soon as silent slumber
Hath closed mine eyes in sleep,
Into my dream this image
Doth softly, gently creep.

Yet with the dream of morning
It ne'er doth melt away,
For in mine inmost bosom
I bear it all the day.

52.

Maiden with the mouth so rosy,
With the eyes so sweet and bright,
O my darling little maiden,
I of thee think day and night.

Long is now the winter evening,
Fain would I disperse its gloom,
Sitting by thee, talking with thee
In thy trusty little room.

To my lips I'd fain be pressing
Thy dear little snowy hand,
With my falling tears caressing
Thy dear little snowy hand.

53.

Though outside snow-piles are forming,
Though 'tis hailing, though 'tis storming,
Rattling 'gainst the window-pane,
Nevermore will I complain,
For within my breast I bear
Spring-joys and love's image fair.

54.

Some make prayers to the Madonna,
Others unto Paul and Peter;
Thee alone, of suns the fairest,
Thee alone will I e'er honour.

Let me be with kisses laden,
Be thou kindly, be thou gracious,
'Mongst all maidens sun the fairest,
'Neath the sun the fairest maiden!

55.

Did not my pallid face betray
My loving woe unto thee?
And wilt thou that my haughty mouth
With begging words shall woo thee?

Alas! this mouth is far too proud,
'Twas made but for kissing and sighing;
Perchance it may speak a scornful word,
While I with sorrow am dying.

56.

Worthy friend, thou'rt deep in love,
And beneath new pangs thou'rt fretting;
Darker grows it in thy head,
In thy heart 'tis lighter getting.

Worthy friend, thou'rt deep in love,
And thou fain would'st hide thy yearning
Yet I see thy heart's fierce glow
Through thy waistcoat hotly burning.

57.

I fain would linger by thee,
And rest beside thee too;
Away thou needs must hie thee,
Thou hast so much to do.

I said that I surrender'd
My very soul to thee;
An answering bow was tender'd,
Thou laughedst full of glee.

Thou cruelly didst use me,
And treat my love amiss;
At last thou didst refuse me
The usual parting kiss.

Don't think that I deem it my duty
To shoot myself any the more;
For all of this, my beauty,
Has happen'd to me before.

58.

A pair of sapphires are thine eyes,
So clear, so sweetly roving;
O three times happy is the man
Whom those fair eyes are loving.

Thy heart, it is a diamond,
A sparkling radiance throwing;
O three times happy is the man
For whom with love 'tis glowing.

Thy lips are very rubies bright,
One never can see fairer;
O three times happy is the man
Who of their love is sharer.

O did I know the happy man!
O could I unattended
Within the green wood meet with him, —
His luck would soon be ended!

59.

While with loving words, but lying,
I have bound me to thy breast,
Now in my own fetters dying,
Into earnest turns my jest.

When thou jestingly dost fly me,
By a rightful impulse led,
Then the powers of hell draw nigh me,
And I really shoot me dead.

60.

Too fragmentary is World and Life;
I'll go to the German professor, who's rife

With schemes for putting Life's pieces together,
Whereby a passable System's unfurl'd;
Ragged nightcaps and dressing-gowns keep out the weather,
Stop the gaps in the edifice crack'd of the world.

61.

This evening they've a party,
The house is fill'd with light;
By yonder shining window
A shadowy form's in sight.

Thou see'st me not, in darkness
I stand below and apart;
Still less canst thou see ever
Inside my darksome heart.

My darksome heart doth love thee,
It loves thee and it breaks,
And breaks, and bleeds, and quivers,
But thou see'st not how it aches.

62.

I would that my woes all their fulness
In one single word could convey;
To the merry winds straight would I give it,
Who would merrily bear it away.

That word so teeming with sadness
They would carry, my loved one, to thee
Thou wouldst hear it at every moment,
Wouldst hear it where'er thou mightst be.

As soon as thine eyelids at nighttime
Are peacefully closed in sleep,
My word would straightway pursue thee
Far into thy visions most deep.

63.

Thou hast pearls, thou hast diamonds also,
Hast all that mortals adore;
Thine eyes are among the fairest, —
My loved one, what wouldst thou have more?

Upon thine eyes so beauteous
I've written many a score
Of sweet immortal ballads, —
My loved one, what wouldst thou have more?

And with thine eyes so beauteous
Hast thou tormented me sore,
And brought me to utter perdition, —
My loved one, what wouldst thou have more?

64.

He who for the first time loveth,
Though 'tis hopeless, is a God;
But the man who hopeless loveth
For the second time's — a fool.

I, a fool like this, am loving
Once more, with no love responsive;
Sun and moon and stars are laughing,
I, too, join the laugh and — die.

65.

Never match'd the timid coldness
Of thy spirit, from the first,
With my love's untutor'd boldness,
Which through rocks delights to burst.

Thou in love dost love the highway,
And I see thee walk through life

With thy husband taking thy way,
As an honest teeming wife!

66.

Counsel they gave me, and good instruction,
Pour'd on me honours, by way of seduction
Said I had only to wait for a while,
And their protection upon me should smile.

Spite the protection they bid me hold cherish'd,
I before long should of hunger have perish'd,
Had I not happen'd a good man to see,
Who took an interest kindly in me.

Good man indeed! for he gives me my food;
Never can I forget conduct so good.
Pity I cannot with kisses reply,
For the good man is no other than — I!

67.

This young man, so good and worthy,
Cannot be too much respected;
Oft he gives me wine and oysters,
Gives me liquors well selected.

Coat and trousers fit him neatly,
His cravat is still more sightly;
And so comes he every morning
For my health to ask politely.

Of my wide-spread glory speaks he,
Of my talents and my graces;
Eagerly at my disposal
All his services he places.

And in company at evening,
With a face as if inspired
He declaims before the ladies
All my poems so admired.

O it is indeed most pleasant
Such a young man to discover
In the present day, when surely
All things good will soon be over.

68.

I dreamt that I was Lord of all,
And sat in heaven proudly;
The angels, ranged around my throne,
All praised my verses loudly.

And cakes I ate, and comfits too,
In value many a florin;
And Cardinal I drank the while,
And had no need of scorin'.

Plagued by ennui, I long'd to be
On earth, with all its evil;
And were I not the Lord of all,
I'd fain have been the devil.

Thou long-legg'd Angel, Gabriel, go,
And hasten downward thither,
And find my worthy friend Eugene,
And bring him to me hither.

Within the College seek him not,
But o'er a glass of brandy;
Seek for him not in Hedwig's Church,
But at Miss Meyer's so handy.

The Angel then spread out his wings,
And with his whole soul in it
Flew down, and seized my worthy friend,
And brought him in a minute.

Ay, youth, I am the Lord of all,
And rule o'er every nation;
I always told thee I should come
To power and reputation.

Each day I work such miracles
As greatly would delight thee;
The town of A —— I'll happy make
To-day, and so excite thee.

The paving-stones upon the road
Shall all be now converted,
And, lo, an oyster, fresh and clear,
In each shall be inserted.

A constant shower of lemon-juice
Like dew, shall serve as pickle,
And in the gutters of the streets
The finest wine shall trickle.

How all the A — er's straight rejoice,
And to the banquet hasten!
The judges from the gutter drink
As if it were a basin.

And how at this divine repast
Rejoice the poets needy!
Lieutenants lick the streets quite dry,
And ensigns poor and greedy.

The ensigns and lieutenants are
Wise in their generation;

They always think the present time
The weightiest in creation.

69.

From beauteous lips compell'd to part, and carried
Away from beauteous arms fast clasp'd around me,
Yet one more day I gladly would have tarried,
When came the post-boy with his steeds, and found me.

Child, this is very life, an endless wailing,
An endless farewell-taking, endless parting;
Is then thy heart to clasp mine unavailing?
Could not thine eye retain me, e'en at starting?

70.

We travelled alone in the gloomy
Post-chaise the whole of the night;
Each lean'd on the other's bosom,
And jested with hearts so light.

When morning dawn'd upon us,
My child, how we did stare,
For the blind passenger,²⁴ Amor,
Was sitting between us there!

71.

Heaven knows where the haughty hussy
May have will'd to pitch her tent;
Swearing, with the rain fast falling,
All the city through I went.

From one tavern to another
Ran I swiftly in the rain,
And to every surly waiter
Did I turn myself in vain.

Then I saw her at a window,
Nodding, tittering as well:
Could I tell that thou wouldst live in,
Maiden, such a grand hotel?

72.

Like darkling visions the houses
Are standing all in a row;
Deep hidden in my mantle,
In silence I onward go.

The high cathedral tower
The hour of twelve doth proclaim:
My love, with her charms and kisses,
Awaits me with rapturous flame.

The moon is my attendant,
And kindly gleams in the sky,
And when I arrive at her dwelling,
I joyfully call up on high:

I thank thee, my olden companion,
That thou hast thus lighted my way;
I now at length can release thee,
Light the rest of the world now, I pray

And find'st thou some mortal enamour'd,
In solitude mourning his fate,
As me thou of old time didst comfort,
Him also O comfort thou straight!

73.

O what falsehood lies in kisses!
In mere show what joy's convey'd!
In betrayal, O what bliss is!
Sweeter still to be betray'd!

Though thou mayst resist me, fairest,
Yet I know what thou allowest;
I'll avow whate'er thou swearest,
I will swear what thou avowest.

74.

Upon thy snowy bosom
My head all-softly I lay,
And secretly can listen
To what thy heart doth say.

The blue hussars are blowing,
And riding in at the gate;
To-morrow my heart-beloved one
Will surely desert me straight.

If thou wilt desert me to-morrow,
At least to-day thou art mine,
And in thine arms so beauteous
With twofold bliss I'll recline.

75.

The blue hussars are blowing,
And riding out at the gate;
I come then, my loved one, and bring thee
A nosegay of roses straight.

Those were indeed wild doings,
Much folk and warlike display!
By far too many were quarter'd
Within thy bosom that day.

76.

I in youthful years did languish,
Suffer'd many a bitter anguish

From love's fiery glow.
Wood is now so dear, the fire
Will for lack of fuel expire —
Ma foi! 'tis better so.

Think of this, O youthful fair one!
Chase away the tears that wear one,
And all foolish love's alarms;
If thy life may not have perish'd,
O forget thy love once cherish'd —
Ma foi! within my arms.

77.

The eunuchs controverted,
When I raised up my voice;
They grumbled and asserted
My singing was not choice.

And then they all raised sweetly
Their voicelets petty and shrill;
They sang so finely and neatly,
Like crystal sounded their trill.

They sang of love's fierce yearning,
Of loving effusions and love,
To tears the ladies all turning,
With tunes so adapted to move.

78.

I left you at first in July at the warmest,
In January now I find you once more;
In the midst of the heat you then were complaining,
And now you are cool'd, and cold to the core.

I shall soon leave again, and when next I'm returning
Neither warm shall I find you, nor yet quite cold;

I shall walk o'er your grave with silent composure,
While my own heart within me is wretched and old.

79.

Art thou then indeed so hostile,
Art thou tow'rds me changed so sadly?
I by all means shall lament it,
Thou hast treated me so badly.

O ungrateful lips, how could ye
Speak with malice cruel-hearted
Of the man who oft-times kiss'd you
Lovingly, in days departed?

80.

Ah! once more the eyes are on me,
Which did greet me once with gladness,
And the lips once more address me,
Which once sweeten'd life's long sadness.

E'en the voice I hear, whose accents
Charm'd me, as they sweetly falter'd;
I alone am not the same one,
Having home return'd, all-alter'd.

By those arms so white and beauteous
Lovingly embraced and closely,
To her heart I now am clinging,
Dull of feeling and morosely.

81.

On the walls of Salamanca
Soft refreshing winds are playing;
There, with my belovèd Donna,
On a summer's eve I'm straying.

Round the fair one's slender body
Doth my arm with rapture linger,
And her bosom's haughty motion
Feel I with a loving finger.

Yet a whisper fraught with sorrow
Through the linden trees is moving,
And, beneath, the dusky millstream
Murmurs sad dreams, disapproving.

“Ah, Señora! a foreboding
“Tells me, I shall hence be driven
“On the walls of Salamanca
“Ne'er again to walk 'tis given.”

82.

Thy voice and thine eye, when we first saw each other,
Convinced me thou saw'st me with heart not estranged;
And had it not been for thy tyrant mother,
I think that we kisses should straight have exchanged.

To-morrow again I depart from the city,
And on, in my olden course, wander I;
At the window my fair one is lurking in pity,
And friendly greetings I throw up on high.

83.

Over the mountains the sun mounts in splendour,
Afar sound the bells of the lambs as they stray;
My loved one, my lamb, my sun bright and tender,
How gladly once more would I see thee to-day!

I gaze up on high, with looks fond and loving —
My child, fare thee well, I must wander from thee;
In vain! for her curtain is still and unmoving —
She slumbering lieth and dreameth of me.

84.

At Halle, in the market
Two mighty lions are standing.
Thou lion-scorn of Halle,
Methinks they've tamed thee finely!

At Halle, in the market,
A mighty giant's standing.
He hath a sword, and moves not,
He's turn'd to stone by terror.

At Halle, in the market,
A mighty church is standing.
The students of each faction
Have there a place for praying.

85.

Glimm'ring lies the summer even
Over wood and verdant meadows,
And the gold moon, fragrance shedding,
Gleameth from the azure heaven.

Crickets at the brook with shrillness
Chirp; there's motion in the water,
And the wand'rer hears a splashing,
And a breathing in the stillness.

Yonder at the lone stream sparkling,
See, the beauteous elf is bathing;
Arm and neck, so white and lovely,
Glisten in the moonbeams darkling.

86.

On the strange roads night is lying,
Heart is sick and limbs are weary;

But the moonbeams, softly vying,
Shed their light like blessings cheery.

Ah, sweet moon! thy radiant splendour
Scares away each terror nightly;
All my woes dissolve, and tender
Dew o'erflows my eyelids lightly.

87.

Death nothing is but cooling night,
And life is nought but sultry day;
Darkness draws nigh, I slumber
Wearied by day's bright light.

Over my bed ariseth a tree,
There sings the youthful nightingale;
She sings of love exulting,
In dreams 'tis heard by me.

88.

"Say, where is thy beauteous mistress,
"Whom thou sangest in the hour
"When thy heart was pierced so strangely
"By the flames of magic power?"

All those flames are now extinguish'd,
And my heart is cold and weary,
And this book's the urn that holdeth
My love's ashes sad and dreary.

89.

Full long have I my head tormented
With ceaseless thinking, day and night;
And yet thy darling eyes compel me
To love thee, in my own despite.

Now stand I, where thine eyes are gleaming,
Charm'd by their sweet expressive light;
That I should love again thus deeply
I scarcely can believe aright.

90.

When thou hast become my wedded wife
Thy joy shall know no measure;
Thou'lt live in happiness all thy life,
In uninterrupted pleasure.

And I will very patient be
E'en 'neath thy reviling and curses;
But we must part most certainly
If thou abusest my verses.

91.

Little by thee comprehended,
Little knew I thee, good brother;
When we in the mud descended
Soon we understood each other.

92.

Near me dwelleth Don Henriques,
As the "handsome" known and fêted;
Our apartments are adjoining,
By a thin wall separated.

Salamanca's dames are blushing
As he in the streets is walking
Rattling spurs, mustachios twirling,
With his dogs behind him stalking.

But at evening's silent hour he
All alone at home is sitting,

His guitar his fingers twanging,
Sweet dreams through his fancy flitting.

On the chords with vigour plays he,
His wild phantasies beginning —
O it drives me mad to hear him
Keeping up his wretched dinning.

THE HARTZ-JOURNEY.

1824.

PREFACE.

In black coats and silken stockings,
White and courtly frills they hide them,
Gentle speeches and embraces —
Had they only hearts inside them!

Hearts within the breast, and love, too,
In the heart, yea, love all-burning;
Ah! I'm sick of their false prating
Of love's sorrows and love's yearning.

I'll ascend the distant mountains
Where the peaceful huts are standing,
Where the breezes free are blowing,
And the bosom free's expanding.

I'll ascend the distant mountains
Where the dusky firs are springing,
And the haughty clouds are roaming,
Brooks are murmuring, birds are singing.

Fare ye well, ye polish'd chambers,
Polish'd lords and dames beguiling;
To the mountains now ascending
I'll look down upon you, smiling.

1.

On the mountain stands the cottage
Of the aged mountaineer;
There the dark-green fir is rustling,
And the golden moon shines clear.

In the cottage stands an arm-chair,
Richly carved and wondrously;
He that on it sits is happy,
And the happy one am I!

On the footstool sits the maiden,
On my knee her arms repose;
Eyes are like two stars all azure,
Mouth is like the purple rose.

And the stars so sweet and azure,
Large as heaven, she on me throws,
And she puts her lily-finger
Mocking on the purple rose.

No, we're seen not by the mother,
For with industry she spins;
The guitar the father playing,
Some old melody begins.

And the maiden whispers softly,
Softly, in a tone suppress'd;
Many a most important secret
She to me hath soon confess'd:

“Since the death of aunt, however,
“We can't go to see the sight
“Of the shooting-match at Goslar,
“Which was such a great delight.

“Whereas here 'tis very lonely
“On the mountain-top, you know;
“All the winter we're entirely
“As though buried in the snow.

“And I am a timid maiden,
“And as fearful as a child
“Of the wicked mountain spirits,
“Who at night roam fierce and wild” —

Sudden is the sweet one silent,
Terrified by what she said,

And her little eyes she covers
With her little hands in dread.

Louder roars outside the fir-tree,
And the spinning-wheel loud hums;
Meanwhile the guitar is tinkling,
And the olden tune it strums:

“Fear thee not, my little darling,
“At the wicked spirits’ might;
“Angels keep, my little darling,
“Safe watch o’er thee, day and night.”

2.

Fir-tree with green finger’s knocking
At the window small and low,
And the moon, the yellow list’ner,
Through it her sweet light doth throw.

Father, mother, gently snoring,
In the neighbouring chamber sleep,
Yet we two are gaily talking,
So that wide awake we keep.

“That thou’rt wont to pray too often,
“Is a thing I’ll credit ne’er,
“For thy lips’ convulsive quiv’ring
“Ill accords with thoughts of prayer.

“Ay, that quiv’ring, cold and evil,
“Every time affrights me sore,
“Yet thine eyes’ mild lustre husheth
“Thy sad anguish evermore.

“I, too, doubt if thou believest
“All that is the Christian’s boast;

“Dost believe in God the Father,
“In the Son and Holy Ghost?” —

Ah, my child! when yet an infant
Sitting on my mother’s knee,
I believed in God the Father,
Ruling all things wondrously;

Who the beauteous earth created,
And the men that on it move;
Who to suns, moons, stars predestined
All their tracks wherein to rove.

When, my child, I grew still bigger
Many more things I conceived,
And my reason wax’d yet stronger,
And I in the Son believed.

In the Son beloved, who, loving,
Open’d to us love’s door wide,
And who in reward, as usual,
By the mob was crucified.

Now that I am grown, have read much,
Wander’d over many a coast,
Doth my heart swell, and in earnest
I believe the Holy Ghost.

He hath done the greatest marvels,
And still greater doeth he;
He hath burst the tyrants’ strongholds,
Servants from their yoke set free.

Olden deadly wounds he healeth,
And renews the olden law:
All men equal are, and noble
From the earliest breath they draw.

Every evil cloud he chaseth,
Drives the brain's dark weft away,
That corrupteth love and pleasure,
Grinning at us night and day.

Thousand knights well arm'd for battle
Hath the Holy Ghost ordain'd,
All his pleasure to accomplish,
All by mighty zeal sustain'd.

See, their trusty swords are gleaming!
See, their noble banners wave!
Ah, my child! hast thou seen ever
Knights like this, so proud and brave?

Now, my child, look on me boldly,
Kiss me, look upon me nigh!
Such a daring knight, my fair one,
Of the Holy Ghost am I!

3.

Silently the moon is hiding
In the dark green fir-tree's rear,
And our lamp within the chamber
Flickers faint, with glimmer drear.

But my azure eyes are beaming
With a light that brighter plays,
And the purple rose is glowing,
And the darling maiden says:

"Little elves and little people
"Pilfer all our bread and bacon;
"In the drawer at night they're lying,
"But by morning all is taken.

“Next our cream the little people
“From the milk are wont to sup,
“Leaving, too, the bowl uncover’d,
“And the cat the rest drinks up.

“And the cat a witch indeed is,
“For she crawls, while night-storms lower,
“Up the spirit-mountain yonder
“To the ancient ruin’d tower.

“There a castle erst was standing,
“Full of joy and glittering arms;
“Knights and squires, in merry torch-dance,
“Mingled with the ladies’ charms.

“Then a wicked old enchantress
“Men and castle too bewitch’d;
“Nought remaineth but the ruins,
“Where the owls their nest have pitch’d.

“Yet my late aunt used to tell us:
“If the proper word is said
“At the proper hour at nighttime
“At the proper place o’erhead,

“Then the ruins will be changèd
“To a castle fair once more,
“Knights and squires and ladies gaily
“Will be dancing as of yore.

“Him by whom that word is spoken
“Men and castle will obey;
“Drums and trumpets will proclaim him,
“Heralding his sov’ reign sway.”

Thus the charming legends issue
From the mouth so like a rose,

While an azure starry radiance
From her sweet eyes overflows.

Round my hand the little maiden
Twines her golden hair with glee,
Calls by pretty names my fingers,
Kisses, laughs, then mute is she.

All within that silent chamber
On me looks with trusting eye;
Table, cupboard, — I could fancy
I had seen them formerly.

Like a friend the house-clock prattles,
The guitar scarce audibly
Of itself begins to tinkle,
And as in a dream sit I.

Now's the proper place discover'd,
Now the proper hour hath sounded;
If the proper word I utter'd,
Maiden, thou wouldst be astounded.

If that word I straightway utter'd,
Midnight would grow dim and quake,
Fir and streamlet roar more loudly,
And the aged mountain wake.

Lute's soft strains and pigmy music
From the mountain's clefts would burst,
And a flowering wood shoot from them
As in joyous spring-time erst.

Flowers, all-hardy magic flowers,
Leaves of size so fabulous,
Fragrant, varied, hasty-quiv'ring,
As though passion stirr'd them thus.

Roses, wild as flames all-glowing,
Dart from out the mass like gems;
Lilies, like to crystal arrows,
Upward shoot tow'rd heaven their stems.

And the stars, like suns in greatness
Downward gaze with yearning glow;
In the lily's giant-calix
They their gushing radiance throw.

Yet ourselves, my darling maiden,
Alter'd more than all we seem;
Gold and silk and torches' lustre
Joyously around us gleam.

Thou, yea thou, becom'st a princess,
To a castle turns this cot;
Knights and squires and ladies gaily
Dance with rapture, tiring not.

Thee and all, both men and castle,
I, yea I, have gain'd to-day;
Drums and trumpets loud proclaim me,
Heralding my sov'reign sway!

4.

Shepherd boy's a king, — on green hills
As a throne he sitteth down
O'er his head the sun all-radiant
Is his ever golden crown.

At his feet the sheep are lying,
Gentle fawners, streak'd with red;
Calves as cavaliers attend him,
Proudly o'er the pastures spread.

Kids are all his court-performers,
With the birds and cows as well,
And he has his chamber-music
To the sound of flute and bell.

And it sounds and sings so sweetly,
And the time so sweetly keep
Waterfall and nodding fir-trees,
And the king then goes to sleep.

In the meantime acts as ruler
His prime minister, the hound,
While his loud and surly barking
Echoes all the country round.

Sleepily the young king murmurs:
“’Tis a heavy task to reign;
“Ah! right gladly would I find me
“With my queen at home again!

“In my queen’s arms soft and tender
“Calmly rests my kingly head,
“And my vast and boundless kingdom
“In her dear eyes lies outspread.”

5.

Brighter in the East ’tis growing
Through the sun’s soft glimm’ring motion;
Far and wide the mountain-summits
Float within the misty ocean.

With the speed of wind I’d hasten,
If I seven-league boots had only,
Over yonder mountain-summits
To my darling’s dwelling lonely.

Gently would I draw the curtain
From the bed wherein she's lying,
Gently would I kiss her forehead,
And her mouth, with rubies vying,

Still more gently would I whisper
In her lily-ear so tender:
"Think in dreams, we love each other,
"And our love will ne'er surrender."

6.

I Am the princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
And there 'midst pleasures be mine.

Thy head I'll softly moisten
With my pellucid wave;
Thou shalt forget thine anguish,
Poor sorrow-stricken knave!

Within my arms so snowy,
Upon my snowy breast,
Shalt thou repose, and dream there
Of olden legends blest.

I'll kiss thee and embrace thee,
As I embraced and kiss'd
The darling Kaiser Henry,
Who doth no longer exist.

None live except the living,
The dead are dead and gone;
And I am fair and blooming,
My laughing heart beats on.

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle doth ring;
The knights and maidens are dancing,
The squires all-joyfully spring.

The silken trains are rustling,
The spurs of iron are worn,
The dwarfs beat drum and trumpet,
And fiddle and play the horn.

But thee shall my arm hold warmly
As Kaiser Henry it held;
I held him fast imprison'd,
When loudly the trumpet's note swell'd.

THE BALTIC.

PART I. 1825.

1.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

By ocean's pallid strand
Sat I, tormented in spirit and lonely.
The sun sank lower and lower, and threw
Red glowing streaks upon the water,
And the snowy, spreading billows,
By the flood hard-press'd,
Foam'd and roar'd still nearer and nearer —
A wonderful sound, a whisp'ring and piping,
A laughing and murmuring, sighing and rushing,
Between times a lullaby-home-sounding singing, —
Methinks I hear some olden tradition,
Primeval, favourite legend,
Which I erst as a stripling
Learnt from the neighbours' children,
When we, on the summer evenings,
On the house-door's steps all cower'd
Cosily for quiet talking,
With our little hearts all attentive,
And our eyes all wisely curious; —
Whilst the bigger maidens,
Close by their fragrant flowerpots
Sat at the opposite window
Rosy their faces,
Smiling, illumed by the moon.

2.

SUNSET.

The glowing ruddy sun descends
Down to the far up-shuddering
Silvery-grey world-ocean;
Airy images, rosily breath'd upon,
After him roll, and over against him,
Out of the' autumnal glimmering veil of clouds,
With face all mournful and pale as death,
Bursteth forth the moon,
And behind her, like sparks of light,
Misty-broad, glimmer the stars.

Once in the heavens there glitter'd,
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.

But evil tongues then whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.

Now, in the daytime, in splendour all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high, —
On account of his majesty
Greatly sung-to and worshipp'd
By haughty, bliss-harden'd mortals.
But in the night-time,
In heaven wanders Luna,
Unhappy mother,
With all her orphan'd starry children,
And she gleams in silent sorrow,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Devote to her tears and songs.

The gentle Luna! womanly minded,
Still doth she love her beautiful spouse.

Towards the evening, trembling and pale,
Peeps she forth from the light clouds around,
And looks at the parting one mournfully,
And fain would cry in her anguish: "Come!
Come! the children all long for thee—"
But the disdainful Sun-god,
At the sight of his spouse, 'gins glowing
With still deeper purple,
In anger and grief,
And inflexibly hastens he
Down to his flood-chilly widow'd bed.

* * *

Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal.
And the poor godheads, yonder in heaven,
Wander in misery,
Comfortless over their endless tracks,
And death cannot reach them,
And with them they trail
Their bright desolation.

But I, the mere man,
The lowly-planted, the blest-with-death one,
I sorrow no longer.

3.

THE NIGHT ON THE STRAND.

Starless and cold is the night,
The ocean boils;
And over the sea, flat on its belly,
Lies the misshapen Northwind;
With groaning and stifled mysterious voice,
A sullen grumbler, good-humour'd for once,
Prates he away to the waves,
Telling many a wild tradition,
Giant-legends, murderous-humorous,
Primeval Sagas from Norway,
And the while, far echoing, laughs he and howls he
Exorcists' songs of the Edda,
Grey old Runic proverbs,
So darkly-daring, and magic-forcible,
That the white sons of Ocean
Spring up on high, all exulting,
In madden'd excitement.

Meanwhile, along the flat shore,
Over the flood-moisten'd sand,
Paces a stranger, whose heart within him
Is wilder far than wind and waters;
There where he walks
Sparks fly out, and shells are crackling,
And he veils himself in his dark-grey mantle,
And quickly moves on through the blustering night; —
Guided in safety by yon little light,
That sweetly, invitingly glimmers,
From the lone fisherman's cottage.

Father and brother are out on the sea,
And all all alone is staying
Within the hut the fisherman's daughter,
The wondrously lovely fisherman's daughter.
By the hearth she's sitting,

And lists to the water-kettle's
Homely, sweet foreboding humming,
And shakes in the fire the crackling brushwood
And on it blows,
So that the lights, all ruddy and flickering,
Magic-sweetly are reflected
On her fair blooming features,
On her tender, snowy shoulder,
Which, moving gently, peeps
From out her coarse grey smock,
And on her little, anxious hand,
Which fastens firmer her under-garment,
Over her graceful hip.

But sudden, the door bursts open,
The nightly stranger entereth in;
Love-secure, his eye reposes
On the snowy, slender maiden,
Who, trembling, near him stands,
Like to a startled lily;
And he throws his mantle to earth,
And laughs and speaks:

“See now, my child, I’ve kept my word,
“And I come, and with me hath come
“The olden time, when the gods from the heavens
“Came down to earth, to the daughters of mortals,
“And the daughters of mortals embraced they,
“And from them there issued
“Sceptre-bearing races of monarchs,
“And heroes, wonders of earth.

“But start not, my child, any longer
“Because of my godhead,
“And I pray thee give me some tea mix’d with rum
“For ’tis cold out of doors,
“And amid such night breezes

“Freeze even we, we godheads immortal,
“And easily catch the divinest of colds,
“And a cough that proves quite eternal.”

4.

POSEIDON.

The sun's bright rays were playing
Over the wide-rolling breadth of the sea;
Far in the roadstead glitter'd the ship
Destined to home to convey me.
But a propitious wind was yet wanting,
And I sat on the white downs all calmly
Hard by the lonely strand,
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The olden, ever-youthful song,
From out whose sea-beflutter'd leaves
Joyfully rose to meet me
The breath of the deities,
And the shining spring-time of mortals,
And the blooming heaven of Hellas.

My generous heart accompanied truly
The son of Laërtes in wanderings and troubles,
Placed itself with him, spirit-tormented,
At guestly hearths,
Where beauteous queens were spinning their purple,
And help'd him to lie, and succeed in escaping
From giants' caverns and nymphs' embraces,
Follow'd him down to Cimmerian night,
And in tempest and shipwreck,
And with him endured unspeakable torments.

Sighing spake I: "Thou wicked Poseidon,
"Thine anger is fearful;
"I myself am anxious
"As to my own return."

Scarce breath'd I these words,
When the sea foam'd on high,
And out of the snowy billows arose

The sedge-becrowned head of the seagod,
And scornfully cried he:

“Fear not, little poet!
“I’ll not for one moment endanger
“Thy poor little vessel,
“And thy dear life shall not be tormented
“By any critical tossing.
“For thou, little poet, hast never annoy’d me,
“No single turret was injured by thee
“In Priam’s sacred fortress,
“No single hair didst thou e’er singe
“In the eye of my son Polyphemus,
“And thou hast ne’er been advised or protected
“By the goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athene!”

Thus cried Poseidon,
And sank ‘neath the ocean again;
And at the vulgar seaman’s wit
Laugh’d under the water
Amphitrite, the clumsy fishwoman,
And the silly daughters of Nereus.

5.

HOMAGE.

Ye songs! O my trusty numbers!
Up, up! and on with your arms
Bid the trumpet to blow,
And raise high on my shield
The youthful maiden,
Who's now to rule my heart,
My undivided heart, as queen.

Hail to thee, youthful queen!

From the sun on high
Tear I his sparkling ruddy gold,
And of it weave a diadem
For thine anointed head.
From the fluttering blue-silken heaven's veil,
Wherein night's diamonds are gleaming,
Cut I a costly piece,
And hang, as coronation mantle,
Upon thy regal shoulders.
I give to thee, as courtiers,
Some well-bedizen'd sonnets,
Haughty terzinas and courtly stanzas;
My wit shall serve thee as footman,
And as court-fool my phantasy,
As herald, the laughing tears on my scutcheon,
My humour shall serve thee.
But I, O my queen,
Before thee kneel down,
In homage, on red velvet cushion,
And to thee hand over
The small bit of reason,
Which, out of compassion, was left me
By her who last govern'd thy kingdom.

6.

DECLARATION.

Onward glimmering came the evening,
Wilder tossèd the flood,
And I sat on the strand, regarding
The snowy dance of the billows,
And soon my bosom swell'd like the sea;
A deep home-sickness yearningly seized me
For thee, thou darling form,
Who everywhere surround'st me,
And everywhere call'st me,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the moan of the wind, in the roar of the ocean,
In the sigh within my own breast.

With brittle reed I wrote on the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
But wicked billows soon pour'd themselves
Over the blissful confession,
Effacing it all.

Ah too fragile reed, all fast-scatter'd sand,
Ah fugitive billows, I'll trust you no more!
The heavens grow darker, my heart grows wilder
And with vigorous hand from the forests of Norway
Tear I the highest fir-tree,
And plunge it deep
In Etna's glowing abyss, and thereafter
With fire-imbued giant-pen
I write on the dark veil of heaven:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
Every night gleams thenceforward
On high that eternal fiery writing,
And all generations of farthest descendants
Read gladly the heavenly sentence:
"Agnes, I love thee!"

7.

IN THE CABIN AT NIGHT.

The sea its pearls possesseth,
And heaven its stars containeth,
But, O my heart, my heart,
My heart its love hath also.

Vast is the sea and the heavens,
Yet vaster is my heart,
And fairer than pearls or the stars
Glitt'reth and beameth my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
Come to my heart so vast;
My heart and the sea and the heavens
For very love are dying.

* * *

'Gainst the azure veil of heaven,
Where the beauteous stars are twinkling,
Fain I'd press my lips with ardour,
Press them wildly, madly weeping.

Yonder stars the very eyes are
Of my loved one, thousand-changing
Glimmer they and greet me kindly
From the azure veil of heaven.

Tow'rd the azure veil of heaven,
Tow'rd the eyes of my beloved one,
Lift I up my arms in worship,
And I pray, and thus beseech them:

Beauteous eyes, ye lights of mercy,
O make happy my poor spirit,
Let me die, and as my guerdon,
Win both you and all your heaven!

* * *

From those heavenly eyes above me
Light and trembling sparks are falling
Through the night, and then my spirit
Loving-wide and wider stretcheth.

O ye heavenly eyes above me!
Weep yourselves into my spirit,
That my spirit may run over
With those tears so sweet and starry!

* * *

Cradled by the ocean billows,
And by thoughts that seem like visions,
Silent lie I in the cabin,
In the dark bed in the corner.

Through the open hatchway see I
There on high the stars all-radiant,
Those sweet eyes so dearly cherish'd
Of my sweet and dearly loved one.

Those sweet eyes so dearly cherish'd
Far above my head are watching,
And they tinkle and they beckon
From the azure veil of heaven.

Tow'rd the azure veil of heaven
Gaze I many an hour with rapture,
Till a white and misty curtain
From me hides those eyes so cherish'd.

'Gainst the boarded side of the ship,
Where my dreaming head is lying,
Rave the billows, the furious billows.

They roar and they murmur
Thus soft in my ear:

“O foolish young fellow!
“Thine arm is short, and the heavens are wide,
“And yonder stars are firmly nailed there;
“In vain is thy yearning, in vain is thy sighing,
“The best thou can’st do is to sleep!”

* * *

I dreamt, and dreaming saw a spacious heath,
Far overspread with white, with whitest snow,
And ‘neath that white snow buried I was lying,
And slept the lonesome, chilly sleep of death.

Yet from on high, from out the darkling heavens,
Look’d down upon my grave those eyes all-starry,
Those eyes so sweet! In triumph they were gleaming
In calm and radiant but excessive love.

8.

STORM.

The tempest is raging,
It floggeth the billows,
And the billows, fierce-foaming and rearing,
Rise up on high, and with life are all heaving
The snowy watery mountains,
And the small bark climbs o'er them,
Labouring hastily,
And suddenly plungeth it down
In the black, wide-gaping abyss of the flood. —

O sea!
Mother of beauty, the foam-arisen one!
Grandmother of love! O spare me!
Already flutters, corpse-scenting,
The snowy, spirit-like sea-mew,
And wetteth his beak 'gainst the mast,
And longs, — eager to taste, — for the heart
Which proclaimeth the fame of thy daughter,
And which thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for his plaything.

In vain my entreaties and prayers!
My cry dies away in the blustering storm,
In the wind's battle-shout;
It roars and pipes and crackles and howls,
Like a madhouse of noises!
And, between times, I audibly hear
Harp-strains alluring,
Songs all wild and yearning,
Spirit-melting and spirit-rending,
And the voice I remember!

Far away, on the rock-coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle projecteth
Over the wild raging sea,

There at the lofty and archèd window,
Standeth a woman, beauteous but ill,
Softly-transparent and marble-pale,
And she's playing her harp and she's singing,
And the wind through her long locks forceth its way
And beareth her gloomy song
Over the wide and tempest-toss'd sea.

9.

CALM AT SEA.

Calm at sea! His beams all radiant
Throws the sun across the water,
And amid the heaving jewels,
Furrows green the ship is tracing.

Near the steersman lies the boatswain
On his stomach, snoring gently;
Near the mast, the sails repairing,
Squats the cabin-boy, all-tarry.

But behind his cheeks so dirty
Red blood springs, a mournful quiv'ring
Round his wide mouth plays, and sadly
Stare his eyes, so large and handsome.

For the captain stands before him,
Raving, cursing, "thief" exclaiming:
"Thief! a herring you have stolen
"From the barrel, O you rascal!"

Calm at sea! From out the waters
Lifts himself a clever fishkin;
In the sun his head he warmeth,
Splashing with his tail so gaily.

But the sea-mew, soaring over,
Shooteth down upon the fishkin,
And his sudden prize fast holding
In his bill, again mounts upward.

10.

THE OCEAN SPECTRE.

But I upon the ship's edge was lying,
And gazed with my eyes all dreamy
Down on the glassy pellucid water,
And gazed yet deeper and deeper —
Till, deep in the ocean's abysses,
At first like a glimmering mist,
Then, bit by bit, with hues more decided,
Domes of churches and towers appeared,
And at last, clear as sunlight, a city,
Antiquarian Netherlandish,
And swarming with life.
Reverent men, in garments of black,
With snowy frills and chains of honour,
And lengthy swords and lengthy faces,
Over the crowded market are pacing
Tow'rd the high-stair'd council-chamber,
Where Emperors' stony images
Keep guard with sceptre and sword: —
Hard by, in front of the long row of houses,
With mirror-like glistening windows,
Stand the lindens all trimm'd into pyramids,
And silken rustling maidens are wandering,
A golden band round their slender bodies,
Their blooming faces neatly surrounded
By head-dresses velvet and black,
From whence their abundant locks are escaping.
Gay young fellows, in Spanish costume,
Proudly are passing and nodding.
Aged women,
In garments all brown and strange-looking,
Psalm-book and rosary in hand,
Hasten with tripping step
Tow'rd the cathedral church,
Impell'd by the sound of the bells,
And the rushing notes of the organ.

Mysterious awe seizeth me too,
Caused by the distant sound;
A ne'er-ending yearning and sadness deep
Steal o'er my heart,
My scarcely-heal'd heart;
It seems as though its bitter wounds
By dear lips were kiss'd open,
And once again were bleeding
With drops hot and ruddy,
Which long and slowly downward fall
Upon an ancient house below
In yon deep-ocean city,
Upon an ancient and high-gabled house,
Where sits in lonely melancholy
A maiden at the window,
Her head on her arm reclined,
Like to some poor, forgotten child,
And I know thee, thou poor, forgotten child.

Thus deep, thus deep, then
Thou hidd'st thyself from me
In some childish conceit,
And couldst not reascend,
And sattest strange, among strange people,
Five hundred years,
And I meanwhile, with soul full of grief,
Sought thee over all the earth,
And ever sought thee,
Thou ever-beloved one,
Thou long-time-lost one,
Thou finally-found one, —
I've found thee at last, and again behold
Thy countenance sweet,
Thine eyes so prudent and faithful,
Thy smile so dear —
And never again will I leave thee,
And downward hasten I to thee,

And with wide-spreading arms
Throw myself down on thy heart.

But just in time
I was seized by the foot by the Captain,
And torn from the side of the ship,
While he cried, laughing bitterly:
“Why, Doctor, are you mad?”

11.

PURIFICATION.

Remain thou in thy ocean-depths,
Delirious dream,
That erst so many a night
My heart with false joy hast tormented,
And now, an ocean-spectre,
E'en in bright daylight threaten'st me —
Remain below, eternally,
And I'll throw down to thee there
All my sins and my sorrows,
And folly's cap and bells
That round my head so long have rattled,
And the cold and glistening serpent-skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which so long hath twined round my spirit,
My sickly spirit,
My God-denying, angel-denying
Unhappy spirit —
Hoiho! hoiho! Here comes the wind!
Over the plain so destructive when smooth
Hastens the ship,
And my rescued spirit rejoices.

12.

PEACE.

High in the heavens there stood the sun
Cradled in snowy clouds,
The sea was still,
And musing I lay at the helm of the ship,
Dreamily musing, — and half in waking
And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ,
The Saviour of man.
In streaming and snowy garment
He wander'd, giant-great,
Over land and sea;
His head reach'd high to the heavens,
His hands he stretch'd out in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in his bosom
Bore he the sun,
The sun all ruddy and flaming,
And the ruddy and flaming sunny-heart
Shed its beams of mercy
And its beauteous, bliss-giving light,
Lighting and warming
Over land and sea.

Sounds of bells were solemnly drawing
Here and there, like swans were drawing
By rosy bands the gliding ship,
And drew it sportively tow'rd the green shore,
Where men were dwelling, in high and turreted
O'erhanging town.
O blessings of peace! how still the town!
Hush'd was the hollow sound
Of busy and sweltering trade,
And through the clean and echoing streets
Were passing men in white attire,
Palm-branches bearing,
And when two chanced to meet,

They view'd each other with inward intelligence,
And trembling, in love and sweet denial,
Kiss'd on the forehead each other,
And gazed up on high
At the Saviour's sunny-heart,
Which, glad and atoningly
Beam'd down its ruddy blood,
And three times blest, thus spake they:
"Praisèd be Jesus Christ!"

* * *

Couldst thou this vision have only imagined,
What wouldst thou not give for it,
My dearest friend!
Thou who in head and loins art so weak,
And so strong in thy faith,
And the Trinity worship'st in Unity,
And the dog and the cross and the paw
Of thy lofty patroness daily kissest,
And hast work'd thy way upward by canting
As an Aulic Counsellor, Magistrate,
And at last as a Government Counsellor
In the pious town²⁵
Where flourish both sand and religion,
And the patient water of sacred Spree
Washes souls and dilutes the tea —
Couldst thou this vision have only imagined,
My dearest friend!
Thou hadst borne it up high, to the market-place,
Thy countenance pallid and blinking
Had been dissolved in devotion and lowliness,
And her Serene Highness,
Enchanted and trembling with rapture,
Had with thee sunk in prayer on the knee,
And her eyes, beaming brightly,
Had promised, by way of increase of salary,

A hundred Prussian dollars sterling,
And thou, with folded hands, wouldst have stammer'd:
“Praised be Jesus Christ!”

PART II. 1826.

1.

SEA SALUTATION.

Thalatta! Thalatta!
Hail to thee, O thou Ocean eterne!
Hail to thee ten thousand times
From hearts all exulting,
As formerly hail'd thee
Ten thousand Grecian hearts,
Misfortune-contending, homeward-aspiring,
World-renown'd Grecian hearts.

The billows were heaving,
They heaved and they bluster'd,
The sun shed hastily downwards
His light so sportive and rosy-hued;
The sudden-startled flocks of sea-mews
Flutter'd along, loud screaming,
The horses were stamping, the bucklers were ringing,
And afar there resounded triumphantly:
Thalatta! Thalatta!
Hail to thee, O thou Ocean eterne!
Like voices of home thy waters are rushing,
Like visions of childhood saw I a glimmering
Over thy heaving billowy-realm,
And olden remembrance again tells me stories
Of all the darling, beautiful playthings,
Of all the glittering Christmas presents,
Of all the ruddy coral branches,
The gold fish, pearls and colour'd shells
Which thou mysteriously dost keep
Down yonder in bright crystal house.

O how have I languish'd in drear foreign lands!
Like to a wither'd flower
In the tin case of a botanist,
Lay in my bosom my heart;
Methought whole winters long I sat

An invalid, in darksome sick-room,
And now I suddenly leave it,
And with dazzling rays am I greeted
By emerald springtime, the sunny-awaken'd,
And the snowy blossoming trees are all rustling,
And the youthful flowers upon me gaze
With eyes all chequer'd and fragrant;
There's a perfume and humming and breathing and laughing,
And the birds in the azure heavens are singing —
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou valiant retreating heart!
How oft, how bitter-oft, wast thou
Hard press'd by the Northern barbarian women
From large victorious eyes
Shot they their burning arrows;
With words both crooked and polish'd
They threatened to cleave my breast,
With cunifrom billets-doux harass'd they
My poor distracted brain —
In vain I held my shield to resist them,
The arrows whizz'd and the blows crash'd heavily,
And by the Northern barbarian women
Back to the sea was I driven,
And freely breathing I hailèd the sea,
The darling life-saving sea,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

2.

THUNDERSTORM.

Heavily lies on the ocean the storm,
And through the darksome wall of clouds
Quivers the forkèd lightning flash,
Suddenly gleaming and suddenly vanishing,
Like a thought from the head of Cronion.
Over the desert, far-heaving water
Afar the thunders are rolling,
The snowy billowy horses are springing,
Which Boreas' self did engender
Out of the beautiful mares of Erichon,
And the seafowl are mournfully fluttering,
Like shadowy corpses by Styx,
By Charon repulsed from his desolate bark.

Poor, but merry little ship,
Yonder dancing the strangest dance!
Æolus sends it his briskest attendants,
Who wildly strike up for the frolicsome dance;
The one is piping, another is blowing,
The third is beating the hollow double-bass —
And the staggering sailor stands at the rudder,
And on the compass is steadily looking,
That trembling soul of the vessel,
And raises his hands in entreaty to heaven;
“O rescue me, Castor, thou hero gigantic,
And thou, knight of the ring, Polydeuces!”

3.

THE SHIPWRECKED ONE.

Hope and love! All crumbled to atoms,
And I myself, like to a corpse
Thrown up by the growling sea,
Lie on the strand,
The dreary, naked strand.
Before me, the watery waste is heaving
Behind me lie but sorrow and misery,
And over me high are passing the clouds,
The formless grey-hued daughters of air,
Who out of the sea, in misty buckets,
Draw up the water,
And wearily drag it and drag it,
Then spill it again in the sea,
A mournful and tedious business,
And useless as e'en my own life.
The billows murmur, the sea-mews are screaming,
Olden remembrances over me drift,
Dreams long forgotten and images perish'd,
Painfully sweet come to light.

In the North a woman is living,
A beauteous woman, royally fair.
Her slender figure, like a tall cypress,
By an alluring white robe is embraced;
Her dark and flowing tresses,
Like to a blissful night, are streaming
Down from her lofty, braid-crownèd head,
And dreamily-sweetly form ringlets
Over her sweet pale face;
And out of her sweet pale face,
Large and o'erpowering, beams an eye
Like a black sun in radiance.

O thou black sun, how often,
Enchantingly often, I drank from thee

Wild flames of inspiration,
And stood and reel'd, all drunk with fire, —
Then hover'd a mild and dovelike smile
Round the high-contracted haughty lips,
And the high-contracted haughty lips
Breath'd forth words as sweet as moonlight,
And tender as the rose's fragrance —
And then my spirit ascended,
And flew, like an eagle, straight up into heaven!

Peace, ye billows and sea-mews!
All is now over, happiness, hope,
Hope, ay, and love! I lie on the shore,
A lonely and shipwreckèd man,
And press my countenance glowing
Deep in the humid sand.

4.

SUNSET.

The beauteous sun
Hath calmly descended down to the sea;
The heaving waters already are dyed
By dusky night;
Nought but the evening's red
With golden light still spreadeth o'er them,
And the rushing force of the flood
'Gainst the shore presseth the snowy billows
Which merrily, hastily skip,
Like wool-cover'd flocks of lambkins
Whom the singing sheep-boy at even
Homeward doth drive.

"How fair is the sun!" —
So spake, after long silence, my friend,
Who with me wander'd along the strand,
And half in sport and half in sad earnest
Assured he me that the sun was only
A lovely woman,²⁶ whom the old sea-god
Out of convenience married;
All the day long she joyously wander'd
In the high heavens, deck'd out with purple,
And glitt'ring with diamonds,
And all-beloved and all-admired
By every mortal creature,
And every mortal creature rejoicing
With her sweet glances' light and warmth;
But in the evening, impell'd all-disconsolate.
Once more returneth she home
To the moist house and desert arms
Of her grey-headed spouse.

"Believe me" — here added my friend,
With laughter and sighing and laughter again:
"They're living below in the tenderest union!"

“Either they’re sleeping or quarrelling fiercely,
“So that up here e’en the ocean is roaring,
“And the fisherman hears in the rush of the waves
“How the old man’s abusing his wife:
““Thou round wench of the universe!
“Beaming coquettish one!
““All the day long thou art glowing for others,
““At night for me thou art frosty and tired.’
“After this curtain lecture
“As a matter of course the proud sun
“Bursts into tears, lamenting her misery,
“And cries so sadly and long, that the sea-god
“Suddenly springs from his bed all distracted,
“And hastily swims to the surface of ocean,
“To recover his breath and his senses.
“I saw him myself, in the night just past,
“Rising out of the sea as high as his bosom;
“A jacket of yellow flannel he wore,
“And a lily-white nightcap,
“And a face all wither’d and dry.”

5.

THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

Shadows of evening o'er ocean are falling,
And lonely, with none but his lonely soul with him,
Sits there a man on the dreary strand,
And looks, with death-chilly look, up on high
Tow'rd the spacious, death-chilly vault of heaven,
And looks on the spacious billowy main,
And over the spacious billowy main
Like airy sailors, his signs are floating,
Returning again despondingly,
For they have found fast closed the heart
Wherein they fain would anchor —
And he groans so loud, that the snowy sea-mews,
Startled away from their sandy nests,
Flutter around him in flocks,
And he speaks unto them these laughing words:

“Ye black-leggèd birds,
“With snowy pinions o'er the sea fluttering,
“With crooked beaks the sea-water sucking up,
“And train-oily seal's flesh devouring,
“Your life is bitter as is your food!
“But I, the happy one, taste nought but sweetness!
“I taste the rose's sweet exhalation,
“The moonlight-nourished bride of the nightingale;
“I taste, too, the sweetness of all things:
“Loving and being loved!

“She loves me! she loves me! the beauteous maiden!
“Now stands she at home in her house's high balcony,
“And looks in the twilight abroad, o'er the highway,
“And darkens, and for me doth yearn — I assure you!
“In vain she looketh around and she sigheth,
“And sighing descends she down to the garden,
“And wanders in fragrance and moonlight,
“And speaks to the flowers and telleth them

“How I, the beloved one, so precious am,
“So worthy of love — I assure you!
“And then in bed, in slumber, in dream,
“My darling form around her sports blissfully,
“And then at morning at breakfast
“Upon her glistening bread and butter
“Sees she my countenance smiling,
“And she eats it for love — I assure you!”

Thus is he boasting and boasting,
And between times the sea-mews are screaming,
Like old ironical chuckling;
The mists of twilight rise up on high;
Out of the violet clouds, all-gloomily,
Peepeth the grass-yellow moon;
High are roaring the billows of ocean,
And from the depths of the high-roaring sea,
Mournful as whispering gales of wind,
Soundeth the song of the Oceanides,
The beauteous compassionate sea-nymphs,
And loudest of all the voice so enthralling
Of Peleus' spouse, the silvery-footed one,
And they're sighing and singing:

“O fool, thou fool! thou hectoring fool!
“Thou sorrow-tormented one!
“Cruelly murder'd are all thy bright hopes,
“Thy bosom's frolicsome children,
“And ah! thy heart, thy Niobe-heart
“Through grief turn'd to stone!
“Within thy head 'tis now night,
“And through it are flashing the lightnings of frenzy
“And thou boastest of sorrow!
“O fool, thou fool! thou hectoring fool!
“Headstrong art thou as thy forefather,
“The lofty Titan, who heavenly fire
“Stole from the gods and gave unto mortals,

“And, vulture-tormented, chain’d to the rock,
“Defied e’en Olympus, defied, groaning loudly,
“So that in ocean’s far depths did we hear it,
“And to him came with a comforting song.
“O fool, thou fool! thou hectoring fool!
“But thou art more powerless even than he,
“And thou would’st do well to honour the deities,
“And patiently bear the burden of sorrow,
“And patiently bear with it, long, ay, full long,
“Till Atlas himself his patience hath lost,
“And the heavy world from his shoulders throws off
“Into eternal night.”

Thus sounded the song of the Oceanides,
The beauteous compassionate water-nymphs,
Till still louder billows at last overpower’d it —
Then went the moon in the rear of the clouds,
And night ‘gan to yawn,
And long I sat in the darkness, with weeping.

6.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

Full-blossoming moon! In thy fair light
Like liquid gold, the ocean gleams:
Like daylight's clearness, yet charm'd into twilight,
Over the strand's wide plain all is lying;
In the starless clear azure heavens
Hover the snowy clouds,
Like colossal figures of deities
Of glittering marble.

No, 'tis not so, no clouds can they be!
'Tis they themselves, the Gods of old Hellas,
Who once so joyously ruled o'er the world,
But now, tormented and perish'd,
Like monster spectres are moving along
Over the midnight heaven.

Wond'ring and strangely blinded, observed I
The airy pantheon,
The solemnly mute and fearfully moving
Figures gigantic.

He yonder's Cronion, the monarch of heaven;
Snow-white are the locks of his head,
Locks so famous for shaking Olympus;
He holds in his hand his extinguishèd bolt,
And in his face lie misfortune and grief,
And yet without change his olden pride.
Those times indeed were better, O Zeus,
When thou didst take pleasure divinely
In youths and in nymphs and in hecatombs!
But even the Gods can reign not for ever,
The younger press hard on their elders,
As thou didst once on thy grey-headed father
And all thy Titan uncles hard press,
Jupiter Parricida!

Thee, too, I recognise, haughty Here!
Spite of all thy jealous anxiety,
Hath another thy sceptre obtain'd,
And thou art no longer the queen of the heavens,
And fixed is now thy beaming eye,
And powerless lie thy lily-white arms,
And never more thy vengeance can reach
The God-impregnated virgin,
And the wonder-working son of the deity.
Thee, too, I recognise, Pallas Athene!
With shield and wisdom couldst thou not
Avert the destruction of deities?
Thee, too, I recognise, thee, Aphrodite!
Erst the golden one! now the silver one!
True thou'rt still deck'd with the charms of thy girdle,
Yet I secretly tremble at thought of thy beauty,
And would I enjoy thy bountiful charms,
Like heroes before me, of fear I should die;
To me thou appearest the goddess of corpses,
Venus Libitina!
No longer with love is tow'rd thee looking,
Yonder, the terrible Ares;
And sadly is looking Phœbus Apollo,
The stripling. His lyre is silent
That sounded so joyous at feasts of the Gods.
Still sadder appeareth Hephaestus,
And truly, the lame one! no longer
Fills he the office of Hebe,
And busily pours, in the Gods' congregation,
The nectar delicious — And long is extinguish'd
The inextinguishable laughter of deities.

O ye Gods, I never could love you,
For ever distasteful I've found the Grecians,
And e'en the Romans I greatly hate.
Yet holy compassion and shuddering pity
Stream through my heart,

When I now behold you on high,
Godheads deserted,
Dead and night-wandering shadows,
Misty and weak, scared by the very wind —
And when I bethink me how airy and cowardly
The godheads are, who overcame you,
The new, now-ruling, mournful godheads.
The mischievous ones in the sheepskin of meekness,
Then over me steals a glorious resentment,
And fain would I break the new-born temples,
And fight on your side, ye ancient deities,
For you, and your good ambrosial rights,
And before your lofty altars,
The once-more-restored, the sacrifice steaming,
Fain would I kneel down and pray,
And, praying, raise tow'rd you my arms. —

For evermore, ye ancient deities,
Have ye been wont, in the combats of mortals,
To join yourselves to the side of the victor,
And therefore is man more high-minded than ye,
And in combats of deities deem I it right
To take the part of the vanquish'd deities.

* * *

Thus did I speak, and visibly redden'd
Yon pale cloudy figures on high,
And on me they gazed like dying ones,
Sorrow-illumined, and suddenly vanish'd.
The moon, too, hid herself
Behind the clouds that darkly came over her;
High up roarèd the sea,
And then triumphantly stood in the heavens
The stars all-eternal.

7.

QUESTIONS.

By the sea, by the desert night-cover'd sea
Standeth a youth,
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings,
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows:

“O answer me life’s hidden riddle,
“The riddle primeval and painful,
“Over which many a head has been poring,
“Heads in hieroglyphical nightcaps,
“Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets,
“Heads in perukes, and a thousand other
“Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals —
“Tell me what signifies man?
“From whence doth he come? And where doth he go?
“Who dwelleth amongst the golden stars yonder?”

The billows are murm’ring their murmur eternal,
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
The stars are twinkling, all listless and cold,
And a fool is awaiting an answer.

8.

THE PHCENIX.

There comes a bird who hath flown from the westward,
He flies tow'rd the east,
Tow'rd the eastern garden-home,
Where the spices so fragrant are growing,
And palms are waving and wells are cooling —
And, flying, the wondrous bird thus singeth
She loves him, she loves him!
His image she bears in her little bosom,
And bears it sweetly and secretly hidden,
Nor knows it herself!
But in her vision, before her he stands,
She prays, and she weeps, and she kisses his hands,
And calls on his name,
And calling awakes she and lieth all-startled,
And rubbeth her beauteous eyes in amazement —
She loves him! she loves him!

9.

ECHO.

‘Gainst the mast reclining, and high on the lofty deck
Stood I and heard I the song of the bird.
Like black-green steeds, with silvery manes,
The white and curling billows were springing;
Like flocks of swans were sailing past us,
With glittering sails, the men of Heligoland,
The nomads bold of the Baltic.
Over my head, in the azure eterne,
Snowy clouds were fluttering on,
While sparkled the sun everlasting,
The rose of the heavens, the fiery-blooming one,
Who joyfully mirror’d himself in the ocean;
And heaven and ocean and with them my heart
In echo resounded:
She loves him! She loves him!

10.

SEA-SICKNESS.

The dark-grey clouds of the afternoon
Deeper are sinking fast over the sea,
Which darkly seemeth to rise to meet them,
And between them the ship drives on.

Sea-sick sit I unmoved by the mast,
And make observations respecting myself,
Primeval, ash-grey observations,
Which Father Lot of old did make
When he had drunk too much of the grape,
And afterwards found himself amiss.
At times I bethink me of olden stories:
How cross-mark'd pilgrims of olden days
In stormy journeys the comforting image
Religiously kiss'd of the Holy Virgin;
How knights, when sick in such sea-misery,
The darling glove of their worshipp'd mistress
Press'd to their lips and then were comforted —
But I am sitting, and chew with vexation
An ancient herring, the comforter salty
After hard drinking or indigestion!

All this time the ship is fighting
With the furious, heaving flood;
Now like a rearing battle-steed stands it
On its hinder part, so that the rudder cracks;
Now it plunges headforward down again
In the howling abyss of the waters;
Again, as though carelessly love-faint,
Thinks it to lay itself down
On the black breast of the billow gigantic,
Who mightily onward roars,
And sudden, a desolate ocean-waterfall,
In snowy curlings plunges down headlong,
And covers me over with foam.

All this swaying and hov'ring and tossing
Is quite unendurable!
In vain doth my eye keep watch and seek for
The German coast. But, alas, nought but water!
Evermore water, fast-moving water!

As the winter-wanderer at evening
Longs for a comforting warm cup of tea,
So now doth long my heart for thee,
My German Fatherland!
For ever may thy sweet soil be cover'd
With whims and hussars and horrible verses,
And lukewarm slender treatises;
For ever may thy stately zebras
Feed upon roses instead of on thistles;
For ever may thy noble baboons
In idle adornment trick themselves out,
And think themselves better than all the other
Lowminded heavy and lumbering cattle;
For ever may thy assemblage of snails
Look on themselves as immortal,
Because they creep so slowly along,
And may they daily collect men's opinions
Whether the cheesemite belongs to the cheese?
And hold for a long time grave consultations
How the Egyptian sheep to improve,
So that their wool may be better in quality,
And the shepherd may shear them like all other sheep,
Without a distinction —
For evermore may folly and wrong
Cover thee, Germany, utterly!
Still am I yearning for thee,
For thou art *terra firma* at least!

11.

IN HARBOUR.

Happy the man who arrives safe in harbour,
And behind him hath left the ocean and tempests,
And now so warmly and quietly sits,
In the townhall-cellar of Bremen!
See how the world is truly and lovingly
In the bumper fully depicted,
And how the heaving microcosm
Sunnily flows to the thirsty heart!
All I discern in the glass,
Olden and new traditions of nations,
Turks and Greeks, and Hegel and Gans,²⁷
Citron forests and watch-parades,
Berlin and Schilda and Tunis and Hamburg,
But most of all the form of my loved one,
That angel-head on the Rhenish wine's gold ground.

O, how fair, how fair art thou, loved one!
Thou art a very rose,
Not like the rose of fair Schiras,
The nightingale's bride, of whom Hafis once sang;
Not like the rose of Sharon,
The sacred and red one, the prophet-honour'd one;
But thou'rt like the rose in the cellar at Bremen!²⁸
That is the rose of all roses,
The older she grows, the fairer she blossoms,
And her heavenly fragrance hath gladden'd my bosom,
Hath served to inspire me, served to enchant me.
And did the head of the cellar of Bremen
Not hold me fast, yes fast by my hair,
I surely had tumbled!

The worthy man! we sat together,
And drank like brethren,
We spoke of lofty mysterious things,
We sigh'd and sank in the arms of each other,

And he did convert me to love's religion,
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemies,
And every wretched poet I pardoned
As I myself for pardon would hope;
I wept with devotion, and lastly
The doors of the place were unto me open'd
Where the twelve apostles, the sacred tuns,
Silently preach, though understood plainly
By every nation.

True men indeed!
In wooden coats, from without all-invisible,
Inwardly are they more radiant and fairer
Than all the haughty priests of the temple,
And Herod's satellites cringing and courtiers,
All glitt'ring in gold and clothèd in purple;
Ever my wont is to say
Not amongst the mere common people,
No, in the best and politest society,
Constantly lived the monarch of heaven.

Hallelujah! How sweetly wave round me
The palm-trees of Bethel!
How fragrant the myrrh is of Hebron!
How Jordan is roaring, and reeling with rapture,
While my immortal soul also is reeling,
And I reel with it, and whilst thus reeling,
I'm brought up the stairs and into the daylight
By the worthy head of the cellar of Bremen.

Thou worthy head of the cellar of Bremen!
See where sit on the roofs of the houses
The angels, all well-drunken and singing;
The glowing sun high up in the heavens
Is nought but the red and drunken nose
Which the World-Spirit sticks out,

And round the World-Spirit's red nose
Whirleth the whole of the drunken world.

12.

EPILOGUE.

As on the plain shoot up the wheatstalks
So do the thoughts in the spirit of man
Grow up and waver;
But the gentle thoughts of the poet
Are as the red and blue-colour'd flowers
Merrily blooming between them.

Red and blue-colour'd flowers!
The surly reaper rejects you as useless,
Wooden flails all-scornfully thresh you,
Even the needy traveller,
Whom your sight rejoices and quickens,
Shaketh his head,
And calleth you pretty weeds;
But the rustic virgin,
The twiner of garlands,
Doth honour and pluck you,
And with you decketh her beauteous locks,
And thus adorn'd, makes haste to the dance,
Where pipes and fiddles sweetly are sounding,
Or to the silent beech-tree,
Where the voice of the loved one still sweeter doth sound
Than pipes or than fiddles.

MONOLOGUE.

(FROM BOOK “LE GRAND.”)

In olden legends, golden castles stood
Where harps were sounding, beauteous maidens danced,
And spruce attendants flash'd, and jessamine
And rose and myrtle shed their fragrance round —
And yet one single word of disenchantment
Made all this splendour in a moment vanish,
And nought remain'd behind but olden ruins
And croaking birds of night and drear morass.
So have I, too, with but one single word,
All Nature's blooming glories disenchanted.
There lies she now, as lifeless, cold, and pale
As some bedizen'd regal corpse might be,
Whose cheekbones have been colour'd red by art,
And in whose hand a sceptre hath been placed.
His lips however wither'd look and yellow,
For they forgot to dye them red as well;
And mice are springing o'er his regal nose,
And ridicule the pond'rous golden sceptre.

ATTA TROLL, A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

CAPUT I.

Hemm'd close in by gloomy mountains
Proudly o'er each other rising,
Lull'd to sleep by wildly-dashing
Cataracts, like some fair vision,

In the valley lies the charming
Cauterets. Its snow-white houses
All have balconies; upon them
Stand fair ladies, laughing loudly.

Laughing loudly, downward look they
On the chequer'd noisy market,
Where there dance a male and female
Bear, to sound of bagpipe-music.

Atta Troll and his dear wife 'tis
(Her they call the swarthy Mumma),
Who are dancing, and with wonder
The Biscayans are rejoicing.

Stately, and with solemn grandeur,
Dances noble Atta Troll;
Yet his shaggy partner's wanting
Both in dignity and manners.

Yes, I have a shrewd suspicion
That she is too much accustom'd
To the vulgar shameless dances
At the Grand'-Chaumière at Paris.

E'en the excellent bear-leader,
Who with chain conducts the couple
Seems the immorality
Of her dance to notice plainly.

And he oft bestows upon her
With his whip fast-falling lashes,
And the swarthy Mumma howls then,
And awakes the mountain echoes.

This bear-leader six Madonnas
Wears upon his pointed hat,
To protect his head from bullets
Or from lice perchance it may be.

O'er his shoulder there is hanging,
Many-hued, an altar covering,
Doing office as a mantle;
Knife and pistol lurk beneath it.

He had been a monk when younger,
Then became a robber-captain;
Then, to join the two vocations,
Took the service of Don Carlos.

When Don Carlos had to scamper
With the knights of his round table,
And his paladins were driven
To pursue some honest calling,

(Thus Schnapphahnski turn'd an author)
Then our knight became bear-leader,
And across the country travell'd
Leading Atta Troll and Mumma.

And in sight of all the people,
In the market, they must dance now;
Atta Troll must in the market
Of this city dance in fetters!

Atta, Troll, who once was dwelling
Like a haughty desert-monarch

On the airy mountain, dances
In a valley to the rabble!

And for filthy lucre merely
He must dance, who formerly
In the majesty of terror
Felt himself so high exalted!

When his younger days recalls he,
His lost lordship of the forest,
Then growl forth despairing noises
From the soul of Atta Troll.

Gloomy looks he, like a swarthy
Moorish prince of Freiligrath;²⁹
As the latter drums but badly,
So with rage he badly dances.

But instead of pity, wakes he
Only laughter. Even Juliet
From the balcony laughs downward
At his leaps of desperation. —

Juliet has not in her bosom
Any feelings; French by nation,
Outwardly she lives; her outside
Is delightful and enchanting.

Her sweet looks compose a blissful
Net of rays, within whose meshes
Is our heart fast held in prison,
Like a fish, and gently struggles.

CAPUT II.

That a swarthy Freiligrathian
Moorish prince with anxious longing
On the big drum's skin should rattle,
Till with violence 'tis broken,

Is a very drum-affecting
And a drumskin-breaking matter —
But just fancy the confusion
When a bear has burst his fetters!

Both the music and the laughter
Straight are hush'd; with screams of terror
Rush the people from the market,
Pale as death turn all the ladies.

Yes, from out his slavish fetters
Atta Troll has freed himself
Suddenly, and springing wildly,
Through the narrow streets he hastens —

(Each one civilly makes way),
Up the rocks he nimbly clambers,
Then looks down, as if in scorn, — then
Vanishes within the mountains.

On the empty market stand now
Swarthy Mumma, and bear-leader
All alone. In angry fury
On the ground his hat he flingeth,

Trampling on it, — the Madonnas
Trampling also, tears the covering
From his ugly naked body,
Swears at such ingratitude,

Such black bear's ingratitude!
For he constantly had treated
Atta Troll in friendly fashion,
And instructed him in dancing.

All he had to him was owing,
E'en his very life. In vain they
Offer'd him a hundred dollars
For the skin of Atta Troll!

Then upon the poor black Mumma,
Who, a form of silent sorrow,
On her hinder paws imploring,
Stood before the much enraged one,

Fell the much enraged one's fury
With redoubled strength. He beats her,
Calls her even Queen Christina,
Madame Muñoz and Putana. —

All this happen'd in a beauteous
Sultry summer afternoon,
And the night which then succeeded
To that day was quite superb.

Almost half that night consumed I
On the house's balcony;
Juliet was beside me standing,
Gazing on the stars above us.

Sighing said she: "Ah, in Paris
"Fairest are the stars of all,
"When they on a winter evening
"In the street mud are reflected!"

CAPUT III.

Summer-night's dream! All-fantastic,
Aimless is my song. Yes, aimless
As our love and as our living,
As Creator and creation!

His own will alone obeying,
Galloping along or flying,
Revels in the realms of fable
My beloved Pegasus.

He's no serviceable, virtuous
Carthorse of the citizens,
Nor a battle-steed of party,
With pathetic neighs and stamping!

Golden-mounted are the hoofs all
Of my white and wingèd charger,
Cords of pearls the guiding reins are,
And at will I let him wander.

Bear me whereso'er thou wouldest!
Over steep and merry hill-paths,
Where cascades with mournful shrieking
Warn 'gainst madness's abysses!

Bear me on through silent valleys,
Where the solemn oaks are standing,
While primeval sweet traditions
From their knotted roots have birth!

Let me drink there, while I moisten
My dim eyes, — ah, now I languish
For the sparkling wondrous water
That imparts both sight and knowledge!

All my blindness goes! my gaze
Pierces to the deepest rock-cleft,
To the cave of Atta Troll,
And I understand his language!

Strange 'tis how familiar to me
This bear-language now appeareth!
In my dear home have I never
Heard those sounds in earlier days?

CAPUT IV.

Ronceval, thou noble valley!
Whensoever I hear thy name,
That blue flower so long departed
O'er my bosom sheds its fragrance!

Then the glitt'ring dream-world rises
Which for thousand years had faded,
And the mighty spirit-eyes
Gaze upon me, till I'm awe-struck!

Rattling sounds awake. There struggle
Saracen and Frankish knight;
As though bleeding and despairing
Ring Orlando's bugle-notes

In the vale of Ronceval,
Hard beside Orlando's gap —
Christen'd thus, because the hero,
Seeking how to force a passage,

With his trusty sword Duranda
Struck with such death-dealing fury
On the wall of rock, that plainly
To this day are seen its traces —

There within a gloomy hollow,
Close surrounded by a thicket
Of wild fir-trees, safely hidden,
Lies the cave of Atta Troll.

In the bosom of his fam'ly
Rests he after all the hardships
Of his flight and the distresses
Of his public show and travels.

Sweet the meeting! all his young ones
Found he in that happy cavern
Where with Mumma he begot them, —
Four his sons, and daughters two.

Well-lick'd maidens were the latter,
Fair their hair, like parsons' daughters
Brown the youths, the youngest only
With the single ear is black.

Now this youngest was the darling
Of his mother, who when playing
Happen'd once to bite his ear off,
And for very love she ate it.

He's a very genial stripling,
At gymnastics very clever,
And he turns a somersault
Like the posture-master Massmann.

Sprig of autochthonic humour,
He his mother-tongue loves only,
And has never learnt the jargon
Of the Grecian and the Roman.

Fresh and free and good and merry,
Soap he holds in detestation,
(Luxury of modern washing,)
Like the posture-master Massmann.

But our young friend is most genial
Where upon the tree he clambers,
Which along the steepest rock-side
From the deep abyss upriseth,

And extendeth to the summit,
When the family at night-time

Gather all around their father,
Toying in the evening coolness.

Then the old one loves to tell them
What he in the world has witness'd;
How he many men and cities
Had beheld, and greatly suffer'd,

Like Laertes' noble offspring,
But in one thing still unlike him, —
Namely, that his wife went with him,
His dear black Penelope.

Atta Troll then also tells them
Of the wondrous approbation
That he, by his skill in dancing,
Had acquired in ev'ry quarter.

He assured them young and old
Had exultingly admired him,
When he danced upon the market
To the sweet notes of the bagpipe.

In particular the ladies,
Those dear connoisseurs of all things,
Had with vehemence applauded,
And had ogled him with favour.

O the vanity of Artists!
Our old dancing bear with simpers
Calls to mind the time when late he
To the public show'd his talent.

Overcome by self laudation,
He would fain by act exhibit
That he's no mere boaster only,
But a really first-rate dancer.

From the ground then sudden springs he,
On his hinder paws upstanding,
And, as formerly, he dances
The gavotte, his favourite dance.

Mute, with muzzles gaping open,
The young bears look on with wonder,
While their father in the moonlight
Capers here and there thus strangely.

CAPUT V.

In the cavern, by his young ones,
Sick at heart, upon his back lies
Atta Troll, while thoughtful sucks he
At his paws, and sucks, and growls:

“Mumma, Mumma, swarthy jewel,
“Whom I out of life’s wide ocean
“Once did fish, in life’s wide ocean
“Once again I now have lost thee!

“Shall I ne’er again behold thee,
“Or beyond the grave p’rhaps only,
“Where, set free from earthly trammels,
“Thy dear soul is glorified?

“Would that I, alas! could once more
“Lick thy well-belovèd muzzle,
“My dear Mumma, which so sweetly
“Stroked me over, as with honey!

“Would that I again could snuffle
“That sweet smell, thy own peculiar,
“O my dear and swarthy Mumma,
“Charming as the scent of roses!

“But, alas! my Mumma’s pining
“In the fetters of those rascals,
“Who, the name of men adopting,
“Deem themselves creation’s masters.

“Death and hell! These men unworthy
“Aristocracy’s arch-emblems,
“Look down on the an’mal kingdom
“Proudly and disdainfully.

“Take away our wives and children,
“Fetter us, ill-treat us, even
“Kill us, for the sake of selling
“Our poor hide and our poor carcass!

“And they think themselves permitted
“Wicked deeds like this to practise
“Gainst us bears especially,
“And the rights of man they call it!

“Rights of man indeed! Fine rights these.
“Tell me who bestow’d them on you?
“Nature certainly ne’er did so,
“For she’s not unnatural!

“Rights of man indeed! Who gave you
“This great privilege, I wonder?
“Reason certainly ne’er did so,
“For she’s not unreasonable!

“Men, pray are ye any better
“Than we others, just for eating
“All your dinners boil’d or roasted?
“In a raw state we eat ours,

“Yet is the result the same
“To us both. — No, food can never
“Make one noble; he is noble
“Who both nobly feels and acteth.

“Men, pray are ye any better
“Just because the arts and science
“With success ye follow? We now
“Never give ourselves the trouble.

“Are there not such things as learnèd
“Dogs, and horses too, who reckon

“Just like councillors of Commerce?
“Do not hares the drum play finely?

“Are not many beavers adepts
“In the art of hydrostatics?
“Were not clysters first invented
“By the cleverness of storks?

“Write not asses criticisms?
“Are not apes all good comedians?
“Is there any greater mimic
“Than Batavia, long tail’d monkey?

“Are not nightingales good singers?
“And is Freiligrath no poet,
“Who can sing of lions better
“Than his countryman the Camel?

“I myself the art of dancing
“Have advanced as much as Raumer
“That of writing. Writes he better
“Than I dance, — yes, I the bear?

“Men, why are ye any better
“Than we others? Upright hold ye,
“It is true, your heads, but in them
“Low-born thoughts are ever creeping.

“Men, pray are ye any better
“Than are we, because your skin is
“Smooth and glist’ning? This advantage
“Ye but share with every serpent.

“Human race, two leggèd serpents!
“Well I see the reason why ye
“Breeches wear; with foreign wool ye
“Hide your serpent-nakedness!

“Children, guard yourselves against these
“Hairless and misshapen creatures!
“My dear daughters, never marry
“Any monster that wears breeches!”

More than this I'll not report now,
How the bear in his wild mania
For equality, kept reasoning
All about the human race.

For, to say the truth, I also
Am a man, and never will I
Tell again such foolish libels,
Which are, after all, offensive.

Yes, I am a man, and better
Than the other sucking creatures,
And the interests of the race
Ne'er will I renounce promoting.

In the fight with other creatures
Faithfully I'll ever struggle
For humanity, — the holy
Rights of man that he is born to.

CAPUT VI.

Yet perchance 'tis beneficial
For us men, who form the higher
Kind of livestock, to discover
How they reason down below us.

Yes, below us, in the gloomy
Mournful spheres of fellowship,
In the beasts' inferior strata,
Brood resentment, misery, pride.

That which natural hist'ry ever,
Equally with common custom,
Has for centuries admitted
Is denied with impious muzzle.

That false doctrine by the aged
In the young ones' ears is grumbled
Which assails both cultivation
And humanity on earth.

"Children!" Atta Troll thus growl'd,
As he hither roll'd and thither
On his carpet-wanting couch:
"Unto us belongs the Future!

"If each bear but thought as I do,
"If all beasts but thought so too,
"With united forces would we
"Take up arms against the tyrants.

"Then the bear would form alliance
"With the horse, the elephant
"Twine his trunk in loving fashion
"Round the valiant ox's horn.

“Bear and wolf of every colour,
“Goat and monkey, e’en the hare
“For a time would work in common,
“And our triumph would be certain.

“Union, union is the’ essential
“Requisite; alone, we’re conquer’d
“Easily, but join’d together
“We would overreach the tyrants.

“Union! union! and we’ll triumph,
“And Monopoly’s vile sway
“Be o’erthrown, and we’ll establish
“A just kingdom for us beasts,

“Full equality for all, then,
“Of God’s creatures, irrespective
“Of their faith, or skin, or odour,
“Be its fundamental maxim!

“Strict equality! Each donkey
“Be entitled to high office;
“On the other hand, the lion
“Carry to the mill the sack.

“As respects the dog, indeed he
“Is a very servile rascal,
“Since for centuries has man
“Like a dog ne’er ceased to treat him.

“Yet in our free state we’ll give him
“Once again his olden rights,
“His prescriptive birthright, and he
“Soon again will be ennobled.

“Yes, the Jews shall then enjoy too
“All the rights of citizens,

“And by law be made the equals
“Of all other sucking creatures.

“Only dancing in the market
“For the Jew shall not be lawful;
“This amendment I insist on
“In the interest of my art.

“For a sense of style, of rigid
“Plastic art in motion’s wanting
“To that race, who really ruin
“What there is of public taste.”

CAPUT VII.

Gloomy, in his gloomy cavern,
Squats, in his belov'd home-circle,
Atta Troll, the misanthrope,
And he shows his teeth, and growls thus:

“Men, the pert and vulgar fellows!
“Smile away! From all your smiling
“And from your offensive yoke too
“Shall the coming day release us!

“I am always most offended
“By that sour-sweet kind of quiv'ring
“Round the mouth, — these smiles of man
“Find I really past all bearing!

“When I in his pallid visage
“See display'd that fatal quiv'ring,
“All my entrails in my body
“Turn right round with indignation.

“More impertinently even
“Than by words, a man lays open
“By his smile the deepest hidden
“Insolence of his vile spirit.

“They are always smiling! Even
“When by decency is needed
“Real solemnity of feature, —
“E'en in love's most solemn moment!

“They are always smiling! Even
“When they're dancing. In this manner
“They degrade this noble science,
“Which should be a kind of worship.

“Yes, the dance throughout all ages
“Was a pious act of faith;
“Solemnly around the altar
“Turn’d the priests in mystic circle.

“Thus in olden time King David
“Danced before the ark of cov’nant;
“Dancing was an act of worship,
“Was a prayer upon the legs!

“I have ever understood thus
“Dancing, when upon the market
“To the people I was dancing,
“Who with their applause repaid me.

“This applause, I must confess it,
“Often made me feel quite happy;
“For extorting admiration
“From one’s foes is very sweet!

“But in their enthusiasm
“Still they smile. The art of dancing
“Powerless is to make them better,
“And they frivolous remain.”

CAPUT VIII.

Many a very virtuous burgher
Smells but badly, whilst the servants
Of a king with ambergris
Or else lavender are scented.

Virgin spirits may be met with
Which of green soap bear the odour,
Whilst the criminal with rose-oil
May have wash'd himself demurely.

Do not therefore turn your nose up,
Gentle reader, if the cave of
Atta Troll may not remind you
Of Arabia's sweetest spices.

Tarry in that reeking circle,
'Mid those miserable stenchies,
Where to his young son the hero
As from out a cloud thus speaks:

"Child, my child, thou youngest offspring
"Of my loins, now place thy one ear
"Close beside thy father's muzzle,
"And suck in my solemn words!

"Guard against man's ways of thinking,
"They destroy both soul and body;
"Mongst all men there's no such thing as
"Any ordinary man.

"E'en the Germans, once so noble,
"E'en the very sons of Tuisco,
"Our own primitive relations,
"They too have degenerated.

“They’ve become now faithless, godless,
“Even preaching atheism —
“Child, my child, be on thy guard,
“‘Gainst both Feuerbach and Bauer!^{[30](#)}

“Never be an Atheist,
“Monster void of all respect for
“The Creator — a Creator
“’Twas who made this universe!

“High above us, sun and moon
“And the stars too (both the tail-less
“And all those with tails provided)
“Are reflections of His power.

“Down below us, land and sea
“Are the echo of His glory,
“And each living creature praises
“Evermore His excellencies.

“E’en the smallest silver-louse that
“In the aged pilgrim’s beard
“In life’s pilgrimage is sharer,
“Sings the great Eternal’s praises!

“In yon starry bright pavilion,
“On the golden seat of power,
“World-directing and majestic,
“Sits a mighty polar bear.

“Free from spot and snow-white glitt’ring
“Is his skin; his head is cover’d
“With a crown of diamonds,
“Which illumines all the heavens.

“In his face is harmony,
“And the silent deeds of thinking;

“If he signs but with his sceptre,
“All the spheres resound with singing.

“At his feet bear-saints are sitting
“Piously, who meekly suffer’d
“While on earth, and in their paws they
“Hold the palms of martyrdom.

“Ofttimes one amongst them rises,
“Then another, — by the Spirit
“Seeming mov’d, and straightway dance they
“Their most solemn sacred dance —

“Sacred dance, where mercy’s radiance
“Renders talent quite superfluous,
“And the soul for very rapture
“From the skin attempts to leap!

“O shall I, unworthy Troll,
“E’er partake this great salvation?
“And from earth’s debasing sorrows
“To the realms of bliss soar upwards?

“O shall I, all-drunk with heaven,
“In the stars’ pavilion yonder,
“With the palm and with the glory,
“Dance before the Master’s throne?”

CAPUT IX.

Like the tongue as red as scarlet,
Which a swarthy Freiligrathian
Moorish prince with scornful fury
From his sullen mouth protruded,

So the moon from out the gloomy
Clouds of heaven advanced. Afar off
Cataracts are roaring, sleepless
And morosely through the night.

Atta Troll upon the summit
Of his fav'rite rock stands lonely,
Lonely, and to the abyss
Downward howls he in the nightwind:

“Yes, I am a bear, I am so, —
“Him ye christen shaggy bear,
“Growler, Isegrim, and Bruin,
“And heav'n knows how many others.

“Yes, I am a bear, I am so,
“The uncouth and boorish creature,
“I'm the awkward dromedary
“Of your scorn and cruel laughter.

“I'm the butt of all your wit,
“I'm the bugbear, with whose terrors
“Ye at night your children frighten,
“Human children, when they're naughty.

“I'm the joke of all your idle
“Nurs'ry stories, well I know it,
“And I now proclaim it loudly
“To man's paltry world below.

“Hear it, hear; a bear am I,
“My descent I’m not ashamed of,
“But am proud of it, as though I
“Sprang from Moses Mendelssohn!”

CAPUT X.

Two dark figures, wild and surly,
And upon their all-fours gliding,
Force their way across the gloomy
Grove of firs at midnight's hour.

This is Atta Troll, the father,
And his son, young master one-ear.
Where the wood grows somewhat lighter
By the stone of blood they halted.

“This old stone” — growl'd Atta Troll, —
“Is the altar where the Druids
“In the days of superstition
“Human sacrifices offer'd.

“O their cruelty accursèd!
“All the hair upon my back
“Bristles when I think upon it;
“Blood was pour'd out to God's honour!

“Now these men are more enlighten'd,
“And no longer kill each other
“Merely in excessive zeal
“For the interests of heaven.

“'Tis no longer pious fancies,
“Madness, nor enthusiasm,
“But mere vanity and self-love
“Makes them now commit their murders.

“On the good things of the earth
“Eagerly they're ever seizing;
“'Tis an endless round of fighting,
“For himself each person stealeth!

“Yes! the heritage of all
“Is the individual’s booty;
“Of the rights, then, of possession
“Speaks he, thinking of his own!

“Of his own! Possession’s rights too!
“O, the cruel theft, the lying!
“None but man could have invented
“Such commingled fraud and madness.

“Private property was never
“Made by Nature; pocketless,
“With no pockets in our skins, we
“Ev’ry one the world first entered.

“Not a single one amongst us
“At his birth had such a pocket
“In his body’s outer skin,
“Where he might conceal his robb’ries.

“Man alone, that smooth-skin’d being,
“Who with foreign wool so nicely
“Clothes himself, had e’er the sharpness
“To provide himself with pockets.

“Pockets! They’re as much ‘gainst nature
“As is private property,
“As possession’s rights themselves are —
“Men in fact are but pickpockets!

“Fiercely hate I them! My hatred
“Unto thee, my son, bequeath I;
“Here upon this altar shalt thou
“Swear to man undying hatred!

“Be implacably the death-foe
“Of those wicked vile oppressors

“To the very end of life, —
“Swear it, swear it here, my son!”

And the youngster swore, as once did
Hannibal. The moon, all yellow,
On the stone of blood look'd wildly,
And the pair of misanthropes.

By-and-by we'll tell the story
How the young bear ever faithful
To his oath remain'd. Our lyre shall
In another Epic praise him.

As respects friend Atta Troll,
We will leave him for the present,
Presently to come across him,
All the surer, with a bullet.

All thy stealthy machinations,
Traitor 'gainst man's majesty,
Now at length are terminated,
And thy hour will sound to-morrow!

CAPUT XI.

Like some drowsy bayaderes
Look the mountains, standing shiv'ring
In their snowy shirts of clouds,
Flutt'ring in the breeze of morning.

Yet they soon become enliven'd
By the sun-god stripping from them
All the veil that's hanging o'er them
Lighting up their naked beauty!

Early in the morn I started
With Lascaro on our journey
Bound to hunt the bear. At noonday
We arrived at Pont d'Espagne.

So they call the bridge which leadeth
Out of France and into Spain,
To the land of west barbarians,
Who're a thousand years behind us, —

Yes, a thousand years behind us
In all modern civ'lisations;
My barbarians to the eastward
But a hundred years behind are.

Slowly, almost trembling, left I
France's sacred territory,
Blessèd fatherland of freedom
And the women that I love!

On the middle of the bridge
A poor Spaniard sat. Deep mis'ry
Lurk'd behind his tatter'd mantle,
Misery in his eyes was lurking.

An old crazy mandoline
With his wither'd fingers pinch'd he;
Shrill the discord which re-echoed
From the rocks, as in derision.

Oftentimes his figure bent he
Downward tow'rd the' abyss with laughter,
Tinkling harder then than ever,
While the following words he sang:

"In the middle of my bosom
"Stands a little golden table;
"Round the little golden table
"Stand four little golden chairs.

"On the golden chairs are sitting
"Little ladies, golden arrows
"In their hair, — at cards they're playing,
"But 'tis only Clara wins.

"As she wins, she laughs with slyness;
"Ah! within my bosom, Clara,
"Thou'lt be ev'ry time a winner,
"For thou holdest nought but trumps."

Wand'ring onward, to myself I
Spoke: "'Tis singular that madness
Sits and sings upon yon bridge,
That from France to Spain leads over.

"Is this madman but the emblem
"Of the interchange 'mongst nations
"Of their thoughts? or his own country's
"Wild and crazy title-page?"

We arrived not until evening
At the wretched small posada,

Where an olla-podrida
In a dirty dish was smoking.

There I swallow'd some garbanzos,
Heavy, large as musket-bullets,
Indigestible to Germans,
Though to dumplings they're accustom'd.

Fit companion to the cooking
Was the bed. With insects pepper'd
It appear'd. The bugs, alas! are
Far the greatest foes of man.

Fiercer than the wrath of thousand
Elephants, I find the hatred
Of one tiny little bug,
When across my bed it crawleth.

One must let them bite in quiet, —
This is bad enough, — still more 'tis
If one crushes them. The stink then
Keeps one all night long in torment.

Yes, the fiercest earthly trouble
Is the fight with noxious vermin,
Who a stench employ as weapons, —
Is a duel with a bug!

CAPUT XII.

How they rave, the race of poets,
E'en the tame ones, singing ever
And exclaiming: "Nature's surely
"The Creator's mighty temple —

"Is a temple all whose glories
"To our Maker's fame bear witness,
"Sun and moon and stars all hanging
"In its cupola as lamps."

Well and good, my worthy people!
Yet confess that in this temple
Are the stairs uncomfortable,
Bad and inconvenient stairs!

All this up-and-down-stairs going,
Mountain-climbing and this jumping
Over rocks is very tiring
To the legs as well as spirit.

Close beside me walk'd Lascaro,
Pale and lanky, like a taper;
Never spoke he, never laugh'd he,
He, the dead son of the sorc'ress.

Yes, 'tis said that he's a dead man,
Dead long since, but yet his mother
Old Uraca's magic science
Kept him living in appearance. —

That accursèd temple-staircase!
It exceeds my comprehension
How my neck escaped from breaking,
Stumbling o'er a precipice.

How the cataracts were shrieking!
How the tempest flogg'd the fir-trees
Till they howl'd! The clouds began too
Crashing suddenly — bad weather!

In a little fishing cottage
By the Lac-de-Gobe soon found we
Shelter and some trout for luncheon;
Most delicious were the latter.

In an arm-chair was reclining,
Ill and grey, the ferryman;
On him his two pretty nieces,
Like a pair of angels, waited.

Stoutish angels, rather Flemish,
Seeming from a frame descended
Of a Rubens; gold their tresses,
Full of health their eyes, and liquid.

Their vermilion cheeks were dimpled,
With a secret slyness in them;
Strong their limbs were, and voluptuous,
Giving pleasure to the fancy.

Dear, affectionate young creatures,
Keeping up a sweet discussion,
As to which drink would be relish'd
Most of all by their sick uncle.

If the one the cup should bring him
Full of well-boil'd linden blossoms,
Then the other hastes to feed him
With an elder-flow'r decoction.

“I'll not drink of either of them,”
“Cried impatiently the old man;

“Fetch some wine, that I may offer
“To my guests some better drink!”

Whether it was wine they gave me
At the Lac-de-Gobe, I really
Cannot say. Methinks in Brunswick
By the name of Mum they’d call it.

Of the very best black goat-skin
Was the wine-skin, stinking foully;
Yet the old man drank with pleasure,
And he seem’d quite well and joyous.

He recounted the achievements
Of the smugglers and banditti
Merrily and freely living
In the Pyrenean forests.

Many old traditions also
Well he knew: amongst the others
Were the battles of the giants
With the bears in times primeval.

Yes, the bears then and the giants
Struggled fiercely for the mast’ry
Of these mountains and these valleys,
Ere by man they were discover’d.

But when man arrived, the giants
Fled away from out the country
Stupified, for little brains
Are contain’d in heads gigantic.

And ’tis said the silly fellows,
On arriving at the ocean,
And observing how the heavens
In its azure depths were mirror’d,

Cleverly supposed the ocean
To be heaven, and plunged down in it,
Full of godlike confidence,
And were drown'd, the whole together

As respects the bears, however,
They are gradually being
Kill'd by man, their numbers yearly
In the mountain still decreasing.

“Thus on earth” exclaim'd the old man,
“One gives place unto another,
“And when men are put an end to,
“Then the dwarfs will be the masters.

“Yes, the clever little people,
“Who the mountain's womb inhabit,
“Mongst the golden mines of riches
“Digging and collecting nimbly.

“How they from their hiding-places
“With their small sly heads keep peeping!
“Oft I've seen them in the moonlight,
“And then trembled at the future;

“At the power their gold will give them;
“Ah, I fear lest our descendants
“Fly for refuge, like the stupid
“Giants, to the watery heaven!”

CAPUT XIII.

In the black and rocky caldron
Rest the waters deep of ocean;
Stars, all pale and melancholy,
Peep from heaven. Night reigns, and silence.

Night and silence. Oars are moving.
Like a splashing wondrous secret
Floats the bark. The old man's nieces
Play the part of ferrymen,

Joyously and nimbly rowing;
Ofttimes glisten in the darkness
Their stout naked arms, illumined
By the stars, — their great blue eyes, too.

By my side Lascaro sitting
Is as pale and mute as usual,
And the fearful thought shoots through me:
Is he but a very corpse then?

I myself, — am I dead also,
And embarking on my journey
With my ghostly comrades by me
To the chilly realm of shadows?

And this lake, can it be Styx's
Gloomy flood? Has Proserpina,
In default of Charon's presence,
Sent her waiting-maids to fetch me?

No! I am not yet departed
And extinguish'd; in my spirit
Is the living flame of life still
Glowing, blazing and exulting.

And these maidens, gaily pulling
At their oars, and o'er me splashing
With the water dripping from them,
Full of merriment and laughter, —

These two fresh and sprightly damsels
Are most certainly not ghostly
Chambermaids in hell residing,
Waiting-maids of Proserpina!

That I might be fully certain
Of their upper-worldliness,
And by practical experience
Ascertain my own existence,

Hastily my lips applied I
To their rosy cheeks' soft dimples,
And then framed this syllogism:
Yes, I kiss, and so I'm living!

When we reach'd the shore, again I
Kiss'd the pair of kindly maidens;
In this coin, and no other,
Would they take the passage-money.

CAPUT XIV.

Violet-colour'd mountain summits
Smile from out the sunny gold-ground;
To the slope a village clingeth,
Seeming like a daring bird's nest.

When I climb'd up to it, found I
That the old ones all had flown,
And that none were now remaining
Save the young, who could not fly yet;

Pretty boys, and little maidens,
Almost hidden in their scarlet
Or white woollen caps, whilst playing
At a marriage, in the market.

Still they play'd regardless of me,
And I saw how the enamour'd
Mouse-prince knelt pathetically
To the fair cat-emperor's daughter.

Poor young prince! Alas! he's married
To the beauty. She morosely
Wrangles, bites him, and then eats him;
When he's dead, the game is over.

Almost all the day I linger'd
With the children, and we chatted
Like old friends. They fain would ask me
Who I was, and what my business.

"Dear young friends, my native country
"Is call'd Germany," I told them:
"Bears are found there in abundance,
"And my business is bear-hunting.

“There I’ve torn the skin from many
“Of their bearish ears, and sometimes
“Found myself full sorely handled
“By the paws of Master Bruin.

“Yet with ill-lick’d doltards daily
“I was forced to keep on wrangling
“In my own dear home, and found it
“Get at length beyond all bearing.

“And accordingly here came I,
“Some more noble prey desiring,
“And I fain would try my forces
“Gainst the mighty Atta Troll.

“He’s a noble adversary,
“Worthy of me. Ah! I often
“Have in Germany been victor,
“When my victory ashamed me.”

When I took my leave, around me
Danced the pretty little beings
In a rondo, whilst thus sang they:
“Girofflino, Girofflette!”

Full of charming impudence
Stepp’d at last the youngest tow’rds me,
Bowing lowly twice, thrice, four times,
While with pleasing voice thus sang she:

“When the king I chance to meet with,
“Then I make him two low curtsies;
“When the queen I chance to meet with,
“Then I make her curtsies three.

“But whene’er the devil happens
“With his horns to come across me,

“Then I curtsey twice, thrice, four times —
“Girofflino, Girofflette!”

“Girofflino, Girofflette!”
Sang the chorus, and with bant’ring
Round my legs kept gaily whirling
With their circling dance and sing-song.

Whilst descending to the valley
That sweet echo still pursued me
Evermore, like birds’ soft chirping:
“Girofflino, Girofflette!”

CAPUT XV.

Rocky blocks, of size gigantic,
All-misshapen and distorted,
Gaze upon me like fierce monsters
Turn'd to stone, from times primeval.

Strange the sight! Grey clouds are hov'ring
High above me, like their double;
They're the pallid counterfeit
Of those wild and stony figures.

In the distance roars the streamlet,
And the wind howls through the fir-trees;
'Tis a noise inexorable,
And as wretched as despair.

Solitude most terrible!
Troops of jackdaws black are sitting
On the batter'd crumbling fir-trees,
Fluttering with their lame wings strangely.

Close beside me goes Lascaro,
Pale and silent, — I myself, too,
Looking like incarnate madness,
With grim death as my companion.

Wild and wretched is the country;
Lies it 'neath a curse? Methinks I
On the roots of yonder stunted
Tree can marks of blood discover.

It o'ersadoweth a cottage,
Which is modestly half-hidden
In the earth; with meek entreaty
Seems its thatch to gaze upon thee.

They who this poor cot inhabit
Are *Cagots*,³¹ surviving relics
Of a race that deep in darkness
Lives a sad despised existence.

In the hearts of the Biscayans
Still is rooted fast the loathing
Of *Cagots*, dark heritage
From dark days of superstition.

In Bagnères cathedral even
Is a narrow grated entrance;
This, the sacristan inform'd me,
Was the door *Cagots* went in at.

Once to them all other ingress
To the church was interdicted,
And by stealth they had to enter
In God's holy house, like felons.

There, upon a lowly footstool,
Sat the poor *Cagots*, and pray'd there
All alone, — as though infected,
Sever'd from the congregation.

But the consecrated tapers
Of this century flare brightly,
And their lustre scares the evil
Shadows of the middle ages!

So outside remained Lascaro,
Whilst I the *Cagot's* poor cottage
Enter'd, and my hand extended
Kindly to my suff'ring brother.

And I also kiss'd his infant,
Who, close-clinging to the bosom

Of his wife, suck'd greedily,
Looking like a sickly spider.

CAPUT XVI.

When thou see'st yon mountain summits
From a distance, they are gleaming
As though deck'd with gold and purple,
Proud and princely in the sunlight.

But when close at hand, this splendour
Vanishes, and, as in other
Earthly loveliness and glory,
'Tis the play of lights deceived thee.

What to thee seem'd gold and purple
Is, alas! but common snow,
Common snow, which, pale and wretched,
Lives a weary life and lonely.

Just above me heard I plainly
How the hapless snow was crackling,
To the heartless cold winds telling
All the tale of its white sorrows.

"O, how slowly pass here," sigh'd it,
"In the desert waste the hours!
"O these hours that seem quite endless,
"Like eternities hard frozen!

"Hapless snow! O had I only,
""Stead of on these mountain summits,
"Fallen into yonder valley,
"Yonder vale, where flow'rs are blooming,

"Then should I have softly melted,
"And become a brook, whilst fairest
"Village maidens in my waters
"Would have washed their smiling faces.

“Yes, perchance I should have floated
“To the ocean, there becoming
“Some fair pearl, and so be destin’d
“To adorn a monarch’s crown!”

When I heard this pretty language,
Said I: “Darling snow, I’m doubtful
“Whether such a brilliant future
“Would have met thee in the valley.

“Comfort take! But few amongst you
“Turn to pearls; thou wouldst have fallen
“Probably in some small puddle,
“And become a piece of dirt!”

Whilst I in this friendly fashion
With the snow held conversation,
Came a shot, and from above me
Fell to earth a tawny vulture.

’Twas a joke of friend Lascaro,
Sportsman’s joke; and yet his features
Still continued fix’d and solemn,
His gun-barrel only smoking.

He in silence tore a feather
From the bird’s tail, and then stuck it
On the top of his peak’d felt-hat,
And then hasten’d on as usual.

Wellnigh ghostly ’twas to see him,
As his shadow with the feather
On the white snow of the mountain,
Black and long, was onward moving.

CAPUT XVII.

Like a street there runs a valley,
Known by name of Spirit-Hollow;
Rugged cliffs on either side of't
Rise to giddy elevation.

On the widest, steepest slope there,
Peers Uraca's daring cottage
Like a watch-tow'r o'er the valley;
Thither follow'd I Lascaro.

With his mother held he counsel
In mysterious signal-language,
As to how great Atta Troll
Might be best allur'd and vanquish'd.

For we had explored his traces
Carefully, and he no longer
Could escape us. Now are number'd,
Atta Troll, thy days on earth!

As to whether old Uraca
Was in truth a mighty witch
Of distinction, as the people
In the Pyrenees asserted,

I'll not venture to determine;
This much know I, her exterior
Was suspicious, and suspicious
Was her red eyes' constant dripping.

Evil was her look, and squinting,
And the poor cows ('tis reported)
Whom she look'd on, in their udders
Had the milk dried suddenly.

It is even said that many
Fatted swine and strongest oxen
She had put to death, by merely
Stroking with her wither'd hands.

She at times for such offences
Was exposed to accusations
To the justice. But the latter
Was a follower of Voltaire,

Just a modern, shallow worldling,
Void of faith and penetration,
And the' accusers sceptically
Were dismiss'd, wellnigh with insult.

Publicly Uraca follow'd
Quite an honest occupation,
Namely, selling mountain-simples
And stuff'd birds to those who sought them.

Full her cottage was of suchlike
Curiosities, and frightful
Was the smell of fungi in it,
Cuckoo-flow'rs and elderberries.

There was quite a fine collection
Of the vulture tribe display'd there,
With their wings extended fully,
And their monstrous beaks projecting.

Was't the strange plants' smell that mounted
To my head and stupified me?
Wondrous feelings stole across me,
As I gazed upon those birds.

They're perchance enchanted mortals,
Who, by magic art o'erpower'd,

To the wretched stuff'd condition
Of poor birds have been converted.

Fixedly they gaze upon me,
Sadly, yet with much impatience;
Often they appear to throw
Tow'rd the witch shy glances also.

But the latter, old Uraca,
Close beside her son Lascaro
Cowers in the chimney corner,
Melting lead and casting bullets, —

Bullets that by fate are destined
To destroy poor Atta Troll.
How the flames with hasty motion
Quiver o'er the witch's features!

She incessantly keeps moving
Her thin lips, but nothing says she;
Mutters she the witches' blessing,
That the casting be successful?

Oft she chuckles and oft nods she
To her son, but he continues
Earnestly his occupation,
And as silently as Death.

Swelt'ring 'neath my awe-struck feelings,
To the window went I, seeking
For fresh air, and then look'd downward
O'er the valley far below me.

What I saw on that occasion
'Tween the hours of twelve and one,
I will faithfully and neatly
Tell you in the following chapters.

CAPUT XVIII.

And it was the time of full moon
On St. John the Baptist's evening,
When the wild hunt's apparition
Rush'd along the Spirit-Hollow.

From the window of Uraca's
Witchlike hut I excellently
Could observe the spirit-army
As it sped along the valley.

Capital the place I stood in
For observing what was passing;
I enjoy'd a full sight of the
Grave-arisen dead men's pastime.

Cracking whips, and shouts and halloing,
Yelping dogs and neighing horses,
Notes of hunting-horns and laughter,
How they joyously re-echoed!

On in front by way of vanguard
Ran the wondrous game they hunted,
Stag and sow, in herds enormous,
With the pack of hounds behind them.

Huntsmen out of every region
And of every age were gather'd;
Hard by Nimrod of Assyria,
For example, rode Charles X — .

High upon their snowy horses
On they rush'd; on foot there follow'd
The piqueurs, the leashes holding,
And the pages with the torches.

Many in the wild procession
Seem'd to me well-known. The horseman
In the golden glist'ning armour, —
Was he not the great King Arthur?

And Sir Ogier, he of Denmark,
Wore he not his green and glancing
Coat of ringèd mail, that gave him
All the' appearance of a frog?

In the long train also saw I
Many intellectual heroes;
There I recognized our Wolfgang,
By his eyes' exceeding lustre.

Being damn'd by Hengstenberg,
In his grave he cannot slumber,
But his earthly love for hunting
With the heathen throng continues.

By his mouth's sweet smile I also
Knew again the worthy William,³²
Whom the Puritans had likewise
Cursed with bitterness; this sinner

Needs must join at night that savage
Army, on a black steed mounted;
On an ass, and close beside him
Rode a man, — and, O good heavens,

By his weary, praying gestures,
By his pious snow-white nightcap,
By his grief of soul, I straightway
Knew our old friend, Francis Horn!

Just for writing commentaries
On the world-child Shakespear, must he

After death, poor fellow, with him
Ride amidst the wild hunt's tumult!

Ah! he now must ride, poor Francis,
Who to walk was well-nigh frighten'd;
Who ne'er moved, except when praying,
Or when chatting o'er the tea-tray!

Would not all the aged maidens,
Long accustomed to caress him,
Shudder if they came to hear that
Francis was a savage huntsman!

When he breaks into a gallop,
The great William with derision
Looks on his poor commentator
Who at donkey's pace goes after,

Helplessly and wildly clinging
To the pommel of his donkey,
Yet in death as well as lifetime
Following faithfully his author.

Many ladies saw I also
In the spirits' wild procession,
Many beauteous nymphs amongst them
With their slender, youthful figures.

They astraddle sat their horses,
Mythologically naked;
Yet their long and curling tresses
Fell low down, like golden mantles.

Garlands on their heads they carried,
And with saucy backward-bending
Supercilious wanton postures
Leafy wands kept ever swinging.

Hard beside them saw I certain
Closely-button'd dames on horseback
On their ladies' saddles sitting
With their falcons on their fists.

As in parody behind them
On their knackers, lanky ponies,
Rode a troop of gay bedizen'd
Women, looking like comedians.

Full of beauty were their features,
But perchance a little bold;
Madly were they shouting with their
Cheeks so full and wanton-painted.

How they joyously re-echoed,
Notes of hunting-horns and laughter,
Yelping dogs and neighing horses,
Cracking whips and shouts and halloing.

CAPUT XIX.

But, resembling beauty's trefoil,
In the midst of the procession
Figures three I noticed; ne'er I
Can forget those lovely women.

Easily the first one knew I
By the crescent on her forehead;
Like a statue pure, all-proudly
Onward rode the mighty goddess.

High up-turn'd appear'd her tunic,
Half her breast and hip disclosing;
Torchlight, moonlight both were playing
Gaily round her snowy members.

White as marble were her features,
Cold as marble too; and fearful
Was the numbness and the paleness
Of that face, so stern and noble.

Yet within her black eye plainly
Terribly but sweetly sparkled
A mysterious, glowing fire,
Spirit-dazzling and consuming.

O, how alter'd was Diana
Who, with haughty chastity,
To a stag once turn'd Acteon,
And as prey to dogs abandon'd!

Does she expiate this crime now
Join'd to these gallant companions?
Like a wretched spectral creature
Nightly through the air she travels.

Late, indeed, but all the stronger
She to thoughts of lust awakens,
And within her eyes 'tis burning,
Like a very brand of hell.

All the lost time now laments she,
When mankind were far more handsome
And by quantity perchance she
Now makes up for quality.

Close beside her rode a beauty
Whose fair features were not chisell'd
In such Grecian mould, yet glisten'd
With the Celtic race's charms.

This one was the fay Abunde,
Whom I easily distinguish'd
By the sweetness of her smile,
And her mad and hearty laughter!

Hale and rosy were her features,
As though limn'd by Master Greuze;
Heart-shaped was her mouth, and open,
Showing teeth of dazzling whiteness.

Night-dress blue and flutt'ring wore she,
That the wind to lift attempted;
Even in my brightest visions
Never saw I such fair shoulders!

Scarcely could I keep from springing
Out of window to embrace them;
Ill should I have fared, however,
For my neck should I have broken.

She, alas! would but have titter'd
If before her feet, all-bleeding,

In the deep abyss I tumbled, —
Ah! a laugh like this well know I!

And the third of those fair women,
Who so deeply stirr'd thy bosom, —
Was she but a female devil
Like the other two first mention'd?

Whether devil she or angel,
Know I not; in case of women
One knows never where the angel
Ceases, and the deuce commences.

On her glowing sickly features
Lay an oriental charm,
And her costly robes reminded
Of Schehezerade's sweet stories.

Soft her lips, just like pomegranates,
And her nose a bending lily,
And her members cool and slender
As the palms in the oasis.

On a snowy palfrey sat she,
Whose gold bridle by two negroes
Was conducted, who on foot
By the princess' side were walking.

And in truth she was a princess,
Was the queen of far Judæa,
Was the lovely wife of Herod,
Who the Baptist's head demanded.

For this deed of blood she also
Was accurs'd, and as a spectre
With the wild hunt must keep riding,
Even to the day of judgment.

In her hands she evermore
Bears the charger with the Baptist's
Head upon it, which she kisses, —
Yes, the head she kisses wildly.

For she once loved John the Baptist;
In the Bible 'tis not written,
Yet in popular tradition
Lives Herodias' bloody love.

Otherwise there's no explaining
That strange fancy of the lady, —
Would a woman ever ask for
That man's head for whom she cared not?

She was somewhat angry, may be,
With him, — had him, too, beheaded;
But when she upon the charger
Saw the much-loved head lie lifeless,

Sore she wept, and lost her senses,
And she died of love's delirium.
(Love's delirium! Pleonasm!
Love must always be delirium!)

Every night arising, bears she
As I've said, the bloody head
In her hand as she goes hunting,
Yet with foolish woman's fancy

She at times the head hurls from her
Through the air, with childish laughter,
And then catches it again
Very nimbly, like a plaything.

And as she was riding by me,
On me look'd she, and she nodded

So coquettishly and fondly,
That my inmost heart was shaken.

Three times up and downward moving
The procession pass'd, and three times
Did the lovely apparition
Greet me, as she rode before me.

When the train at last had faded,
And the tumult was extinguish'd,
Still that loving salutation
Glow'd within my inmost brain.

And throughout the livelong night
I my weary limbs kept tossing
On the straw (for feather beds
Were not in Uraca's cottage),

And methought: What meaning was there
In that strange, mysterious nodding?
Wherefore didst thou gaze upon me
With such tenderness, Herodias?

CAPUT XX.

'Twas the sunrise. Golden arrows
Shot against the white mist fiercely,
Which turn'd red, as though sore wounded,
And in light and glory melted.

Finally the victory's won,
And the day, the triumphator,
Stood, in full and beaming splendour,
On the summit of the mountain.

All the birds in noisy chorus
Twitter'd in their secret nests,
And a smell of herbs arose too,
Like a concert of sweet odours.

At the earliest dawn of morning
To the valley we descended,
And whilst friend Lascaro follow'd
On the traces of the bear,

I the time to kill attempted
With my thoughts, and yet this thinking
Made me at the last quite weary,
And a little mournful even.

Weary, then, and mournful sank I
On the soft moss-bank beside me.
Under yonder mighty ash-tree,
Where the little streamlet flow'd,

Which, with its mysterious plashing
So mysteriously befool'd me,
That all thoughts and power of thinking
From my spirit pass'd away.

And a raging yearning seized me
For a dream, for death, for madness,
For that woman-rider, whom I
In the spirit-march had seen.

O ye lovely nightly faces,
Scared away by beams of morning,
Tell me, whither have ye fled?
Tell me, where ye dwell at daytime?

Under olden temples' ruins,
Far away in the Romagna
(So 'tis said) Diana refuge
Seeks by day from Christ's dominion.

Only in the midnight darkness
From her hiding place she ventures,
And rejoices in the chase
With her heathenish companions.

And the beautiful fay Abundance
Of the Nazarenes is fearful,
And throughout the day she lingers
Safe within her Avalun.

This fair island lies deep-hidden
Far off, in the silent ocean
Of romance, that none can reach save
On the fabled horse's pinions.

Never there casts care its anchor,
Never there appears a steamer,
Full of wonder-seeking blockheads,
With tobacco-pipes in mouth.

Never reaches there the languid
Sound of bells, so dull and tedious, —

That incessant bim-bom clatter
Which the fairies so detest.

There, in never-troubled pleasure,
And in youth eternal blooming,
Still resides the joyous lady,
Our blond dame, the fay Abunde.

Laughingly her walks there takes she
Under lofty heliotropes,
With her talking train beside her,
World-departed Paladins.

Well, and thou, Herodias, prythee
Say where art thou? Ah, I know it,
Thou art dead, and liest buried
By the town Jerusalem!

Stiffly sleeps by day thy body,
In its marble coffin prison'd;
Yet the cracking whips and halloing
Waken thee at midnight's hour,

And the wild array thou followest
With Diana and Abunde,
With thy merry hunting comrades,
Who hold cross and pain detested.

O what sweet society!
Could I hunt with you by night-time
Through the forests! By thy side
Always would I ride, Herodias!

For 'tis thee I love the dearest!
More than yonder Grecian goddess,
More than yonder Northern fairy,
Love I thee, thou Jewess dead!

Yes, I love thee! Well I know it
By the trembling of my spirit;
Love thou me, and be my darling,
Sweet Herodias, beauteous woman.

I'm the very knight thou wantest!
Little truly it concerns me
That thou'rt dead and damn'd already,
For I'm free from prejudices.

My own happiness 'tis only
That concerns me, and at times I
Feel inclined to doubt if truly
To the living I belong!

Take me as thy knight, I pray thee,
As thy Cavalier servente,
And thy mantle will I carry
And e'en all thy whims put up with.

Every night I'll ride beside thee,
With the army wild careering;
Merrily we'll talk and laugh then
At my frenzied conversation.

Thus the time I'll shorten for thee
In the night; but yet by day-time
All our joy will fly, and weeping
On that grave I'll take my seat.

Yes, I'll sit by day-time weeping
On the regal vault's sad ruins,
On the grave of thee, my loved one,
By the town Jerusalem.

Aged Jews, who chance to pass me,
Then will surely think I'm sorrowing

For the temple's desolation,
And the town Jerusalem.

CAPUT XXI.

Argonauts without a ship,
Who on foot the mountain visit,
And instead of golden fleeces
Aim at nothing but a bear's skin, —

We're, alas! poor devils only,
Heroes of a modern fashion,
And no classic poet ever
Will in song immortalize us.

Yet we notwithstanding suffer'd
Serious hardships! O what rain
Fell upon us on the summit,
Where no tree or hackney-coach was!

Fierce the storm, its bonds were broken,
And in buckets it descended;
Jason surely was at Colchis
Never drench'd in such a show'r-bath!

“An umbrella! Gladly would I
“Give you six-and-thirty kings³³
“For the loan of one umbrella!”
“Cried I, — and the water dripp'd still.

Fagg'd to death, and out of temper,
We return'd, like half-drown'd puppies
Late at night, as best we could,
To the witch's lofty cottage.

There beside the glowing fire-place
Sat Uraca, busy combing
Her great fat and ugly pug-dog;
Quickly she dismiss'd the latter,

To attend to us instead,
And my bed she soon got ready,
Loosening first my espadillas,
That uncomfortable foot-gear —

Help'd me to undress, my stockings
Pulling off; I found them sticking
To my legs, as close and faithful
As the friendship of a blockhead.

“Quick! a dressing-gown! I'd give you
“Six-and-thirty kings for only
“One dry dressing-gown!” exclaim'd I,
As my wet shirt steam'd upon me.

Freezing and with chattering teeth, I
Stood awhile upon the hearth;
By the fire then driven senseless
On the straw at length I sank.

But I slept not. Blinking look'd I
On the witch, who by the chimney
Sat, and held the head and shoulders
Of her son upon her lap,

Helping to undress him. Near her
Stood upright her ugly pug-dog,
And he in his front paw managed
Cleverly to hold a pot.

From the pot Uraca took some
Reddish fat, and with it rubb'd the
Ribs and bosom of her son,
Rubbing hastily, with trembling.

And while rubbing him and salving,
She a cradle-song was humming

Through her nose, whilst strangely crackled
On the hearth the ruddy flames.

Like a corpse, all yellow, bony,
On his mother's lap the son lay,
Sorrowful as death, wide open
Stared his hollow, pallid eyes.

Is he truly but a dead man
Who each night by love maternal
Hath a life enchanted giv'n him
By the aid of strongest witch-salve?

Wondrous the half-sleep of fever,
Where the leaden limbs feel weary
As though fetter'd, and the senses
O'er-excited, wide awake!

How the herb-smell in the chamber
Troubled me! With painful effort
Thought I where I had already
Smelt the same, but vain my thoughts were.

How the wind a-down the chimney
Gave me pain! Like sighs it sounded
Of dejected dried-up spirits, —
Like the sound of well-known voices.

Most of all was I tormented
By the stuff'd birds, which were standing
On a shelf above my head,
Near the place where I was lying.

They their wings were slowly flapping
And with awful motion, bending
Downward tow'rd me, forward pushing
Their long beaks, like human noses.

Ah! where have I seen already
Noses such as these? At Hamburg,
Or at Frankfort, in the Jews' street?
Sad the glimmering recollection!

I at last was overpower'd
Quite by sleep, and in the place of
Wakeful, terrible phantasmas,
Came a healthful, steady dream.

And I dreamt that this poor cottage
Suddenly became a ball-room
Which by columns was supported,
And by candelabra lighted.

Some invisible musicians
Play'd from out Robert-le-Diable
That fine crazy dance of nuns;
All alone I walk'd about there.

But at length the doors were open'd,
Open'd wide and then advanced
With a step both slow and stately
Guests of wonderful appearance.

They were solely bears and spirits!
Walking bolt upright, each bear
Led a spirit as his partner,
In a snow-white grave-cloth hidden.

In this manner pair'd, began they
Waltzing up and down with vigour
In the hall. The sight was curious,
Laughable, but also fearful!

For the awkward bears soon found it
Difficult to keep in step

With the white and airy figures,
Who whirl'd round with easy motion.

But those poor unhappy creatures
Were inexorably driven,
And their snorting overpower'd
E'en the' orchestral double bass.

Oftentimes one couple jostled
'Gainst another, and the bear
Gave the spirit that had push'd him
Some hard kicks on his hind quarters.

Often in the dance's bustle
Would a bear tear off the shroud
From the head of his companion,
And a death's head was disclosed then.

But at length with joyous uproar
Crash'd the trumpets and the cymbals,
And the kettle-drums loud thunder'd,
And there came the gallopade.

To the end of this I dreamt not, —
For a stupid clumsy bear
Trode upon my corns, and made me
Cry aloud, and so awoke me.

CAPUT XXII.

Phœbus in his sunny droschka
Lash'd his flaming horses onwards,
And had half his course already
Through the spacious heavens completed,

Whilst I still in slumber lay,
And of bears and spirits, strangely
Intertwining with each other
In quaint arabesque, was dreaming.

Midday 'twas ere I awaken'd,
And I found myself alone;
Both my hostess and Lascaro
For the chase had started early.

In the hut the pug-dog only
Still remain'd. Beside the hearth he
Stood upright before the kettle,
While his paws a spoon were holding.

Admirably had they taught him
Whensoever the broth boil'd over
Hastily to stir it round,
And to skim away the bubbles.

But am I myself bewitch'd?
Or still blazes there the fever
In my head? I scarce can credit
My own ears — the pug-dog's talking!

Yes, he's talking, and his accent
Gentle is and Swabian; dreaming,
As though buried in deep thought,
Speaks he in the foll'wing fashion:

“Poor unhappy Swabian poet!
“In a foreign land I sadly
“Languish, as a dog enchanted,
“And a witch’s kettle watch!

“What a shameful sin is witchcraft!
“O how sad, how deeply tragic
“Is my fate, — with human feelings
“Underneath a dog’s exterior!

“Would that I at home had tarried
“With my trusty school companions!
“They’re at any rate no wizards, —
“Ne’er bewitch’d a single being!

“Would that I at home had tarried
“With Charles Mayer, with the fragrant
“Wallflow’rs of my native country,
“With its pudding-broth delicious!

“I’m half dead now with nostalgia —
“Would that I could see the smoke
“Rising from the chimneys where they
“Vermicelli cook at Stukkert!”

When I heard this, deep emotion
Came across me; quickly sprang I
From the couch, approach’d the fireplace,
And address’d him with compassion:

“Noble bard, say how it happens
“That thou’rt in this witch’s cottage?
“Tell me wherefore have they changed thee
“Cruelly into a pug-dog?”

But with joy exclaim’d the other:
“Then thou’rt really not a Frenchman,

“But a German, understanding
“All my silent monologue?

“Ah, dear countryman! how sad that
“Counc’lor-of-legation Kölle,
“When we o’er our pipes and glasses
“Held discussions in the beershop,

“Always harp’d upon the thesis
“That by travelling alone we
“Could obtain that polish, which he
“Had from foreign lands imported!

“So, that I might wipe away all
“That raw crust which stuck upon me,
“And like Kölle might acquire
“Elegant and polish’d manners,

“From my country I departed,
“And while thus the grand tour making,
“Came I to the Pyrenees,
“To the cottage of Uraca.

“I an introduction brought her
“From Justinus Kerner³⁴, never
“Thinking that this so-called friend
“Was in wicked league with witches.

“Kindly welcomed me Uraca,
“Yet, to my alarm, her friendship
“Kept on growing, till converted
“At the last to sensual passion.

“Yes, immodesty still flicker’d
“Wildly in the wither’d bosom
“Of this wretched, worthless woman,
“And she now must needs seduce me!

“Yet implored I: ‘Ah, excuse me,
“‘Worthy madam! I’m no friv’lous
“‘Goethe’s pupil, but belong
“‘To the poet-school of Swabia.

“‘Modesty’s the muse we worship,
“‘And the drawers she wears are made of
“‘Thickest leather — Ah, good madam,
“‘Do not violate my virtue!

“‘Other poets boast of genius,
“‘Others fancy, others passion,
“‘But the pride of Swabian poets
“‘Is especially their virtue.

“‘That’s the only wealth we boast of!
“‘Do not rob me of the modest
“‘And religious simple garment
“‘Which my nakedness doth cover!’

“Thus I spoke, and yet the woman
“Smiled ironically; smiling
“She a switch of mistletoe
“Took, and then my head touch’d with it.

“Thereupon I felt a chilly
“Strange sensation, like a goose-skin
“Being o’er my members drawn;
“Yet in truth a goose-skin ’twas not —

“On the contrary, a dog-skin
“Was it rather; since that fearful
“Moment have I been converted
“As thou see’st me, to a pug-dog!”

Poor young fellow! Through his sobbing
Not a word more could he utter;

And he wept with so much fervour,
That in tears wellnigh dissolved he.

“Listen now,” I said with pity:
“Can I possibly relieve you
“Of your dog-skin, and restore you
“To humanity and verses?”

But the other raised his paws up
In the air disconsolately
And despairingly; at length he
Spake with sighing and with groaning:

“Till the Judgment Day, alas! I
“In this dog-skin must be prison’d,
“If I’m freed not from enchantment
“By a virgin’s self-devotion.

“Yes, a pure unsullied virgin,
“Who ne’er touch’d a human being,
“And the following condition
“Truly keeps, alone can free me.

“This unsullied virgin must,
“In the night of Saint Sylvester,
“Read Gustavus Pfizer’s³⁵ poems,
“And not go to sleep one moment!

“If she keeps awake while reading,
“And her modest eye ne’er closes, —
“Then shall I be disenchanted,
“Be a man, — yes, be undogg’d!”

“In that case, good friend,” replied I,
“I at any rate can never
“Undertake to disenchant you,
“For I’m no unsullied virgin;

“And still less should I be able
“To fulfil the task of reading
“All Gustavus Pfizer’s poems,
“And not fall asleep instantly!”

CAPUT XXIII.

From the witch's entertainment
To the valley we descended,
And our footsteps to the region
Of the Positive return'd.

Hence, ye spirits! Nightly spectres!
Airy figures! Fev'rish visions!
We find rational employment
Once again with Atta Troll.

In the cavern, by his young ones,
Lies the old bear, soundly sleeping,
With the snore of conscious virtue,
And at length he wakes with gaping.

Near him squats young Master One-ear
And his head he's gently scratching.
Like a bard whose rhyme is wanting,
And upon his paws he's scanning.

Likewise by their father's side
On their backs are dreaming lying
Innocent four-footed lilies,
Atta Troll's belovèd daughters.

Say, what tender thoughts are pining
In the softly blooming spirits
Of these snowy young bear-virgins?
Moist with tears their eyes are glist'ning.

Most of all appears the youngest
Deeply moved. Within her bosom
She a blissful twinge is feeling,
And to Cupid's might succumbs she.

Yes, that little god's sharp arrow
Through her thick skin penetrated
When she saw Him — O, good heavens
Him she loves, a living man is!

Is a man, yclept Schnapphahnski; —
Whilst before his foes retreating
He arrived by chance one morning
At the mountain in his flight.

Woes of heroes touch all women,
And within our hero's features
Were depicted want of money,
Pale distress and gloomy sorrow.

All his military chest,
Two-and-twenty silver groschen,
Which he had when Spain he enter'd,
Was the prey of Espartero.

E'en his watch was not preserved him,
But remain'd at Pampeluna
In a pawn-shop. 'Twas an heirloom,
Costly and of genuine silver.

And with long legs swiftly ran he,
But unconsciously whilst running
Won he something that's far better
Than the best of fights, — a heart!

Yes, she loves him, him, the archfoe!
O thou most unhappy bearess!
If thy father knew the secret,
He would growl in frightful fashion.

As the aged Odoardo³⁶
Stabb'd Emilia Galotti

In his pride of citizenship,
So would also Atta Troll

Sooner have destroy'd his daughter,
Yes, with his own paws destroy'd her
Than permitted her to tumble
In the arms of any monarch

Yet he at this very moment
Is of tender disposition,
With no wish to crush a rosebud
Ere the hurricane has stripp'd it.³⁷

Tenderly lies Atta Troll
In the cavern, by his young ones.
O'er him creep, like death's forebodings,
Mournful yearnings for the future.

"Children," sigh'd he, as his great eyes
"Suddenly 'gan dripping, "children,
"All my earthly pilgrimage
"Is accomplish'd, we must part now.

"For to-day at noon whilst sleeping
"Came a vision full of meaning,
"And my soul enjoy'd the blissful
"Foretaste of an early death.

"Now, I'm far from superstitious,
"I'm no giddy bear, — yet are there
"Certain things 'twixt earth and heaven
"Unaccountable to thinkers.

"Over world and fate whilst poring,
"Fell I fast asleep, with yawning,
"And I dreamt that I was lying
"Underneath a mighty tree.

“From the branches of this tree there
“Trickled down some whitish honey,
“Gliding in my open muzzle,
“And I felt a sweet enjoyment.

“As I blissfully peer’d upwards,
“Saw I on the very tree-top
“Seven tiny little bears
“Sliding up and down the branches.

“Tender, pretty little creatures,
“With a skin of rose-red colour,
“While, like silk, from their dear shoulders
“Hung a something, like two pinions.

“Yes, those rose-red little bears
“Were adorn’d with silken pinions,
“And with sweet celestial voices,
“Sounding like a flute’s notes, sang they!

“As they sang, my skin turn’d ice-cold,
“And from out my skin there mounted,
“Like a soaring flame, my spirit,
“Radiantly to heaven ascending.” —

Thus spake Atta Troll in quivering
Tender grunting tones; a moment
Paused he, full of melancholy —
But his ears with sudden impulse

Prick’d he up, and strangely shook they,
Whilst from off his couch upsprang he,
Trembling, bellowing with rapture:
“Do ye hear that sound, my children?

“Is it not the darling accents
“Of your mother? O, well know I,

“’Tis the roaring of my Mumma!
“Mumma! Yes, my swarthy Mumma!”

Atta Troll, these words pronouncing,
Hasten’d, like a crazy being,
From the cavern to destruction!
Ah, he rush’d to meet his doom!

CAPUT XXI

In the vale of Ronceval
On the very spot where whilome
Charlemagne's unhappy nephew
To the foe his life surrender'd,

There, too, fell poor Atta Troll,
And he fell by cunning, like him
Whom the base equestrian Judas,
Ganelon of Mainz, betrayed.

Ah! that noblest bear's-emotion,
Namely his uxorious feelings,
Was a snare which old Uraca
Cunningly avail'd herself of.

She the growl of swarthy Mumma
Copied with such great perfection,
That poor Atta Troll was tempted
Out of his secure bear's-cavern.

On the wings of yearning ran he
Through the vale, — oft stood he, gently
Snuffing at a rock in silence,
Thinking Mumma was conceal'd there.

Ah! conceal'd there was Lascaro
With his musket, and he shot him
Through the middle of his heart, whence
Gush'd a ruddy stream of blood.

Once or twice his head he waggled,
But at last with heavy groaning
Fell he down, and wildly gasp'd he,
And his latest sigh was— "Mumma."

Thus the noble hero fell;
Thus he died. And yet immortal
Will he in the poet's numbers
After death arise in glory.

Yes, he'll rise again in numbers,
And his glory, grown colossal,
On four-footed solemn trochees
O'er the face of earth stride proudly.

And his tomb Bavaria's monarch
Will erect in the Walhalla,
Writing on it this inscription,
In true lapidary style:

“Atta Troll; a bear of impulse;
“Devotee; a loving husband;
“Full of sans-culottic notions,
“Thanks to the prevailing fashion.

“Wretched dancer; strong opinions
“Bearing in his shaggy bosom;
“Often stinking very badly;
“Talentless; a character!”

CAPUT XXV.

Three-and-thirty aged women,
Wearing on their heads the scarlet
Old Biscayan caps we read of,
Stood around the village entrance.

One, like Deborah, amongst them
Beat the tambourine, and danced too,
And she sang a song of triumph
O'er Lascaro, the bear-slayer.

Four strong men upon their shoulders
Bore the vanquish'd bear in triumph;
Upright sat he on the seat,
Like a sickly bathing patient.

And behind, as if related
To the dead bear, went Lascaro
With Uraca; right and left she
Bow'd her thanks, though much embarrass'd.

And the Mayor's Assistant gave them
Quite a speech before the town hall,
When the grand procession got there,
And he spoke on many subjects, —

As, for instance, on the increase
Of the navy, on the press,
On the weighty beetroot question,
On the curse of party spirit.

After fully illustrating
Louis Philippe's special merits,
He proceeded to the bear,
And Lascaro's great achievement.

“Thou, Lascaro!” cried the speaker,
As with his tricolour’d sash he
Wiped the sweat from off his forehead,
“Thou, Lascaro! Thou, Lascaro!

“Thou who bravely hast deliver’d
“France and Spain from Atta Troll,
“Thou’rt the hero of both countries,
“Pyrenean Lafayette!”

When Lascaro in this manner
Heard officially his praises,
In his beard with pleasure laugh’d he,
And quite blush’d with satisfaction,

And in very broken accents,
One word o’er another stumbling,
Gave he utterance to his thanks
For this most exceeding honour!

Every one with deep amazement
Gazed upon this sight unwonted,
And the aged women mutter’d
In alarm, beneath their breath:

“Why, Lascaro has been laughing!
“Why, Lascaro has been blushing!
“Why, Lascaro has been speaking!
“He, the dead son of the witch!” —

Atta Troll that very day was
Flay’d, and then they sold by auction
His poor skin. A furrier bought it
For one hundred francs, hard money.

He most beautifully trimm’d it
With a lovely scarlet border,

And then sold it for just double
What it cost him in the first place.

Juliet then became its owner
At third hand, and in her bedroom
Lies it now in Paris, serving
As a rug beside her bed.

O, with naked feet how often
Have I stood at night upon this
Earthly brown coat of my hero,
On the skin of Atta Troll!

And o'ercome by sad reflections,
Schiller's words I then remember'd:
"What in song shall be immortal
"Must in actual life first die!"³⁸

CAPUT XXVI.

Well, and Mumma? Ah, poor Mumma
Is a woman! Frailty
Is her name! Alas! all women
Are as frail as any porcelain.

When by fate's hand she was parted
From her glorious noble husband,
She by no means died of sorrow,
Nor succumb'd to her affliction.

On the contrary, she gaily
Went on living, went on dancing
As before, with ardour wooing
For the public's daily plaudits.

Finally she found a solid
Situation, and provision
For the whole of life, at Paris
In the famed *Jardin des Plantes*.

When I chanced the other Sunday
With my Juliet to go thither
And expounded Nature to her,
Of the plants and beasts conversing,

Showing the giraffes and cedars
Of Mount Lebanon, the mighty
Dromedary, the gold pheasants,
And the zebra, — as we chatted

It so happen'd that at length we
Stood before the pit's close railing
Where the bears are all collected, —
Gracious heavens, what saw we there!

An enormous desert-bear
From Siberia, white and hairy,
With a lady-bear was playing
A too-tender game of love there.

And the latter was our Mumma!
Was the wife of Atta Troll!
Well I knew her by the tender
Humid glances of her eye.

Yes, 'twas she! the South's black daughter!
She it was, — yes, Madame Mumma
With a Russian is now living,
With a Northern wild barbarian!

With a simp'ring face a negro
Who approach'd us, thus address'd me:
“Is there any sight more pleasing
“Than to see two lovers happy?”

I replied: “Pray tell me whom, Sir,
“I've the honour of addressing?”
But the other cried with wonder:
“Don't you really recollect me?”

“Why, the Moorish prince am I
“Who in Freiligrath was drumming;
“Things in Germany went badly,
“I was far too isolated.

“Here, however, where as keeper
I am station'd, where I'm living
‘Mongst the lions, plants, and tigers
Of my home within the tropics,

“Here I find it much more pleasant
Than your German fairs attending,

Where I day by day was drumming
And was fed so very badly.

“I quite recently was married
To a fair cook from Alsatia;
When within her arms reposing
Feel I then at home completely.

“Her dear feet remind me closely
Of our darling elephants;
When she speaks in French, her language
My black mother-tongue resembles.

“Oft she scolds me, and I think then
Of the rattling of that drum
Which had skulls around it hanging;
Snake and lion fled before it.

“Yet with feeling in the moonlight
Weeps she, like a crocodile
Peeping from the tepid river
To enjoy a little coolness.

“And she gives me charming tit-bits,
And I thrive upon them, eating
Once again, as on the Niger,
With old African enjoyment.

“I am getting fat; my belly’s
Grown quite round, and from my shirt it
Is projecting, like a black moon
From the snow-white clouds advancing.”

CAPUT XXVII.

(To Augustus Varnhagen Von Ense.)

“Where in heaven, Master Louis,
Did you pick up all this crazy
Nonsense?” — these the very words were
Which the Card’nal d’Este made use of.

When he read the well-known poem
Of Orlando’s frantic doings,
Which politely Ariosto
To his Eminence inscribed.

Yes, my good old friend Varnhagen,
Yes, I round thy lips see plainly
Hov’ring those exact expressions,
By the same sly smile attended.

Often dost thou laugh whilst reading,
Yet at intervals thy forehead
Solemnly is wrinkled over,
And these thoughts then steal across thee:

“Sounds it not like those young visions
That I dreamt once with Chamisso,
And Brentano and Fouqué,
In the blue and moonlight evenings?³⁹

“Is it not the dear notes rising
From the long-lost forest chapel?
Sound the well-known cap and bells not
Roguishly at intervals?

“In the nightingale’s sweet chorus
Breaks the bear’s deep double-bass,
Dull and growling, interchanging
In its turn with spirit-whispers!

“Nonsense, which pretends to wisdom!
Wisdom, which has turn'd quite crazy!
Dying sighs, which suddenly
Into laughter are converted!” —

Yes, my friend, the sounds indeed 'tis
From the long departed dream-time;
Save that modern quavers often
'Midst the olden keynotes jingle.

Signs of trembling thou'lt discover
Here and there, despite the boasting;
I commend this little poem
To thy well-proved gentleness!

Ah! perchance it is the last free
Forest-song of the Romantic;
In the daytime's wild confusion
Will it sadly die away.

Other times and other birds too!
Other birds and other music!
What a crackling, like the geese's
Who preserved the Capitol!

What a twitt'ring! 'Tis the sparrows,
While their claws hold farthing rushlights;
Yet they're strutting like Jove's eagle
With the mighty thunderbolt!

What a cooing! Turtledoves 'tis;
Sick of love, they now are hating,
And henceforward, 'stead of Venus,
Draw the chariot of Bellona!

What a humming, world-convulsing!
'Tis in fact the big cock-chafers

Of the springtime of the people,
Smitten with a sudden frenzy!

Other times and other birds too!
Other birds and other music!
They perchance could give me pleasure
Had I only other ears!

GERMANY.⁴⁰

A WINTER TALE.

CAPUT I.

In the mournful month of November 'twas,
The winter days had returnèd,
The wind from the trees the foliage tore,
When I tow'rds Germany journied.

And when at length to the frontier I came
I felt a mightier throbbing
Within my breast, tears fill'd my eyes,
And I wellnigh broke into sobbing.

And when I the German language heard,
Strange feelings each other succeeding,
I felt precisely as though my heart
Right pleasantly were bleeding.

A little maiden sang to the harp;
Real feeling her song was conveying,
Though false was her voice, and yet I felt
Deep moved at hearing her playing.

She sang of love, and she sang of love's woes,
Of sacrifices, and meeting
Again on high, in yon better world
Where vanish our sorrows so fleeting.

She sang of this earthly valley of tears,
Of joys which so soon have vanish'd,
Of yonder, where revels the glorified soul
In eternal bliss, grief being banish'd.

The song of renunciation she sang,
The heavenly eiapopeia,
Wherewith the people, the booby throng,
Are hush'd when they soothing require.

I know the tune, and I know the text,
I know the people who wrote it;
I know that in secret they drink but wine,
And in public a wickedness vote it.

A song, friends, that's new, and a better one, too,
Shall be now for your benefit given!
Our object is, that here on earth
We may mount to the realms of heaven.

On earth we fain would happy be,
Nor starve for the sake of the stronger;
The idle stomach shall gorge itself
With the fruit of hard labour no longer.

Bread grows on the earth for every one,
Enough, and e'en in redundance,
And roses and myrtles, beauty and joy,
And sugarplums too in abundance.

Yes, sugarplums for every one,
As soon as the plums are provided;
To angels and sparrows we're quite content
That heaven should be confided.

If after death our pinions should grow,
We'll pay you a visit auspicious
In regions above, and with you we'll eat
Sweet tarts and cakes delicious.

A song that's new, and a better one, too,
Resounds like fiddle and flute now;
The Miserere's at last at an end,
The funeral bells are mute now.

The maiden Europe has been betroth'd
To the handsome Genius Freedom;

They clasp and kiss each other with warmth,
As their newborn passions lead 'em.

The priestly blessing may absent be,
But the wedding is still a wedding;
So here's long life to the bridegroom and bride,
And the future fruit of their bedding!

An epithalamium is my song,
My latest and best creation;
Within my soul are shooting the stars
That proclaim its inauguration.

Those stars inspired blaze wildly on
In torrents of flame, and with wonder
I feel myself full of unearthly strength,
I could rend e'en oaks asunder!

Since I on Germany's ground have trod,
I'm pervaded by magical juices;
The giant has touch'd his mother once more,
And the contact new vigour produces.

CAPUT II.

Whilst heavenly joys were warbled thus
And sung by the little maiden,
The Prussian douaniers search'd my trunk,
As soon as the coach was unladen.

They poked their noses in every thing,
Each handkerchief, shirt, and stocking;
They sought for jewels, prohibited books,
And lace, with a rudeness quite shocking.

Ye fools, so closely to search my trunk!
Ye will find in it really nothing;
My contraband goods I carry about
In my head, not hid in my clothing.

Point lace is there, that's finer far
Than Brussels or Mechlin laces;
If once I unpack my point, 'twill prick
And cruelly scratch your faces.

In my head I carry my jewelry all,
The Future's crown-diamonds splendid,
The new god's temple-ornaments rich,
The god as yet not comprehended.

And many books also you'd see in my head,
If the top were only off it!
My head is a twittering bird's nest, full
Of books that they gladly would forfeit.

Believe me that matters are no worse off
In the library e'en of the devil;
E'en Hoffmann of Fallersleben⁴¹ ne'er wrote
Any works that were half so evil.

A passenger who stood by my side
Remark'd that we now had before us
The famous Prussian Zollverein,
The customhouses' vast chorus.

"The Zollverein" — thus he observed, —
"Will found our nationality,
"And join our scatter'd fatherland
"In bonds of cordiality.

"Twill give us external unity, —
"That kind that's material and real:
"The censorship gives us the other kind,
"That's ghostly and ideal.

"It gives us internal unity,
"In thought as well as in feelings;
"A united Germany need we to rule
"Our outward and inward dealings."

CAPUT III.

In the old cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle
Lie buried great Charlemagne's ashes;
(Not the living Charles Mayer in Swabia born,
Who the writer of so much trash is!)

As the smallest of poets I'd sooner live
At Stukkert, by Neckar's fair river,
Than be buried as Emp'ror at Aix-la-Chapelle,
And so be extinguish'd for ever.

In the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle the dogs
Are ennui'd, and humbly implore us:
"O stranger, prythee give us a kick,
And to life for a time thus restore us."

I saunter'd along in this tedious place
For an hour, with great perseverance,
And saw that the Prussian soldiery
Are not the least changed in appearance.

The high red collar still they wear,
With the same grey mantle below it —
(The Red betokens the blood of the French,
Sang Körner the youthful poet).

They are still the wooden pedantic race,
In every motion displaying
The same right angle, and every face
A frigid conceit still betraying.

They walk about stiffly, as though upon stilts,
Stuck up as straight as a needle,
Appearing as if they had swallow'd the stick
Once used as the best means to wheedle.

Yes, ne'er has entirely vanish'd the rod,
They carry it now inside them;
Familiar *Du* will recall the old *Er*
Wherein they were wont to pride them.

The long mustachio nothing more
Than the pigtail of old discloses
The tail that formerly hung behind
Is hanging right under their noses.

I was not displeased with the new costume
Of the cavalry, I must confess it;
And chiefly the headpiece, the helmet in fact
With the steel point above it, to dress it.

It seems so knightly, and takes one back
To the sweet romance of past ages,
To the Countess Johanna of Mountfaucon,
Tieck, Uhland, Fouqué, and such sages.

The middle ages it calls to mind,
With their squires and noble inferiors,
Who in their bosoms fidelity bore,
And escutcheons upon their posteriors.

Crusades and tourneys it brings back too,
And love, and respect at a distance,
And times of faith, ere printing was known,
When newspapers had no existence.

Yes, yes, I admire the helmet, it shows
An intellect truly enchanting!
Right royal indeed the invention was,
The *point* is really not wanting!

If a storm should arise, a peak like this
(The thought is terribly fright'ning)

On your romantic head might attract
The heavens' most modern lightning!

At Aix-la-Chapelle, on the posthouse arms,
I saw the bird detested
Yet once again. With poisonous glare
His eyes upon me rested.

Detestable bird! If e'er thou should'st fall
In my hands, thou creature perfidious,
I would tear thy feathers from off thy back,
And hack off thy talons so hideous!

And then I would stick thee high up on a pole
In the air, thou wicked freebooter,
And then to the joyful shooting match
Invite each Rhenish sharpshooter.

As for him who succeeds in shooting thee down,
The crown and sceptre shall proudly
Reward the worthy; the trumpets we'll blow,
"Long life to the king," shouting loudly.⁴²

CAPUT IV.

'Twas late at night when I reach'd Cologne,
The Rhine was past me rushing,
The air of Germany on me breath'd,
And I felt its influence gushing

Upon my appetite. I ate
Some omelets, together with bacon;
And as they were salt, some Rhenish wine
Was by me also taken.

The Rhenish wine gleams like very gold,
When quaff'd from out a green rummer;
If thou drink'st a few pints in excess, 'twill give
Thy nose the colour of summer.

So sweet a tickling attacks the nose,
One's sensations grow fonder and fonder;
It drove me out in the darkening night,
Through the echoing streets to wander.

The houses of stone upon me gazed,
As if wishing to tell me the mysteries
And legends of times that have long gone by, —
The town of Cologne's old histories.

Yes, here it was that the clergy of yore
Dragg'd on their pious existence;
Here ruled the dark men, whose story's preserved
By Ulrich von Hutten's⁴³ assistance.

'Twas here that the nuns and monks once danced
In mediæval gyrations,
Here Cologne's own Menzel, Hoogstraaten⁴⁴ by name,
Wrote his bitter denunciations.

'Twas here that the flames of the funeral pile
Both books and men once swallow'd;
The bells rang merrily all the while,
And Kyrie Eleison follow'd.

Stupidity here and spitefulness
Like dogs in the street coquetted;
In religious hatred the brood still exists,
Though greatly to be regretted,

But see, where the moonlight yonder gleams,
A form of a monstrous sort is!
As black as the devil it rears its head, —
Cologne Cathedral in short 'tis.

'Twas meant a bastile of the spirit to be,
And the cunning papists bethought them:
“In this prison gigantic shall pine away
German intellects, when we have caught them.”

Then Luther appear'd, and soon by his mouth
A thundering “Halt!” was spoken.
Since then the Cathedral no progress has made
In building, the charm being broken.

It never was finish'd, and this is as well,
For its very non-termination
A monument makes it of German strength
And Protestant reformation.

Ye Cathedral-Society's members vain,
With powerless hands have ye risen
To continue the work that so long has been stopp'd,
And complete the ancient prison.

O foolish delusion! In vain will ye shake
The money-boxes so bootless,

And beg of the Jews and heretics too, —
Your labour is idle and fruitless.

In vain will Liszt on behalf of the fund
Make concerts all the fashion,
And all in vain will a talented king
Declaim with impetuous passion.

Cologne Cathedral will finish'd be ne'er,
Although the Swabian Solons
Have sent a shipload full of stones
To help it, nolens volens.

'Twill ne'er be completed, despite all the cries
Of the ravens and owls without number,
Who, full of antiquarian lore,
In high church-steeples slumber.

Indeed, the time will by-and-by come,
When instead of completing it rightly,
The inner space as a stable will serve
For horses, — a change but unsightly.

“And if the cathedral a stable becomes,
“Pray tell us how they will then tackle
“The three holy kings who rest there now,
“Within the tabernacle?”

Thus ask they. But why should we, in these days,
Stand up as their supporters?
The three holy kings from the Eastern land
Must find some other quarters.

Take my advice, and place them all
In those three iron cages
That high upon St. Lambert's tower
At Münster have hung for ages.

If one of the three should missing be,
Select in his stead some other;
Replace the king of the Eastern land
By some regal Western brother.⁴⁵

The king of the tailors⁴⁶ sat therein
With his two advisers by him;
But we will employ the cages now
For monarchs who greatly outvie him.

On the right Balthasar shall have his place,
On the left shall be Melchior's station,
In the midst shall be Gaspar. I know not what
When alive, was their right situation.

The Holy Alliance from out of the East,
Now canonised so duly,
Perchance has not always its mission fulfill'd
Quite properly and truly.

Balthasar perchance and Melchior too
Were men of but weak resolution,
Who promised, when sorely press'd from without,
Their kingdom a constitution,

And afterwards broke their word. — Perchance
King Gaspar, who reign'd o'er the Moormen,
Rewarded with black ingratitude
His foolish fond subjects, the poor men!

CAPUT V.

And when I came to the bridge o'er the Rhine,
Where the bastion its corner advances,
There saw I Father Rhine flowing on
In the silent moonbeam's glances.

“All hail to thee, good Father Rhine,
Now that I'm home returning!
Full often have I on thee thought,
With longing and deep yearning.”

Thus spake I, and heard in the waters deep
A voice at once strange and moaning,
Like the wheezing cough of an aged man,
With grumbling and feeble groaning:

“Thou'rt welcome, and as thou rememberest me,
I see thee, good youth, again gladly;
'Tis thirteen long years since I saw thee last,
My affairs have meanwhile gone badly.

“At Biberich many a stone I've gulp'd down,
“My digestion in consequence worse is;
“Yet heavier far on my stomach, alas,
“Lie Nicholas Becker's⁴⁷ verses!

“My praises he chants, as though I were now
“The purest and best-behaved maiden,
“Who never allow'd any mortal to steal
“The crown with her purity laden.

“Whenever I hear the stupid song,
“I could tear my beard in a passion,
“And feel inclined to drown myself
“In myself, in a curious fashion!

“That I am a virgin pure no more
“The French know better than any;
“For they with my waters have mingled oft
“Their floods of victory many.

“The stupid song and the stupid man!
“Indeed he has treated me badly;
“To a certain extent he has compromised me
“In matters political sadly.

“For if the French should ever come back,
“I must blush at their reappearance,
“Though I’ve pray’d with tears for their return
“To heaven with perseverance.

“I always have loved full well the French,
“So tiny yet full of sinew;
“Still wear they white breeches as formerly?
“Does their singing and springing continue?

“Right glad should I be to see them again,
“And yet I’m afraid to be twitted
“On account of the words of that cursèd song;
“And the sneers of its author half-witted!

“That Alfred de Musset⁴⁸, that lad upon town,
“Perchance will come as their drummer,
“And march at their head, and his wretched wit
“Play off on me all through the summer.”

Poor Father Rhine thus made his complaints,
And discontentedly splutter’d. —
In order to raise his sinking heart,
These comforting words I utter’d:

“O do not dread, good Father Rhine,
“The laugh of a Frenchman, which is

“Worth little, for he is no longer the same,
“And they also have alter’d their breeches.

“Their breeches are red, and no longer are white,
“They also have alter’d the button;
“No longer they sing and no longer they spring,
“But hang their heads like dead mutton.

“They now are philosophers all, and quote
“Hegel, Fichte, Kant, over their victuals;
“Tobacco they smoke, and beer they drink,
“And many play also at skittles.

“They’re all, like us Germans, becoming mere snobs,
“But carry it even farther;
“No longer they follow in Voltaire’s steps,
“But believe in Hengstenberg⁴⁹ rather.

“As for Alfred de Musset, indeed it is true
“That he still to abuse gives a handle;
“But be not afraid, and we’ll soon chain down
“His tongue so devoted to scandal.

“And if he should play off his wretched wit,
“We’ll punish him most severely,
“Proclaiming aloud the adventures he meets
“With the women he loves most dearly.

“Then be contented, good Father Rhine,
“Bad songs treat only with laughter;
“A better song ere long thou shalt hear, —
“Farewell, we shall meet hereafter.”

CAPUT VI.

On Paganini used always to wait
A Spiritus Familiaris,
Ofttimes as a dog, ofttimes in the shape
Of the late lamented George Harris.

Napoleon, before each important event,
Saw a man in red, as they mention,
And Socrates he had his Dæmon too,
No fanciful mere invention.

E'en I, when I sat at my table to write,
When the darkness of night had entwined me,
Have sometimes seen a muffled form,
Mysteriously standing behind me.

Hid under his mantle, a Something he held,
And when the light happen'd to catch it,
It strangely gleam'd, and methought 'twas an axe,
An executioner's hatchet.

His stature appear'd to be under the mean,
His eyes like very stars glisten'd;
He never disturb'd me as I wrote,
But quietly stood there, and listen'd.

For many a year I had ceased to see
This very singular fellow,
But found him here suddenly at Cologne,
In the moonlight silent and mellow.

I saunter'd thoughtfully through the streets,
And saw him behind me stalking,
Just like my shadow, and when I stood still,
He also left off walking.

He stood, as if he were waiting for me,
And when I onward hurried,
He follow'd again, and thus I reach'd
The Cathedral yard, quite flurried.

I could not bear it, so turn'd sharp round,
And said: "I insist on an answer;
"Why follow me thus in the silent night,
"And lead me this wandering dance, Sir?

"I come across thee just at the time
"When world-wide feelings are dashing
"Across my breast, and through my brain
"The spirit-lightnings are flashing.

"Thou gazest upon me so fixedly —
"Now answer me, what is there hidden
"Beneath thy mantle that secretly gleams?
"Thy business say, when thou'rt bidden."

"The other replied in a somewhat dry tone,
"If not a little phlegmatic:
"I pray thee, exorcise me not,
"And be not quite so emphatic!

"No ghost am I from the days gone by,
"No grave-arisen spectre;
"I have no affection for rhetoric,
"I'm no philosophic projector.

"I am of a practical nature in fact,
"And of silent resolution;
"But know, that whatever thy spirit conceives,
"I put into execution.

"And even when years have pass'd away,
"I rest not, nor suffer distraction,

“Till I’ve changed to reality all thy thoughts;
“Thine’s the thinking, and mine is the action.

“The judge art thou, and the jailer am I,
“And, like a servant obedient,
“The judgments execute pleasing to thee,
“Whether right or inexpedient.

“Before the Consul they carried an axe
“In Rome of old, let me remind thee
“And thou hast also thy lictor, but he
“Now carries the axe behind thee.

“Thy lictor am I, and follow behind,
“And carry in all its splendour
“The polish’d executioner’s axe —
“I’m the deed which thy thoughts engender.”

CAPUT VII.

I homeward went, and as soundly I slept
As if by the angels tended;
In German beds one cosily rests,
For they are all featherbeds splendid.

How often I've yearn'd for the sweet repose
Of my own native country's pillows,
While I lay on hard mattresses, sleepless all night,
In my exile far over the billows!

One sleeps so well, and one dreams so well
In our featherbeds delicious;
The German spirit here feels itself free
From all earth's fetters pernicious.

It feels itself free, and upward soars
To the highest regions Elysian;
O German Spirit, how proud is the flight
Thou takest in nightly vision!

The gods turn pale, when thou drawest nigh;
When soaring tow'rds heaven's dominions,
Thou hast snuff'd out the light of many a star,
With the strokes of thine eager pinions.

The land belongs to the Russians and French,
In the British the ocean is vested,
But we in dream's airy regions possess
The mastery uncontested.

The art of ruling practise we here,
And here we are never dissever'd,
While other nations on earth's flat face
To develop themselves have endeavour'd. —

And as I slumber'd, methought in my dream
I was once more sauntering slowly
In the moonlight clear through the echoing streets
Of Cologne's ancient city so holy.

Behind me once again my black
And mask'd attendant speeded;
I felt so weary, my knees wellnigh broke,
Yet on, still on, we proceeded.

We onward went. My heart in my breast
Gaped open, and parted in sunder,
And the red drops glided out of the wound
In my heart, — a sight of wonder.

I oftentimes dipp'd my finger therein,
And often the fancy came o'er me
To streak with the blood, as I onward pass'd,
Each doorpost lying before me.

And every time that I mark'd a house
In this very peculiar fashion,
A funeral bell was heard in a tone
Of mournful and soft compassion.

But now in the heavens the moon grew pale,
And darkness came over me thickly,
And over her face, like horses black,
The stormy clouds sped quickly.

And still behind me onward went
My dark companion ever,
His hidden axe grasping, — on, still on,
And pausing and resting never.

We went and went, till we reach'd at length
The Cathedral precincts' centre;

The doors of the church wide open stood,
And straightway did we enter.

Within its capacious expanse but death
And night and silence hover'd,
While here and there a glimmering lamp
The darkness plainly discover'd.

I wander'd long the pillars among,
And heard the footsteps only
Of my attendant, who follow'd me still
E'en here in the silence lonely.

At length we came to a certain place,
With gold and jewels quite glorious,
And illumed by the tapers' sparkling light, —
'Twas the three kings' chapel notorious.

But the three holy kings, who were wont to lie
Quite still, and in order befitting —
O sight of wonder! — were now upright
Upon their sarcophagi sitting.

Three skeletons, deck'd in fantastic array,
With crowns on their skulls dry and yellow,
And each one held in his bony hand
A sceptre, beside his fellow.

Like dancing puppets they moved about
Their bones which so long had perish'd;
They smelt of mould, and they also smelt
Of incense fragrant and cherish'd.

One 'mongst the number soon moved his mouth,
And utter'd a lengthy oration,
Explaining the reasons why he claim'd
My respectful salutation.

The first, because he was a corpse,
Because a monarch, the second;
Because a saint, the third, — but the whole
Of little account I reckon'd.

I gave him an answer in laughing mood:
“In vain is all thy endeavour!
“I see that thou’rt still in ev’ry respect
“As strange and old-fashion’d as ever!

“Away! away! In the deep grave alone
“Your lengths ye ought to measure!
“Real life will shortly confiscate
“This chapel’s mighty treasure.

“Hereafter the merry cavalry
“Shall make the Cathedral their dwelling;
“If ye will not go gently, then force shall be used,
“With clubs your exit compelling!”

When thus I had spoken, I turn’d me round,
And saw where was glimmering brightly
My silent attendant’s terrible axe,
And he read my meaning rightly.

So he quickly approach’d, and with the axe
Remorselessly he shatter’d
Those skeletons poor of bigotry,
And into atoms scatter’d.

The echoing blows from the vaulted roof
Rang wildly, in countless numbers;
While streams of blood pour’d out from my breast,
And I awoke from my slumbers.

CAPUT VIII.

From Cologne to Hagen it costs to post
Five Prussian dollars, six groschen;
The diligence chanced to be full, so I came
In a chaise, though rough was the motion.

'Twas a late autumn morning, both damp and grey
The coach in the mud groan'd sadly;
Yet despite the bad weather, despite the bad road,
Sweet thoughts pervaded me gladly.

'Tis my own native air, and the glow on my cheek
Could bear no other construction;
The very dirt in the highway itself
Is my fatherland's production!

The horses wagg'd their tails like old friends,
As they went along in a canter;
Their very dung appear'd to me fair
As the apples of Atalanta!

We pass'd through Mühlheim. The people are dull
And busy, the town far from dirty;
I last was there in the merry month
Of May, in the year one and thirty.

All things then stood in blooming attire,
And the sunlight sweetly was blinking;
The birds were singing their yearning song,
While the men were hoping and thinking.

Thus thought they: "The lanky order of knights
"Will depart from amongst us shortly;
"Their farewell draught they shall drink from long flasks
"Of iron, in fashion not courtly!

“And freedom shall come with sport and with dance,
“With the banner, the white-blue-red one;
“Perchance she will fetch from out of the grave
“E’en Bonaparte, even the dead one!”

Alas! the knights remain as before;
More than one of those fools so derided
Who enter’d the country as thin as a lath
Are now with fat bellies provided.

The pallid canaille, who used to look
The pictures of faith, hope, charity,
Have got red noses by tipping our wine
With the utmost regularity.

And Freedom has sprain’d her foot, and has lost
For springing and raving all power;
In Paris itself the tricolour flag
Looks mournfully down from each tower.

The Emperor truly arose again,
Yet the English, fearing a riot,
Converted him into a peaceable man,
And he let them enter him in quiet.

Yes, I myself his funeral saw,
The golden carriage so splendid,
And victory’s golden goddesses,
Who the golden coffin attended.

Along the famous Champs Elysées,
Through the Arc de Triomphe stately,
Across the mist and over the snow
The procession wended sedately.

The music was painful and out of tune,
And frozen was every musician;

The eagles perch'd over the standards look'd down
Upon me in woeful condition.

In ghostly fashion the men all appear'd,
All lost in old recollections, —
The wondrous imperial dream revived,
Awakening olden affections.

I wept on that day. Tears rose in my eyes,
And down my cheeks fast fled,
When I heard the long-vanish'd loving shout
Of "Vive l'Empereur!" repeated.

CAPUT IX.

I left Cologne on my onward road
At a quarter to eight precisely;
We got to Hagen at three o'clock,
And there had our dinners nicely.

The table was cover'd. Here found I all
The old-fashion'd German dishes;
All hail, thou savoury sour-kROUT, hail,
The reward of my utmost wishes!

Stuff'd chestnuts all in green cabbages dress'd!
My food when I was a baby!
All hail, ye native stockfish, ye swim
In the butter as nicely as may be!

One's native country to each fond heart
Grows ever dearer and dearer —
Its eggs and bloaters, when nicely brown'd,
Come home to one's feelings still nearer.

How the sausages sang in the spluttering fat.
The fieldfares, those very delicious
And roasted angels with apple sauce,
All warbled a welcome propitious.

“Thou'rt welcome, countryman,” warbled they,
“Full long hast thou been delaying!
“Full long hast thou with foreign birds
“In foreign lands been straying!”

Upon the table stood also a goose,
A silent, kindhearted being;
Perchance she loved me in younger days,
When our tastes were nearer agreeing.

Full of meaning she eyed me, cordial but sad,
And fond, like the rest of her gender;
She surely possess'd an excellent soul,
But her flesh was by no means tender.

A boar's head they also brought in the room,
On a pewter dish, for me to guzzle;
The *bores* with us are always deck'd out
With laurel leaves round their muzzle.

CAPUT X.

On leaving Hagen the night came on,
And I felt a chilly sensation
Inside. At the inn at Unna I first
Recover'd my animation.

A pretty maiden found I there,
Who pour'd out my punch discreetly;
Like yellow silk were her comely locks,
Her eyes like the moonlight gleam'd sweetly.

Her lisping Westphalian accents I heard
With joy, as she utter'd them clearly;
The punch with sweet recollections smoked,
I thought of my brethren loved dearly;

The dear Westphalians, with whom I oft drank
At Göttingen, while we were able,
Till we sank in emotion on each other's necks,
And also sank under the table.

That loveable, worthy, Westphalian race!
I ever have loved it extremely;
A nation so firm, so faithful, so true,
Ne'er given to boasting unseemly.

How proudly they stand, with their lion-like hearts,
In the noble science of fencing!
Their quarts and their tierces, so honestly meant,
With vigorous arm dispensing.

Right well they fight, and right well they drink;
When they give thee their hand so gentle
To strike up a friendship, they needs must weep,
Like oaks turn'd sentimental.

May heaven watch over thee, worthy race,
On thy seed shower down benefactions,
Preserve thee from war and empty renown,
From heroes and heroes' actions!

May it evermore grant to thy excellent sons
An easy examination,
And give thy daughters marriages good, —
So Amen to my invocation!

CAPUT XI.

Behold the wood of Teutoburg,
Described in Tacitus' pages;
Behold the classical marsh, wherein
Stuck Varus, in past ages.

Here vanquish'd him the Cheruscian prince,
The noble giant, named Hermann;⁵⁰
'Twas in this mire that triumph'd first
Our nationality German.

Had Hermann with his light-hair'd hordes
Not triumph'd here over the foeman,
Then German freedom had come to an end,
We had each been turn'd to a Roman!

Nought but Roman language and manners had now
Our native country ruled over,
In Munich lived Vestals, the Swabians e'en
As Quirites have flourish'd in clover!

An haruspex had Hengstenberg surely been,
And groped about in the bowels
Of oxen; Neander⁵¹ an Augur, and based
On flights of birds his avowals.

Birch-Pfeifer⁵² had tippled her turpentine,
Like the Roman ladies admired.
('Tis said that they, by its frequent use,
A pleasing odour acquired).

Friend Raumer⁵³ had been no German scamp,
But a regular Roman Scampatius,
And Freiligrath written without using rhyme,
Like worthy Flaccus Horatius.

The clumsy beggar, Father Jahn,⁵⁴
Had then been call'd Clumsianus;
Me Hercule! Massmann⁵⁵ would Latin have talk'd,
As Marcus Tullius Massmanus!

The friends of truth, instead of with curs
In the papers, would in the arena
Have had to wage a mortal fight
With the lion, jackal, hyena.

One single Nero we now should have had,
'Stead of three dozen pieces of knavery;
Our veins should we have open'd, and so
Defied the bailiffs of slavery.

Thank heaven! The Romans were driven away,
A glorious triumph was Hermann's;
Both Varus and all his legions succumb'd,
And we remain'd still Germans!

We Germans remain, and German we speak,
As we before times have spoken;
An ass is an ass, not asinus,
The Swabian line is unbroken.

Friend Raumer remain'd a German scamp
In our northern German climate;
And Freiligrath no Horace became,
But in verse is accustom'd to rhyme it.

Thank heaven that Massmann no Latin e'er writes,
Birch-Pfeifer writes nothing but dramas,
And drinks no nasty turpentine
Like those lovely Roman charmers.

O Hermann, for this we're indebted to thee!
So at Dettmoldt⁵⁶ thy friends and extollers

A monument proud of late have design'd,
And towards it I gave a few dollars.

CAPUT XII.

Through the wood in the dark the postchaise bump'd on,
When a crash took place, sudden and frightful —
A wheel came off, and we came to a stand,
An occurrence by no means delightful.

The postilion dismounted, and made all haste
To the village for help, and I found me
At midnight alone in the darksome wood,
While a howling I heard all around me.

The wolves it was, who wildly howl'd
With half-starv'd voices all wiry;
Like lights in the darkness brightly gleam'd
Their eyes so fierce and fiery.

Of my arrival certainly knew
The beasts, and to honour me, proudly
They lighted up the forest thus,
And sang in chorus loudly.

I soon observed 'twas a real serenade,
Design'd for my glorification,
So threw myself in an attitude fit,
And spoke with extreme animation:

“Brother wolves! it gives me great pleasure to-day
“To tarry awhile 'midst your growling,
“Where so many noble spirits have met,
“Around me lovingly howling.

“My feelings just at the moment I speak
“Are truly beyond all measure;
“This present hour I ne'er shall forget,
“So fraught with exceeding pleasure.

“I thank you for the confidence thus
“Evinced beyond denial,
“And which by the clearest proofs ye have shown
“In every period of trial.

“Brother wolves! ye ne’er doubted that true I remain’d,
“Ye set all the rogues at defiance,
“Who falsely asserted that I had of late,
“Struck up with the dogs an alliance,

“And turn’d an apostate, and e’en in the fold
“As a Councillor soon they would show me —
“To answer such base assertions as these
“I feel to be really below me.

“The sheepskin that I for a time had on
“As a piece of warm clothing merely,
“Believe me, will never make me love
“The sheep’s race an atom more dearly.

“No sheep am I, and no dog am I,
“No Councillor, or such like;
“A wolf am I, and my heart and teeth
“A wolf’s are very much like.

“A wolf am I, and with the wolves
“I ever will be a yelper;
“Yes, reckon upon me, and help yourselves,
“And God will be your helper!”

This was the speech deliver’d by me,
Without the least preparation;
In the Allgemeine Zeitung, I’m told,
It appear’d, though with much mutilation.

CAPUT XIII.

The sun arose near Paderborn,
With a look by no means bright'ning
In fact he leads but a sorry life,
This wretched earth enlight'ning.

As soon as he has lighted one side,
And hastens with beams all sparkling
To lighten the other, already the first
Is getting gloomy and darkling.

Poor Sisypheus' stone keeps rolling down,
The Danaids' bucket never
Gets fill'd, and to lighten this earthly ball
In vain is the sun's endeavour.

And when the mist of morning dispersed,
I saw by the wayside projecting
In the early glow, His figure, who died
On the cross a death so affecting.

I'm filled with dejection every time
That I see Thee, my poor Relation,
Whose mission was to redeem the world,
And be mankind's salvation.

A sorry trick they play'd Thee indeed,
The lords of the Council stately;
O why didst Thou speak of Church and State
In a manner to wound them greatly?

To Thy misfortune the printing art
To mortals had then not been given,
Or else a book had been written by Thee
On the subjects relating to heaven.

The Censor would then have erased whate'er
Satirical seem'd in its diction,
And so the loving censorship
Have saved Thee from crucifixion.

Ah! if for Thy sermon on the mount
Another text Thou hadst taken!
Sufficient genius and talent were Thine,
And the pious Thou need'st not have shaken.

Money-changers and bankers Thou drov'st with the scourge
From the temple, in just indignation —
Unhappy Enthusiast! Now on the cross
Thou dost suffer a sad expiation.

CAPUT XIV.

The wind was humid, and barren the land,
The chaise floundered on in the mire,
Yet a singing and ringing were filling my ears:
“O Sun, thou accusing fire!”

The burden is this of the olden song
That my nurse so often was singing —
“O Sun, thou accusing fire!” was then
Like the note of the forest horn ringing.

This song of a murderer tells the tale,
Who lived a life joyous and splendid;
Hung up in the forest at last he was found,
From a grey old willow suspended.

The murderer’s sentence of death was nail’d
On the willow’s stem, written entire;
The Vehm-gericht’s avengers’ work ’twas —
O Sun, thou accusing fire!

The Sun was accuser,— ’twas he who condemn’d
The murderer foul, in his ire.
Otilia had cried, as she gave up the ghost:
“O Sun, thou accusing fire!”

When the song I recall, the remembrance too
Of my dear old nurse never ceases
I see once more her swarthy face,
With all its wrinkles and creases.

In the district of Münster she was born,
And knew, in all their glory,
Many popular songs and wondrous tales,
And many a wild ghost-story.

How my heart used to beat when the old nurse told how
The king's daughter, in days now olden,
Sat all alone on the desert heath,
While glisten'd her tresses so golden.

Her business was to tend the geese
As a goosegirl, and when at nightfall
She drove the geese home again through the gate,
Her tears would in piteous plight fall.

For nail'd up on high, above the gate,
She saw a horse's head o'er her;
The head it was of the dear old horse
Who to foreign countries bore her.

The king's poor daughter deeply sigh'd:
"O Falada! hangest thou yonder?"
The horse's head from above replied:
"Alas that from home thou did'st wander!"

The king's poor daughter deeply sigh'd:
"O would that my mother knew it!"
The horse's head from above replied:
"Full sorely she would rue it!"

With gasping breath I used to attend
When my nurse, with a voice soft and serious,
Of Barbarossa began to speak,
Our Emperor so mysterious.

She assured me that he was not dead, as to think
By learned men we were bidden,
But with his comrades in arms still lived
In a mountain's recesses safe hidden.

Kyffhauser is the mountain's name,
With a cave in its depths benighted;

By lamps its high and vaulted rooms
In ghostly fashion are lighted.

The first of the halls is a stable vast,
Where in glittering harness the stranger
Who enters may see many thousand steeds,
Each standing at his manger.

They all are saddled, and bridled all,
Yet amongst these thousands of creatures,
No single one neighs, no single one stamps,
Like statues of iron their features.

Upon the straw in the second hall
The soldiers are seen in their places;
Many thousand soldiers, a bearded race,
With warlike and insolent faces.

They all are full arm'd from top to toe,
Yet out of this countless number,
Not one of them moves, not one of them stirs,
They all are wrapp'd in slumber.

In the third of the halls in lofty piles
Swords, spears, and axes are lying,
And armour and helmets of silver and steel,
With old-fashion'd fire-arms vying.

The cannons are few, but yet are enough
To build up a trophy olden.
A standard projects from out of the heap,
Its colour is black-red-golden.

In the fourth of the halls the Emperor lives,
For many a century dosing
On a seat made of stone near a table of stone,
His head on his arm reposing.

His beard, which has grown right down to the ground,
Is red as a fiery ocean;
At times his eye to blink may be seen,
And his eyebrows are ever in motion.

But whether he sleeps or whether he thinks
For the present we cannot discover;
Yet when the proper hour has come,
He'll shake himself all over.

His trusty banner he then will seize,
And "To horse! Quick to horse!" shout proudly;
His cavalry straight will awake and spring
From the earth, all rattling loudly.

Each man will forthwith leap on his horse,
Each stamping his hoofs and neighing;
They'll ride abroad in the clattering world,
While their trumpets are merrily playing.

Right well they ride, and right well they fight,
No longer they slumber supinely;
In terrible judgment the Emperor sits,
To punish the murd'ers condignly, —

The murderers foul, who murder'd erst
Her whose beauty such awe did inspire,
The golden-hair'd maiden Germania hight, —
O Sun, thou accusing fire!

Full many who deem'd themselves safely hid,
And sat in their castles cheerful,
Shall then not escape Barbarossa's fierce wrath,
And the cord of vengeance fearful.

My old nurse's tales, how sweetly they ring,
How dear are the thoughts they inspire!

My heart superstitiously shouts with joy:
“O Sun, thou accusing fire!”

CAPUT XV.

A fine and prickly rain now descends,
Like needle-tops cold, and wetting;
The horses mournfully waggle their tails,
And wade through the mud with sweating.

Upon his horn the postilion blows
The old tune loved so dearly:
“Three horsemen are riding out at the gate” —
Its memory crosses me clearly.

I sleepy grew, and at length went to sleep,
And as for my dream, this is it:
To the Emperor Barbarossa I
In the wondrous mount paid a visit.

On his stony seat by the table of stone
Like an image no longer I saw him,
Nor had he that very respectable look
With which for the most part they draw him.

He waddled about with me round the halls
Discoursing with much affection,
Like an antiquarian pointing out
The gems of his precious collection.

In the hall of armour he show'd with a club
How the strength of a blow to determine,
And rubb'd off the dust from a few of the swords
With his own imperial ermine.

He took in his hand a peacock's fan,
And clean'd full many a dusty
Old piece of armour, and many a helm,
And many a morion rusty.

The standard he carefully dusted too,
And said, "My greatest pride is,
"That not e'en one moth hath eaten the silk,
"And not e'en one insect inside is."

And when we came to the second hall,
Where asleep on the ground were lying
Many thousand arm'd warriors, the old man said,
Their forms with contentment eyeing:

"We must take care, while here, not to waken the men,
"And make no noise in the gallery;
"A hundred years have again passed away,
"And to-day I must pay them their salary."

And see! the Emperor softly approach'd,
While he held in his hand a ducat,
And quietly into the pocket of each
Of the sleeping soldiery stuck it.

And then he remark'd with a simpering face,
When I observ'd him with wonder:
"I give them a ducat apiece as their pay,
"At periods a century asunder."

In the hall wherein the horses were ranged,
And drawn out in rows long and silent,
Together the Emperor rubb'd his hands
While his pleasure seem'd getting quite vi'lent.

He counted the horses, one by one,
And poked their ribs approving;
He counted and counted, and all the while
His lips were eagerly moving.

"The proper number is not complete," —
Thus angrily he discourses:

“Of soldiers and weapons I’ve quite enough,
“But still am deficient in horses.

“Horse-jockeys I’ve sent to every place
“In all the world, to supply me
“With the very best horses that they can find
“And now I’ve a good number by me.

“I only wait till the number’s complete,
“Then, making a regular clearance,
“I’ll free my country, my German folk,
“Who trustingly wait my appearance.” —

Thus spake the Emperor, while I cried:
“Old fellow! seize time as it passes;
“Set to work, and hast thou not horses enough,
“Then fill up their places with asses.”

Then Barbarossa smiling replied:
“For the battle there need be no hurry;
“Rome certainly never was built in one day,
“Nothing’s gained by bustle and flurry.

“Who comes not to-day, to-morrow will come,
“The oak’s slow growth might shame us;
“*Chi va piano va sano* wisely says
“The Roman proverb famous.”

CAPUT XVI.

The carriage's jolting woke me up
From my dream, yet vainly sought I
To keep awake, so I slumber'd again,
And of Barbarossa thought I.

Again we went through the echoing halls,
And talked of great and small things;
He ask'd me this, and he ask'd me that,
And wish'd to know about all things.

He told me that not one mortal word
From the world above had descended
For many a year, — in fact not since
The Seven-years' war had ended.

With interest he for Karschin^{s7} ask'd,
For Mendelssohn (Moses the glorious),
For Louis the Fifteenth's mistress frail,
The Countess Du Barry notorious.

“O Emperor,” cried I, “how backward thou art!
Old Moses is dead and forgotten,
With his Rebecca; and Abraham too,
The son, is dead and rotten.

“This Abraham and Leah, his wife, gave birth
“To Felix^{s8}, who proved very steady;
“His fame through Christendom far has spread,
“He's a Chapel-master already.

“Old Karschin likewise has long been dead,
“And Klenke, her daughter, is dead too;
“Helmene Chezy, the granddaughter, though,
“Still lives — at least she is said to.

“Du Barry lived merrily, keeping afloat,
“For Louis the Fifteenth screen’d her
“As long as he lived, but when she was old
“They cruelly guillotined her.

“King Louis the Fifteenth died in his bed,
“By the doctors attended and seen to;
“But Louis the Sixteenth was guillotined,
“And Antoinette the Queen too.

“The Queen the greatest courage display’d,
“And died like a monarch, proudly;
“But Madame Du Barry, when guillotined,
“Kept weeping and screaming loudly.” —

The Emperor suddenly came to a stand,
And stared, as if doubting my meaning,
And said: “For the sake of heaven explain
“What is meant by that word guillotining?”

“Why, guillotining,” I briefly replied,
“Is a method newly constructed,
“By means of which people of every rank
“From life to death are conducted.

“For this purpose, a new machine is employ’d” —
“I continued, while closely he listen’d;
“Invented by Monsieur Guillotin,
“And ‘guillotine’ after him christen’d.

“You first are fasten’d to a board;
“’Tis lower’d; then quickly they shove you
“Between two posts; meanwhile there hangs
“A triangular axe just above you.

“They pull a string, and downward shoots
“The axe, quite lively and merry;

“And so your head falls into a bag,
“And nothing remains but to bury.”

The Emperor here interrupted my speech:
“Be silent! May heaven confuse it,
“That foul machine! and God forbid
“That I should ever use it!

“The King and Queen! What? To a board
“Both fasten’d! What a position!
“’Tis contrary to all respect,
“And etiquette in addition!

“And who art thou, that darest to speak
“So coolly and so much, man?
“Just wait a while, and I’ll soon clip
“Thy wings, or I’m a Dutchman!

“My inmost bile is deeply stirr’d
“At words so out of season;
“Thy very breath is full of crime
“And guilty of high treason!”

When in his zeal the old man rail’d,
And treated me thus cavalierly,
Surpassing all bounds, — I sharply replied,
And told him my mind quite clearly.

“Barbarossa!” I cried, “thou’rt just as absurd
“As an old woman’s silly fable;
“Go, lie down and sleep! without thy aid
“To free ourselves we are able.

“The republicans all would scoff and jeer,
“And shake their sides with laughter
“To see such a spectre, with sceptre and crown
“Act as leader, while we went after.

“Thy standard, too, no more I respect;
“My love for the black-red-golden
“Has been quench’d by the fools of the *Burschenschaft*,
“With their rage for the so-call’d olden.

“In Old Kyffhauser ‘twere better that thou
“Shouldst pass thy days morosely;
“In truth, we’ve no need of an Emperor now,
“When I view the matter closely.”

CAPUT XVII.

I wrangled in dream with the Emperor thus, —
In dream, — I say it advisedly;
In waking hours we never dare talk
To princes so undisguisedly.

The Germans only venture to speak
When asleep, in a dream ideal,
The thoughts that they bear in their faithful hearts,
So German and yet so real.

When I awoke, I was passing a wood,
And the sight of the trees in such numbers,
And their naked wooden reality,
Soon scared away my slumbers.

The oaks with solemnity shook their heads;
The twigs of the birch-trees, in token
Of warning, nodded, — and I exclaim'd:
“Dear monarch, forgive what I’ve spoken!

“Forgive, Barbarossa, my headstrong speech,
“I know that thou art far wiser
“Than I, for impatient by nature I am —
“Yet hasten thy coming, my Kaiser!

“If guillotining contents thee not,
“Retain the old plan for the present:
“The sword for the nobleman, keeping the rope
“For the townsman and vulgar peasant.

“But frequently change the order, and let
“The nobles be hang’d, beheading
“The townsmen and peasants, for God cares alike
“For all who life’s pathways are treading.

“Restore again the Criminal Court
“That Charles the Fifth invented;
“With orders, corporations, and guilds
“Let the people again be contented.

“To the sacred old Roman Empire again
“In all its integrity yoke us;
“Its musty frippery give us once more,
“And all its hocus-pocus.

“The middle ages, if you like,
“The genuine middle ages
“I’ll gladly endure, — but free us, I pray,
“From the nonsense that now all the rage is, —

“From all that mongrel chivalry
“That such a nauseous dish is
“Of Gothic fancies and modern deceit,
“And neither flesh nor fish is.

“The troops of Comedians drive away,
“And close the theatres sickly,
“Wherein they parody former times, —
“O Emperor, come thou quickly!”

CAPUT XVIII.

The town of Minden's a fortress strong,
With arms and stores well provided;
But Prussian fortresses, truth to say,
I never have abided.

We got there just as evening fell;
The planks of the drawbridge sadly
Beneath us groan'd, as over we roll'd,
And the dark moat gaped on us madly.

The lofty bastions on me gazed
With threat'ning and sulky wonder;
The heavy gate open'd with rattling loud,
And closed with a noise like thunder.

Alas! my soul felt as sad as the soul
Of Odysseus, the world-renown'd warrior,
When he heard Polyphemus rolling a rock
In front of the cave as a barrier.

A Corporal came to the door of the coach
For our names; I replied to this latter act:
"I'm Nobody call'd; I an oculist am,
"Who couch the giants for cataract!"

At the inn I found my discomfort increase,
My victuals fill'd me with loathing;
I straight went to bed, but slept not a wink,
So heavy I found the bed-clothing.

The bed was a large, broad featherbed,
Red damask curtains around it,
The canopy wrought with faded gold,
While a dirty tassel crown'd it.

Accursèd tassel! of all my repose
It robb'd me all the night through;
It hung over head, like Damocles' sword,
And threaten'd to pierce me right through!

A serpent's head it often appear'd,
And I heard its hissing mysterious:
"In the fortress thou art, and canst not escape" —
A position especially serious!

"O would that I were" — I thought with a sigh, —
"Of my peaceable home a sharer,
"With my own dear wife in Paris once more,
"In the Faubourg-Poissonière!"

I felt that a Something oftentimes
Was over my forehead stealing,
Just like a Censor's chilly hand,
And all my thoughts congealing.

Gendarmes, in the dresses of corpses conceal'd,
In white and ghostly confusion
Surrounded my bed, while a rattling of chains
I heard, to swell the illusion.

Alas! the spectres carried me off,
And at length with amazement I found me
Beside a precipitous wall of rocks,
And there they firmly had bound me.

Detestable tassel, so dirty and foul!
Again it appear'd before me,
But now in the shape of a vulture with claws
And black wings hovering o'er me.

And now like the well-known eagle it seem'd
And grasp'd me, and breathing prevented;

It ate the liver out of my breast,
While sadly I groan'd and lamented.

Long time I lamented, when crow'd the cock,
And the feverish vision faded;
Perspiring in bed at Minden I lay,
To a tassel the bird was degraded.

I travell'd with post-horses on,
And free breath presently drew I
On the domain of Bückeburg,
As by my feelings knew I.

CAPUT XIX.

O Danton, great was thy mistake,
And thy error was paid for dearly!
One can carry away one's fatherland
On the soles of one's feet, pretty nearly.

Of the princely domain of Bückeburg
One half to my boots clung in patches;
In all my life I never have seen
A place that in filth its match is.

At the town of Bückeburg shortly I stopp'd,
To see the ancestral castle
Whence my grandfather came; my grandmother though
Of Hamburg was part and parcel.

I got to Hanover just at noon,
And there had my boots clean'd neatly,
And afterwards went to visit the town;
When I travel, I do it completely.

By heavens, how spruce the place appear'd!
No mud in its streets was lying;
Many handsome buildings there I saw,
In massive splendour vying.⁵⁹

I was mostly charm'd by a very large square,
Surrounded by houses superior;
There lives the king and his palace there stands,
Of a really handsome exterior, —

(The palace I mean.) On each side of the door
A sentry-box had its station;
Redcoats with muskets there kept guard,
Of threat'ning and wild reputation.

My cicerone said: "Here lives
"King Ernest Augustus, a tory
"Of the olden school, and a nobleman, —
"Very sharp, though his hairs are hoary.

"In safety idyllic here he dwells,
"For he's far more securely protected
"By the scanty courage of our dear friends
"Than his satellites ever effected.

"I see him sometimes, and then he complains
"How very tedious his post is, —
"The regal post, of which he here
"In Hanover now the boast is.

"Accustom'd to a British life,
"And plagued by spleen, to cure it
"He finds it not easy, and greatly fears
"That he cannot much longer endure it.

"T'other day I found him at early morn
"By the fireside mournfully bending;
"For his dog, who was sick, with his own royal hands
"A comforting draught he was blending."

CAPUT XX.

In an hour from Harburg to Hamburg I went;
The shades of evening were thick'ning,
The stars in the heavens their greetings sent,
And the air was soft and quick'ning.

And when I reach'd my mother at last,
She was wellnigh frighten'd with gladness;
She cried "My darling child!" and clasp'd
Her hands together with madness.

"My darling child, full thirteen years
"Have pass'd since our last meeting;
"You surely are hungry; tell me now
"What you'll take in the way of eating?

"I've here some fish, and goose-flesh too,
"And handsome oranges also!" —
"Then give me some fish, and goose-flesh too,
"And handsome oranges also!"

And whilst I ate with an appetite good,
My mother was lively and merry;
She ask'd me this, and she ask'd me that,
And her questions were awkward, very.

"My darling child, in your foreign home
"Do you get all the things you require?
"Is your wife pretty skilful at keeping house?
"Are your shirts and stockings darn'd by her?"

"The fish is good, my mother dear,
"But in silence one ought to eat it;
"'Tis easy to get a bone in one's throat,
"Pray leave me in peace to complete it."

And when I had finish'd the excellent fish,
The goose next made its appearance;
My mother again ask'd for this and for that,
With the same ill-timed perseverance.

“My darling child, which land do you think
“Is the best for people to dwell in, —
“This place, or France? which nation's the best?
“What thing does each excel in?” —

“A German goose, my mother dear,
“Is good as one of the courses;
“But the French stuff geese far better than we,
“And they also have better sauces.”

And when the goose had taken its leave,
The oranges presently follow'd,
And tasted so unexpectedly nice,
That with pleasure they quickly were swallow'd.

But now my mother again began
Her questions with very much pleasure;
She ask'd me a thousand things, but some
Were awkward beyond all measure.

“My darling child, pray tell me now,
“If politics still you're inclined to?
“Which party in the state to support
“Have you the greatest mind to?” —

“The quality, my mother dear,
“Of your oranges cannot be beaten;
“The sweet juice I swallow with much delight,
“But I leave the peel uneaten.”

CAPUT XXI.

They bit by bit are building again
The hapless half-burnt city;
Like a half-shorn poodle Hamburg now looks,
An object to waken one's pity.⁶⁰

Full many a street has disappear'd
That mournfully one misses —
Where is the house, wherein I kiss'd
Love's first delicious kisses?

Where is the printing-house, where I
My *Reisebilder* printed?
The oyster shop, where I oysters gulp'd down
With appetite unstinted?

The Dreckwall too, — where is it now?
I now should seek it vainly;
Where the pavilion, where I ate
So many cakes profanely?

Where is the town-hall, wherein sat
The senate and burghers stately?
A prey to the flames! The flames spared not
Whatever was holiest lately.

The people still were sighing with grief,
And with most mournful faces
The history sad of the great fire told,
And pointed out all its traces: —

“It burnt in every corner at once,
“All was smoke and flames fiercely flashing;
“The churches' towers all blazed on high,
“And tumbled in with loud crashing.

“The old exchange was also burnt,
“Where our fathers in every weather
“Were wont to assemble for centuries past,
“And honestly traded together.

“The bank, the silvery soul of the town,
“And the books which have always served us
“To note the assets of every man,
“Thank heaven! have been preserved us.

“Thank heaven! In every land they made
“On our behalf large collections;
“A capital job, — we got no less
“Than eight millions in all directions.

“The money from every country flow’d
“In our hands, which were far from unwilling,
“And plenty of food they also sent,
“And we gladly accepted each shilling.

“They sent us clothes and bedding enough,
“And bread, and meat, and soups too;
“The King of Prussia, to show his regard,
“Would fain have sent us troops too.

“Our losses in property thus were replaced,
“A matter of mere valuation;
“But then the fright, — our terrible fright,
“Admits of no compensation!”

I cheeringly said: “My worthy friends,
“You should not lament and bawl so!
“A far better city than yours was Troy,
“And yet it was burnt down also.

“Rebuild your houses as fast as you can,
“And dry up every puddle;

“Get better engines and better laws,
“That are not quite such a muddle.

“Don’t put in your nice mock-turtle soup
“So very much Cayenne pepper;
“Your carp are not wholesome with so much sauce,
“Or when eaten with scales, like a leper.

“Your turkeys will not do much harm,
“But be on your guard ‘gainst disaster
“From the knavish bird that lays its eggs
“In the wig of the burgomaster.

“’Tis not for me to tell you the name
“Of this bird of bad reputation;
“When thinking about him, the food in my maw
“Is stirr’d with indignation.”

CAPUT XXII.

More changed than even the city itself
Appear'd the people within it;
Like walking ruins they totter'd about,
As if ready to tumble each minute.

The thin still thinner than ever appear'd,
The fat appear'd still fatter,
The children were old, and the old were young,
(In their second childhood the latter).

Full many that I had left as calves,
As oxen were herding together,
And many a gosling had now become
A goose in fullest feather.

The aged Gudel I found be-rouged,
And dress'd with syren-like brightness;
She had procured some dark black hair,
And teeth of dazzling whiteness.

The best preserved of all was my friend
The paper-dealer, good fellow;
Like John the Baptist, round his head
Was floating his hair so yellow.

I only saw D —— a long way off,
He slipp'd away so fleetly;
I hear that his soul was burnt, but insured
For a large amount discreetly.

I also saw my old Censor again
In the fog, and lowly stooping
I met him in the goose market by chance,
And he seem'd completely drooping.

We shook each other's hands, and some tears
In his eye appear'd collecting;
He was so pleased to see me once more!
The scene was truly affecting.

I found not all, for many a one
Had quitted this scene for ever;
My Gumpelino,⁶¹ 'mongst others, alas!
Was gone, to appear again never.

That noble one had surrender'd his soul
To Him by whom it was given,
And now had a glorified seraph become
In the blissful realms of heaven.

In vain for the crooked Adonis I sought,
(Though I look'd in every direction,)
Who used to sell pots and pans in the street, —
A very cheap collection.

And Sarras, the trusty dog, was dead,
A loss of a serious nature;
Friend Campe⁶² would sooner have lost a whole host
Of writers than this good creature.

The population of Hamburg town
Has from time immemorial consisted
Of Jews and Christians; 'tis also the case
That the latter are rather close-fisted.

The Christians all behave pretty well,
And pass their time in clover,
And promptly pay their bills of exchange,
Ere the days of grace are over.

The Jews are however divided again
Into two very different parties;

The old one goes to the synagogue,
In the temple the new one's heart is.

The new party eat the flesh of swine,
Their manners are somewhat dogmatic;
They democrats are, but the older school
Is much more aristocratic.

I love the old, and I love the new,
Yet I swear by the prophet Jonas
That certain fish I love still more, —
Smoked sprats they are commonly known as!

CAPUT XXIII.

Though as a republic Hamburg was ne'er
As great as Venice or Florence,
Yet Hamburg has better oysters; one gets
The best in the cellar of Laurence.

I went there with Campe at evening time,
When splendid was the weather,
Intending on oysters and Rhenish wine
To have a banquet together.

I found some excellent company there,
And greatly was delighted
To see many old friends, such as Chauffepié,
And new ones, self-invited.

There Wille was, whose very face
Was an album where foes academic
Right legibly had inscribed their names
In the shape of scars polemic.

There Fucks was also, a heathen blind,
And personal foe of Jehovah,
Who believed but in Hegel, and slightly perhaps
In the Venus of Canova.

My Campe was our Amphytrion there,
And smiled and enjoy'd the honour;
His eye was beaming with happiness,
Just like an ecstatic Madonna.

I ate and drank with an appetite good,
And these thoughts then cross'd my noddle:
"This Campe is really an excellent man,
"And of publishers quite the model.

“Another publisher, I feel sure,
“Would have left me of hunger to perish;
“But he has given me drink as well,
“His name I ever shall cherish.

“I thank the mighty Lord of all
“Who this juice of the grape created,
“And Campe to me as a publisher gave,
“Whose merits can’t be overrated.

“I thank the mighty Lord of all
“Who by His own mere motion
“Created on earth the Rhenish wine,
“And the oysters in the ocean.

“Who also made the lemons to grow,
“The oyster’s flavour to sweeten, —
“O may I peacefully to-night
“Digest what I have eaten!”

The Rhenish wine makes my feelings soft,
All quarrelsome thoughts congealing
Within my breast, and kindling instead
A philanthropic feeling.

It now compell’d me to leave the room,
And through the streets to wander;
My soul sought a soul, and the sight of each dress
Of a woman made it still fonder.

In moments like this, with grief I could melt,
While my yearning makes me tremble;
The cats appear to me all too grey,
And Helens the women resemble. —

And when I came to the Drehbahn Street,
I saw in the moonbeams glancing

The noble form of a woman fair,
With stately grace advancing.

Her face was perfectly healthy and round,
Her cheek like a damask rose was,
Like a turquoise her eye, like a cherry her mouth,
While somewhat reddish her nose was.

Her head was cover'd with a cap
Of snowy stiff linen, not ragged,
But folded like a mural crown,
With turrets and battlements jagged.

She wore as her dress a tunic white
Which down to her calves descended;
And O what calves! The pedestals they
Of two Doric columns splendid.

A very worldly naïveté
Could be read in her every feature,
But her superhuman hinder parts
Betray'd a superior creature.

She now approach'd me, and straightway said:
"To the Elbe here's a welcome hearty!
"E'en after an absence of thirteen years,
"I see that thou'rt still the same party!

"Perchance thou seekest the souls so fair
"Who so often used to meet thee,
"And all night long in this beautiful place
"With their reveries loved to greet thee.

"By that hundred-headed hydra, Life,
"That monster fierce, they were swallow'd;
"Thou'lt find those olden times no more,
"Nor those friends once lovingly follow'd.

“No longer thou’lt find those beauteous flowers,
“Which enchanted thy youthful bosom;
“’Twas here they bloom’d, — they’re wither’d now,
“And the tempest has scatter’d each blossom.

“Yes, wither’d, and stripp’d, and trampled down
“By destiny’s footsteps appalling —
“My friend, this is ever the fate upon earth
“Of all that is sweet and enthralling!” —

“Who art thou?” I cried— “like a dream of old times
“Thy appearance doth strangely beset me;
“Where is thy dwelling, enormous one?
“I’ll follow thee there, if thou’lt let me.”

The woman then smiled, and thus she replied:
“Thou art wrong, I’m a decent and quiet
“And highly moral personage too,
“By no means given to riot.

“I’m none of your foreign lorettes, my friend,
“And none of your common ladies;
“I’m Hamburg’s goddess, Hammonia by name,
“And to watch o’er its welfare my trade is!

“Thou art startled perchance to bear this news,
“Thou once undaunted singer?
“Art thou prepared to follow me still?
“Then quick, and no more let us linger.”

But I in reply laugh’d loudly and cried:
“I’ll follow thee instant! —
“If thou’lt go in front, I’ll go behind, —
“Yes, even to hell in a canter!”

CAPUT XXIV.

How I managed to mount the narrow stairs
I haven't the slightest notion;
Perhaps the spirits carried me up
With some invisible motion.

But here, in Hammonia's little room,
The hours pass'd swiftly o'er me;
The goddess confess'd the sympathy
That she had ever felt for me.

"Look here" — said she, "in former days
"The minstrel who sang the Messiah
"Was dearest to me of all the throng,
"With his piously-sounding lyre.

"To this day the bust of my Klopstock stands
"On that chest of drawers, but though on it,
"For many a year it has only served
"As a block for holding my bonnet.

"Thou'rt my favourite now, and thy likeness hangs
"At the head of my bed in due order;
"And see, a fresh laurel now surrounds
"The cherish'd portrait's border.

"Yet thy attacks on my sons, I confess,
"Repeated by thee so often,
"Have sometimes caused me the greatest pain;
"Thy language thou must soften.

"I trust that time has cured thee now
"Of rudeness so cold-hearted,
"And somewhat greater tolerance
"For even the fools imparted.

“But say how thou camest to travel north
“At such an unclement season?
“The weather already is winterly quite, —
“I fain would know the reason.”

“O worthy goddess!” I said in reply,
“In the bosom’s inmost recesses
“Are slumbering thoughts which often awake
“At a time which rather distresses.

“Externally things went on pretty well,
“But within I was weigh’d down with anguish,
“Which every day grew worse and worse, —
“For home I ceased not to languish.

“The air of France, so usually light,
“Began to be oppressive;
“I long’d to breathe some German air,
“To relieve this burden excessive.

“I yearn’d for German tobacco-smoke,
“And the smell of German peat too;
“My foot impatiently quiver’d, the ground
“Of Germany to beat too.

“I sigh’d all night, and I long’d and long’d
“Yet once again to view her,
“The old woman who close to the Dammthor lives,
“And Lotte, who lives close to her.

“The thought of that old and worthy man
“Who always freely reproved me,
“And then his protection over me threw,
“To many a sigh now moved me.

“I fain would hear again from his mouth
“The words ‘young stupid!’ repeated,

“Which always in my younger days
“My heart like music greeted.

“I yearn’d for the blue smoke that high in the air
“From German chimneys reaches,
“For the Lower-Saxony nightingales,
“For the silent groves of beeches.

“I yearn’d for all the sorrowful spots,
“The places where once I resorted,
“Where once I trail’d my youthful cross,
“And my crown of thorns supported.

“I fain would weep where I formerly wept
“Those tears so bitter and burning;
“The love of fatherland methinks
“They call this foolish yearning.

“I love not to talk of it; ’tis nought else
“But a whim of the’ imagination;
“Shamefaced by nature, I hide my wounds
“From public observation.

“O how I detest the trumpery set
“Who, to stir men’s passion heated,
“Of patriotism make a show
“With all its ulcers fetid.

“They’re shameless and shabby beggars all,
“Who live upon people’s charity;
“For Menzel⁶³ and all his Swabians, here’s
“A penn’orth of popularity!

“My goddess! thou hast found me to-day
“Of a tender disposition!
“I’m rather ill, but a little care
“Will soon recruit my condition.

“Yes, I am ill, and thou canst refresh
“My spirits in a minute
“By means of a cup of excellent tea,
“With a little rum mix’d in it.”

CAPUT XXV.

Some tea the goddess quickly made,
And then the rum pour'd she in;
But she herself preferr'd the rum
Without a drop of tea in.

Against my shoulder she lean'd her head,
And rather tumbled her bonnet
Or mural crown, and gently she spake,
While I reflected upon it:

“I often have thought with much alarm
“That in Paris, that wicked city,
“With the frivolous French thou’rt living still, —
“’Tis really a very great pity.

“Without an object thou’rt passing thy time,
“And hast not even beside thee
“Some faithful German publisher who
“As a Mentor might warn and guide thee.

“And then the temptations there are so great,
“So many a sylph amuses,
“Whose health is bad, and one’s peace of mind
“One far too easily loses.

“Return not again, but stop with us,
“Here modesty reigns still, and morals;
“And here thou may’st gather, e’en in our midst,
“In silence many fair laurels.

“In Germany stay, and thou’lt relish things more
“Than thou wert formerly able;
“We’re fast advancing, and thou must have seen
“Our progress so rapid and stable.

“The censorship even less rigorous is,
“Friend Hoffmann is milder and older;
“His youthful passion for cutting up
“Thy *Reisebilder* is colder.

“Thou too art older and milder now,
“And many things quietly takest,
“And in a better spirit than once,
“Past times thou now awakest.

“That matters in Germany used to go ill
“Is a great exaggeration;
“One could always escape, like the Romans of old,
“From serfdom, by self-immolation.

“The people enjoy’d full freedom of thought,
“For the masses it never was stinted;
“Restrictions affected nobody, save
“The limited number who printed.

“No lawless despotism then reign’d,
“The worst of demagogues never
“Were deprived of their rights of citizenship,
“Till condemn’d for some wicked endeavour.

“Things never in Germany went so ill,
“Whatever disputes may have risen;
“Believe me, no mortal was e’er starved to death
“Inside a German prison.

“In those long vanish’d days there bloom’d
“Full many a fair apparition
“Of simple faith and kindliness too, —
“Now all is doubt and sedition.

“The practical freedom that’s all outside
“Will soon destroy the Ideal

“That we bore in our bosoms, — as fair as a dream
“Of lilies, and not more real!

“Our beautiful poetry’s fading fast,
“Already ’tis somewhat faded;
“The *Moorish King* of Freiligrath,
“Like the rest of the kings, is degraded.

“O couldst thou be silent, I soon would unseal
“The book of fate, free from all error,
“And suffer thee future ages to see
“Within my magic mirror.

“That which to mortal man I ne’er show’d,
“To thee would I gladly discover:
“The future of thy fatherland, —
“Thou wouldst tell it, though, all the world over!”

“Good heavens, dear goddess!” I cried with delight.
“It would give me most exquisite pleasure;
“O let me the future of Germany see,
“I know how a secret to treasure.

“I’m ready to swear whatever oath
“Thou soonest would have me swallow,
“As a pledge to thee of my secrecy;
“So say what form I shall follow.”

But she rejoin’d: “Thou must swear to me
“As by Father Abraham’s order
“His servant Eliezer swore,
“When starting to cross the border.

“Lift up my dress and place thy hand
“Upon my thigh below it,
“And swear that in speaking, the secret thou’lt keep,
“And in thy works as a poet!”

The moment was solemn. I felt as though fann'd
By the breath of ages long perish'd,
When I swore the oath in the manner ordain'd
By Abraham, our forefather cherish'd.

I lifted up the goddess's dress,
And placed on her thigh below it
My hand, vowing secrecy both in my words
And in my works as a poet.

CAPUT XXVI.

The cheeks of the goddess glow'd all-red
(I think that the rum had ascended
Up into her head) and she spoke in a tone
In which sorrow was painfully blended:

“I'm fast getting old; I was born on the day
“Of Hamburg's first foundation;
“My mother was a mermaid, who had
“At the mouth of the Elbe her station.

“My father was a monarch renown'd,
“Called Charlemagne the glorious;
“He was still more wise than Frederick the Great,
“And also still more victorious.

“At Aix-la-Chapelle is the seat where he sat
“On the day of his coronation:
“The seat where he sat at night devolved
“On my mother, as nearest relation.

“My mother left it to me in her turn,
“A common-looking article;
“And yet for the whole of Rothschild's gold
“I wouldn't surrender one particle.

“Behold, in yon corner stands a chair,
“Both old and weather-beaten;
“The leather that covers its arms is torn,
“And the cushion is sadly moth-eaten.

“Approach it now, and gently lift
“The cushion from the settle;
“Thou'lt see an oval opening then,
“And under it a kettle.

“That is a magic kettle wherein
“The magic forces are brewing;
“On placing thy head in the aperture, soon
“The future thou’lt clearly be viewing.

“Yes, Germany’s future there thou’lt see,
“Like wondrously rolling phantasmas;
“But shudder not, if out of the filth
“Arise any foul miasmas!”

She spoke, and she laugh’d a singular laugh
But I undauntedly hasted
To hold my head over the terrible hole,
And there I eagerly placed it.

I’ll not betray, for silence I vow’d,
The things that I saw and felt there;
I scarcely dare to utter a word,
Good heavens, of what I smelt there!

With deep disgust I think to this day
Of that smell, which blended together,
In vile and accursèd union, a stench
Of old cabbage and Russia leather.

And heavens! the stink that afterwards rose
Was still more filthy and dirty;
’Twas as though they had swept together the soil
From closets six and thirty.

I know full well what was said by Saint Just
In the famous Committee of Safety:
“Great illnesses cannot be cured by musk
“And rose-oil,” he told them with naïveté.

And yet this German futurity’s smell
Was infinitely stronger

Than aught that my nose could e'er have conceived —
In fact I could bear it no longer. —

My senses I lost, and on opening my eyes
Once more, I found myself sitting
Beside the goddess, and leaning my head
On her breast, in a manner befitting.

Her look it glisten'd, her mouth it glow'd,
Her nostrils twitched, with bacchantic
Excitement she clasp'd the poet, and sang
With ecstasy fearful and frantic:

“Stay with me in Hamburg, I love thee full well,
“And we'll eat and drink with gladness
“The oysters and wine of present times,
“Forgetting the future's sadness.

“Put on the cover, for fear lest the stench
“Should all our pleasure cloud over;
“I love thee no German poet had e'er
“A more affectionate lover!

“I kiss thee, and I feel myself now
“By thy genius quite inspired;
“My spirit by a wondrous kind
“Of paroxysm is fired.

“I feel as though I heard in the street
“The watchmen singing in chorus;
“'Tis wedding music and bridal songs,
“Sweet friend, that are rising o'er us.

“The attendants on horseback also approach,
“With their torches flaring brightly;
“The torch-dance they dance in dignified wise,
“And hop and spring about lightly.

“The noble and worshipful Senate is there,
“And the elders according to station;
“The burgomaster clears his throat,
“Preparing a lengthy oration.

“In glittering uniforms also appear
“The whole of the corps diplomatic,
“In the name of the neighbouring states to present
“Congratulations emphatic.

“A clerical deputation, too, comes,
“By rabbis and pastors guided;
“But, alas! here Hoffmann also draws near,
“With his scissors, as censor, provided.

“The scissors rattle in his hand,
“And eagerly he races
“To seize thy body, — he cuts thy flesh —
“Methinks it by far the best place is.”

CAPUT XXVII.

When summer's pleasant days have come
I'll tell you all the history
Of the other wonders that came to pass
In that long night of mystery.

The olden hypocritical race,
Thank heaven, is rapidly dying;
To the grave it is sinking, and owes its death
To its ceaseless habit of lying.

Another race is rising up fast,
By rouge and by sin untarnish'd,
Of genial humour and thoughts, — to it
I'll tell my story unvarnish'd.

The youth which the poet's goodness and pride
Appreciates, puts forth its blossom,
And warms itself at his radiant soul,
And against his feeling bosom.

My heart is loving as the light,
And pure and chaste as the fire;
The noblest Graces themselves have tuned
The chords of my sweet lyre.

'Tis the selfsame lyre that in his songs
My worthy father uses, —
The poet Aristophanes,
The favourite of the Muses.

In the previous chapter I tried my hand
At copying the conclusion
Of the play of the "Birds," which certainly is
My father's finest effusion.

The “Frogs” is also capital. This
Is now, in a German translation,
Perform’d, I am told, on the stage at Berlin
For his Majesty’s edification.

The King likes the piece. This shows his taste
For the old-fashion’d style of joking;
The late King far more amusement found
In modern frogs’ loud croaking.

The King likes the piece. But nevertheless
Were the author still living, I kindly
Would counsel him to trust himself
In Prussia not too blindly.

The genuine Aristophanes
Would find it no subject for laughter;
We should see him move, wherever he went,
With a chorus of gendarmes after.

O King, I really wish thee well
When this piece of advice I’m giving:
Due reverence pay to the poets who’re dead,
And tender be to the living.

Affront the living poets not,
With weapons and flames they are furnish’d,
More terrible far than the lightnings of Jove,
By the poets created and burnish’d.

Affront the gods in Olympus who dwell,
Regardless whether they know it;
Affront the mightiest Lord of all,
But O, affront not the poet!

The deities harshly avenge in truth
Man’s crimes, and allow him no shelter;

The fire of hell is passably hot,
And there he must roast and must swelter.

Yet pious steps can the sinner release
From the flames; for saying masses
And giving to churches with liberal hand
From torment a certain pass is.

When the days are accomplish'd, then Christ will descend,
And burst hell's gloomy portals;
And though he may sit in judgment strict,
He still will acquit many mortals.

And yet there are hells from out of whose clutch
There's no escape to heaven;
No prayers there avail, and powerless too
Is the Saviour's pardon even.

Is Dante's hell to thee unknown,
With its terrible trinary verses?
The man whom the poet there has shut up
Will never escape from his curses.

He ne'er will be freed from those musical flames
By any god or Saviour;
So for fear we condemn thee to such a sad hell,
Thou hadst better mind thy behaviour!

ROMANCERO.

BOOK I. — HISTORIES.

When vex'd by slander's treacherous breath,
Let thy faith soar the higher;
And when thy soul is sad unto death,
Then strike thou the lyre.

A flaming and glowing heroical song
The chords breathe discreetly!
All anger flies, and thy spirit ere long
Will bleed to death sweetly.

RHAMPSENITUS.⁶⁴

When the King Rhampsenitus
Enter'd in the halls resplendent
Of his daughter, she was laughing,
As was also each attendant.

E'en the blackamoors, the eunuchs,
Follow'd in loud chorus after;
E'en the mummies, e'en the sphynxes
Seem'd about to burst with laughter.

Then the princess said: "I fancied
That I held the thief securely,
But it was a dead arm only
That my hand had seized so surely.

"I can see now how the robber
To thy storehouse penetrated,
And despite all bars and fast'nings
All thy treasure confiscated.

"He a magic key possesses,
"Which the door of house or stable
"Straightway opens; to resist it
"Are the strongest doors unable.

"Now I'm really not a strong door,
"Nor could I resist his pleasure;
"So this night, while treasure-watching,
"Have I lost my little treasure!"

Round the chamber danced the princess,
Laughing at this notion clever,
And the maidens and the eunuchs
Laugh'd again as loud as ever.

On that day all Memphis laugh'd too,
E'en the crocodiles so bloody
Laughingly their heads protruded
From the yellow Nile-stream muddy,

When they heard the drum's loud beating,
And the foll'wing proclamation
Shouted by the public crier
On the bank, to all the nation: —

“We, Rhampsenitus, by God's grace
“King of Egypt, to our loyal
“Well-belovèd friends and subjects
“Hereby send our greeting royal.

“In the night between the third and
“Fourth of June, the fourteen hundred
“Four and twentieth year before Christ,
“Came a certain thief, who plunder'd

“Many jewels from the storehouse
“Where we kept them, and more lately
“Further thefts has perpetrated,
“So that we have suffer'd greatly.

“To discover the offender,
“Made we our belovèd daughter
“Sleep beside the treasure; but he
“Robb'd her too, and napping caught her.

“Now, to check this wholesale plunder,
“And to show our deep affection
“For the thief, our admiration,
“And our grateful recollection,

“We will give our only daughter
“As his lawful wife — God bless her! —

“And to princely rank promote him,
“Owning him as our successor.

“Since our son-in-law’s abode is
“Unknown to us just at present,
“This our rescript shall inform him
“That we’ve now made all things pleasant.

“Done the third of January
“Thirteen hundred twenty-six
“Years before Christ; here our seal we,
“King Rhampsenitus, affix.”

And he kept his word; the thief he
As his son-in-law soon counted,
And when he was dead, the robber
On the throne of Egypt mounted.

And he ruled like other monarchs,
Trade and talent patronizing,
And the fewness of the robb’ries
In his reign was quite surprising.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

Great Mahawasant, of Siam the King,
Has half of India under his wing;
Twelve kings, with the Great Mogul, obey
His rule, and acknowledge his sovereign sway.

Each year with banner, trumpet, and drum
To Siam the trains with the tribute come;
Many thousand camels, with backs piled high
With the costliest treasures of earth, draw nigh.

When the camels he sees with their heavy piles,
The soul of the King in secret smiles;
But in public in truth he always deplores
That his storehouses serve not to hold all his stores.

Yet these storehouses all are so lofty and spacious,
So full of magnificence, so capacious,
The reality's splendour surpasses in glory
The Arabian Nights' most wondrous story.

The "Castle of Indra" call they the hall
In which are display'd the deities all,
The golden images, chisell'd with care,
And all incrusted with jewels so fair.

Full thirty thousand their numbers are,
Their ugliness passes description far;
A compound of men and animals dread,
With many a hand and many a head.

In the "Hall of purple" one wond'ringly sees
Some thirteen hundred coral trees,
As big as palms, a singular sight,
With spiral branches, a forest bright.

The floor of purest crystal is made,
And all the trees are in it display'd,
While pheasants of glittering plumage gay
Strut up and down in a dignified way.

The ape on which the monarch doth dote
A ribbon of silk wears round his throat,
Whence hangs the key that opens the hall
Which people the "Chamber of Slumber" call.

All kinds of jewels of value high
All over the ground here scatter'd lie
Like common peas, with diamonds rare
That in size with the egg of a fowl compare.

On sacks that stuff'd with pearls appear
The Monarch is wont to stretch himself here;
The ape lies down by the monarch proud,
And both of them slumber and snore aloud.

But the King's most precious, costly treasure,
His happiness, his soul's first pleasure,
The joy and the pride of Mahawasant
Is truly his snow-white elephant.

As a home for a guest so highly respected
A splendid palace the King has erected;
Gay lotos-headed columns uphold
Its roof, all cover'd with plates of gold.

Three hundred heralds stand at the gate,
As the elephant's guard of honour to wait;
And kneeling down with low-bent back
There serve him a hundred eunuchs black.

For his proboscis the daintiest meat
On golden dishes they bring him to eat;

From silver buckets he drinks his wine,
Well season'd with spices sweet and fine.

With perfumes they rub him, and otto of roses
On his head a chaplet of flowers reposes,
The richest shawls that are made in the East
As carpets serve for the dignified beast.

The happiest life appears to be his,
But no one on earth contented is;
The noble creature, — one cannot tell why, —
Gives way to a deep despondency.

The melancholy monster white
Is wretched, all this profusion despite;
They fain would enliven and cheer him again,
But all their cleverest efforts are vain.

In vain with singing and springing there come
The bayaderes; the kettle drum
And cornet in vain the musicians play,
But nothing can make the elephant gay.

As matters continue to go on badly,
The heart of Mahawasant beats sadly;
He sends for the wisest astrologer known,
And bids him stand before his throne.

“Stargazer, I’ll cut off at once your head” —
Thus speaks he, “unless you can tell me instead
“What is it that my poor elephant needs,
“And why his spirit with sorrow so bleeds.”

The other one threw himself thrice on the ground,
And finally spoke with obeisance profound:
“O monarch, I’ll tell thee the actual fact,
“And then as thou wilt, thou canst afterwards act.

“There lives in the North a woman fair,
“Of lofty stature and beauty rare;
“Thy elephant’s certainly handsome, Sir,
“But still not fit to be liken’d to her.

“Compared with her, he only appears
“A little white mouse; her form she rears
“Like giantess Bimha in Ramajana,
“And like the Ephesians’ great Diana.

“Her limbs are combined in a beautiful frame;
“Two lofty pilasters support the same,
“And proudly and gracefully stand upright,
“Of alabaster dazzling and white.

“This is God Amor’s temple gigantic,
“In other words, love’s cathedral romantic!
“As lamp there burns within the fane
“A heart quite free from spot and stain.

“The poets are nonpluss’d how to begin
“To describe the charms of her snow-white skin;
“E’en Gautier⁶⁵ unable to do it, alas! is,
“Its whiteness all description surpasses.

“The highest Himalaya’s snow
“Beside her seems ash-grey to grow;
“The lily that she by accident thumbs
“Through envy or contrast yellow becomes.

“The Countess Bianca is the name
“Of this enormous snow-white dame;
“At Paris she dwells, in the land of France,
“And the elephant loves her by singular chance.

“By strange and wondrous elective affinity
“She became through a dream his bosom’s divinity

“And into his heart this lofty Ideal
“First crept by means of a vision unreal.

“Since then he’s consumed by a yearning stealthy,
“And he, who was once so joyous and healthy,
“As a four-footed Werther sadly stands,
“And dreams of a Lotte in Northern lands.

“O, Sympathy’s mysterious thrill!
“He never saw her, but thinks of her still;
“Oft tramps he round in the moonlight fair,
“And sighs: ‘O were I a bird of the air!’

“His body alone is in Siam, his mind
“In France with Bianca thou’lt certainly find;
“And yet this parting of body and soul
“Must greatly injure his health as a whole.

“From the daintiest morsels revolts his belly,
“He cares for nothing but vermicelli;
“He’s coughing already, and fast grows thinner;
“His yearning will kill him, or I’m a sinner.

“If thou wouldst save him, preserve him alive,
“His return to the animal world contrive,
“O King, then send the renown’d invalid
“Direct to Paris, with utmost speed.

“When he on the spot in the actual sight
“Of the beautiful lady can take delight —
“Of her who the prototype was of his dream,
“He’ll soon be cured of his sadness extreme.

“There where his mistress’s glances fall,
“His spirit’s torments will vanish all;
“Her smiles will the last of the shadows efface
“Which in his bosom had taken their place.

“And then her voice, like a magical tune,
“Will cure his distracted mind full soon;
“The flaps of his ears he’ll joyfully raise,
“And feel as he felt in youthful days.

“All things are so very enchanting and pretty
“On the banks of the Seine, in Paris’ fair city!
“How thy elephant there will civilized be,
“Amusing himself right merrily!

“But most of all, O monarch, take care
“That plenty of money he has with him there,
“And a letter of credit, all charges to meet,
“On Rothschild Frères in the Rue Lafitte,

“For a million of ducats or thereabouts;
“Then Baron Rothschild will harbour no doubts
“About him, but say with an accent mellow:
““The elephant’s really a capital fellow!””

The astrologer thus discoursed, and then
He threw himself thrice on the ground again.
The king with rich presents sent him away,
And stretched himself, his course to survey.

He thought of this, and he thought of that;
(Kings seldom find their thoughts come pat).
His ape beside him took his seat,
And both of them fell asleep with the heat.

What he resolved, I’ll hereafter relate;
The Indian mails are behind their date.
The last of these which has come to hand
Was by way of Suez, and overland.

KNAVE OF BERGEN.

At Dusseldorf castle on the Rhine
They're gaily masquerading;
The waxlights sparkle, the company dance,
The music their nimbleness aiding.

The beauteous Duchess dances too,
And ceases laughing never;
Her partner is a slender youth,
Who seems right courtly and clever.

He wears a mask of velvet black,
Whence merrily is peeping
An eye just like a shining dirk
From out of its sheath half creeping.

The carnival throng exultingly shout
As they whirl in the waltz's embraces,
While Drickes and Marizzebill⁶⁶
Salute with loud noise and grimaces.

The trumpets crash, and the merry hum
Of the double-bass increases,
Until the dance to an end has come,
And then the music ceases.

"Most excellent Lady, thy pardon I beg,
"Tis time for me to go now—"
"The Duchess said smiling: "You shall not depart,
"Unless your face you show now."

"Most excellent Lady, thy pardon I beg,
"My face is a hideous creature's—"
"The Duchess said smiling: "I am not afraid,
"I insist upon seeing your features."

“Most excellent Lady, thy pardon I beg,
“For night and death are my portion—”
“The Duchess said smiling: “I’ll not let you go
“I’ll see you, despite all your caution.”

In vain he struggled with gloomy words
To change her determination;
At length she forcibly tore the mask
From his face for her information.

“’Tis the headsman of Bergen!” the throng in the hall
Exclaim with a feeling of terror,
And timidly shrink; — the Duchess rush’d out,
Her husband to tell of her error.

The Duke was wise, and all the disgrace
Of the Duchess straightway effac’d he;
He drew his bright sword and said: “Kneel down,
Good fellow!” with accents hasty.

“With this stroke of the sword I make you now
“A limb of the order knightly;
“And since you’re a knave, you’ll hereafter be call’d
“Sir Knave of Bergen rightly.”

So the headsman became a nobleman proud,
Of the Bergen Knaves’ family founder;
A haughty race! they dwelt on the Rhine,
Though now they all underground are!

THE VALKYRES.⁶⁷

While below contending forces
Fight, above on cloudy horses
Three Valkyres ride; their song
Through the air re-echoes long.

“Princes wrangle, nations quarrel,
“Each would bear away the laurel;
“Conquest is the highest prize,
“Highest worth in courage lies.

“No proud helmet gives protection,
“Death brings all things in subjection;
“And the hero’s blood is shed,
“And the wicked win instead.

“Laurel wreaths, triumphal arches!
On the morrow in he marches,
“Who the better one o’erthrew,
“Winning land and people too.

“Senator and burgomaster
“Go to meet the victor faster
“With the keys that ope the gate,
“And the train then enters straight.

“Cannon from the walls are crashing,
“Kettle-drums and trumpets clashing,
“Bells’ loud ringing fills the sky,
“And ‘hurrah!’ the people cry.

“On the balconies are standing
“Smiling beauteous women, handing
“To the victor flow’ry wreaths;
“He with haughty calmness breathes.”

HASTINGS BATTLE-FIELD.

The Abbot of Waltham deeply sigh'd
When he heard the tragical story
That Harold the king had lost his life
On Hastings battle-field gory.

Two monks, named Asgod and Ailrik, he
As messengers then selected,
To seek at Hastings amongst the dead
For Harold's body neglected.

The monks went forth with sorrowing hearts,
And return'd with faces averted:
"O Father, the world goes wrong with us now,
"We seem by Fortune deserted.

"The better man has fallen in fight,
"O'ercome by that bastard demon;
"Arm'd thieves amongst them divide the land,
"And make a slave of the freeman.

"The veriest rascal in Normandy now
"Is lord of the island of Britain;
"A tailor from Bayeux with golden spurs
"We saw as gay as a kitten.

"Woe, woe to the man of Saxon birth!
"Ye Saxon sainted ones even,
"Ye had better take care, ye're not safe from disgrace,
"E'en now in the kingdom of heaven.

"The meaning now we can understand
"Of the blood-red comet which lately
"On a broomstick of fire rode through the sky
"One night, and astonish'd us greatly.

“At Hastings there was realized
“The evil star’s prediction;
“Amongst the dead on the battle-field there
“We sought with deep affliction.

“Till every hope had disappear’d
“We sought in each direction;
“The corpse of King Harold, we grieve to say,
“Escaped our close inspection.”

’Twas thus that Asgod and Ailrik spoke;
His hands wrung the Abbot, while moan’d he
Then sank in deep thought, and finally said,
As heavily sigh’d and groan’d he:

“At Grendelfield, by the bards’ old stone,
“In a hut in the forest, is dwelling
“Her whom they Edith the Swanneck call,
“In beauty once so excelling.

“They call’d her Edith the Swanneck erst,
“Because her neck in its splendour
“Resembled the neck of the swan; the king
“Loved the maid with affection tender.

“He loved, kiss’d, fondled her long, and then
“Forgot, like a faithless lover;
Time’s fleeting on, full sixteen years
“Have since those days pass’d over.

“Now, brethren, go to this woman straight,
“And bid her return with you quickly
“To Hastings; her eye will discover the king
“Mid the corpses scatter’d so thickly.

“And when you have found his body, with speed
“To Waltham Abbey transfer him,

“That we for his soul due masses may sing,
“And like a Christian inter him.”

At midnight’s hour the messengers reach’d
The hut in the forest, saying:
“Awake, O Edith the Swanneck, awake,
“And follow without delaying.

“The Duke of the Normans as victor hath come,
“And the routed Saxons are flying,
“And on the field of Hastings the corpse
“Of Harold the King is lying.

“Come with us to Hastings, we’re seeking there
“The body beneath the dead hidden,
“To bring it to Waltham Abbey with care,
“As we by the Abbot are bidden.”

Then Edith the Swanneck girded herself,
And not one word she utter’d,
But follow’d the monks, while her grizzly hair
In the wind all wildly flutter’d.

The poor woman follow’d with naked feet,
And through marsh, wood, and briar on hied they,
Till the chalky cliffs on the Hastings coast
At the dawning of day descried they.

The mist, which like a snowy veil,
The battle-field was cloaking,
Dispersed by degrees; the noisy daws
Were flapping their wings and croaking.

Many thousand corpses were lying there
On the earth with blood bespatter’d,
Stripp’d naked, and mangled, with many a steed
Among the carcasses scatter’d.

Poor Edith the Swanneck in the blood
With naked feet now waded;
No single spot the searching glance
Of her piercing eye evaded.

Both here and there she sought, and she oft
Had to scare away the devouring
Black troop of ravens that prey'd on the dead;
The monks behind her were cowering.

She sought throughout the livelong day,
Till the shades of the evening were falling;
When out of the poor woman's breast there burst
A shriek both wild and appalling.

For Edith the Swanneck had found at last
The corpse of the king, poor creature!
No word she utter'd, no tear she wept,
She kiss'd each pallid feature.

She kiss'd his forehead, she kiss'd his mouth,
Her arms encircled him tightly;
She kiss'd the bloody breast of the king,
Disfigured by wounds unsightly.

Upon his shoulder she likewise spied, —
And cover'd them over with kisses, —
Three little scars that her teeth had made,
The signs of their former blisses.

And in the meantime the pair of monks
Some branches of trees collected;
These form'd the bier, on which they bore
The body, with hearts dejected.

To Waltham Abbey the body they took,
To bury it rightly and duly,

And Edith the Swanneck follow'd the corpse
Of him she had loved so truly.

The litanies for the dead she sang
In childlike pious fashion,
And in the night they fearfully rang, —
The monks pray'd, full of compassion.

CHARLES I.

In the charcoal-burner's hut in the wood
Sits the king, an object of pity;
The charcoal-burner's child's cradle he rocks,
And sings this monotonous ditty:

“Eiapoepia, why rustles the straw?
“The sheep in the stalls bleat loudly;
“Thou bearest the sign on thy forehead, and smil'st
“In thy sleep so wildly and proudly.

“Eiapoepia, thou bear'st on thy brow
“The sign, — and dead is the kitten;
“When grown to manhood, thou'lt flourish the axe,
“And the oak in the wood will be smitten.

“The charcoal-burner's religion is dead,
“And now no longer receive they, —
“Eiapoepia, — the faith in a God,
“Still less in the king believe they.

“The kitten is dead, and the mice rejoice
“And we from their presence are driven, —
“Eiapoepia, — I, monarch on earth,
“And God, the monarch in heaven.

“My heart grows sicker day by day,
“My brow grows sterner and sterner;
“Eiapoepia, — my headsman art thou,
“Thou child of the charcoal-burner!

“My song of death is thy cradle-song —
“Eiapoepia — thou'lt fumble
“My grey locks about, and cut them off, —
“Thine axe on my neck will tumble.

“Eiapoepia, — why rustles the straw?
“Thou hast gained a kingdom splendid;
“Thou strikest off from my body my head, —
“The life of the kitten is ended.

“Eiapoepia, — why rustles the straw?
“The sheep in the stalls bleat loudly;
“The kitten is dead, and the mice rejoice, —
“My dear little headsman, sleep proudly!”

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The plate-glass windows gleam in the sun
In the Tuileries Castle gaily;
And yet the well-known spectres of old
Still walk about in it daily.

Queen Marie Antoinette still doth haunt
The famous pavilion of Flora;
With strict etiquette she holds her court
At each return of Aurora.

Full dress'd are the ladies, — they most of them stand,
On tabourets others are sitting,
With dresses of satin and gold brocade,
Hung with lace and jewels befitting.

Their waists are small, their hoop-petticoats swell,
And from underneath them are peeping
Their high-heel'd feet, that so pretty appear, —
If their heads were but still in their keeping!

Not one of the number a head has on,
The queen herself in that article
Is wanting, and so Her Majesty boasts
Of frizzling not one particle.

Yes, she with toupée as high as a tower,
In dignity so resplendent,
Maria Theresa's daughter fair,
The German Cæsar's descendant,

She, curlless and headless, now must walk
Amongst her maids of honour,
Who, equally headless and void of curls,
Are humbly waiting upon her.

All this from the French Revolution has sprung,
And its doctrines so pernicious,
From Jean Jacques Rousseau and the guillotine,
And Voltaire the malicious.

Yet strange though it be, I shrewdly think
That none of these hapless creatures
Have ever observed how dead they are,
How devoid of head and features.

The first *dame d'atour* a linen shift brings,
And makes a reverence lowly;
The second hands it to the queen,
And both retire then slowly.

The third and fourth ladies curtsy and kneel
Before the queen discreetly,
That they may be able to draw on
Her Majesty's stockings neatly.

A maid of honour curtsyng brings
Her Majesty's robe for the morning;
Another with curtsies her petticoat holds
And assists at the queen's adorning.

The mistress of the robes with her fan
Stands by, the time beguiling;
And as her head is unhappily gone,
With her other end she is smiling.

The sun his inquisitive glances throws
Inside the draperied casement;
But when the apparitions he sees,
He starts in fearful amazement.

THE SILESIAN WEAVERS.⁶⁸

No tears from their gloomy eyes are flowing,
They sit at the loom, their white teeth showing:
“Thy shroud, O Germany, now weave we,
“A threefold curse we’re weaving for thee, —
“We’re weaving, we’re weaving!

“A curse on the God to whom our petition
“We vainly address’d when in starving condition;
“In vain did we hope, and in vain did we wait,
“He only derided and mock’d our sad fate, —
““re weaving, we’re weaving!

“A curse on the King of the wealthy, whom often
“Our misery vainly attempted to soften;
“Who takes away e’en the last penny we’ve got,
“And lets us like dogs in the highway be shot, —
“We’re weaving, we’re weaving!

“A curse on our fatherland false and contriving,
“Where shame and disgrace alone are seen thriving,
“Where flowers are pluck’d before they unfold,
“Where batten the worms on corruption and mould, —
“We’re weaving, we’re weaving!

“The shuttle is flying, the loom creaks away,
“We’re weaving busily night and day;
“Thy shroud, Old Germany, now weave we,
“A threefold curse we’re weaving for thee, —
“We’re weaving, we’re weaving!”

POMARE.

1.

All the gods of love are shouting
In my heart, and blowing airy
Flourishes, and crying: "Hail!
"Hail, thou mighty queen Pomare!"

Not the queen of Otaheite
Whom 'twas missionaries' duty
To convert; no, she I mean
Is a wild untutor'd beauty.

Twice in every week appears she,
All her subjects quite entrancing
In that dear Jardin Mabilie,
Waltzes and the polka dancing.

Majesty in all her footsteps,
Grace and beauty ne'er forsake her,
Quite a princess every inch,
Whichsoever way you take her.

Thus she dances — gods of love are
In my heart all blowing airy
Flourishes, and crying: "Hail!
"Hail, thou mighty queen Pomare!"

2.

She dances. How her figure sways!
What grace her every limb displays!
There's as much flitting, leaping, swinging,
As if she from her skin were springing.

She dances. When she twirls with skill
Upon one foot, and then stands still

At last with both her arms extended,
My very reason seems suspended.

She dances. 'Tis the very same
That once Herodias' daughter came
And danced to Herod. As she dances,
Her eye casts round it deadly glances.

She'll dance me frantic. Woman, say,
What shall be thy reward to-day?
Thou smil'st? Quick, herald! to the gateway
Decapitate the Baptist straightway!

3.

Yesterday for very bread,
In the mire she wallowèd;
But to-day, with pride o'erbearing,
In her carriage takes an airing.
On its silken cushions she
Rests her head, and haughtily
Looks upon the thronging masses
Whom on foot her carriage passes.
When I see thee travelling so,
Then my heart is fill'd with woe!
Ah, this carriage, — so prepare thee, —
To the hospital will bear thee,
Where unfeeling cruel death
Soon will take away thy breath,
And the student, with coarse greasy
Prentice hand, so free and easy,
Will cut up thy body fair
Anatomically there;
And at Montfaucon thy horses
At the knacker's end their courses.

4.

Thou hast been by fate befriended
Better than at first I said;
God be praised, all now is ended!
God be praised, and thou art dead!

In thy poor and aged mother's
Garret thou at length didst die.
She, with love beyond all others,
Closed thy fair eyes tenderly.

She a winding-sheet bought duly,
And a coffin, and a grave;
Somewhat close and wretched truly
Was the funeral that they gave.

No priests at that funeral lonely
Sang, no bell toll'd mournfully;
Thy *friseur* and poodle only
As thy mourners follow'd thee.

“Ah!” the former sigh'd: “I often
“Used to comb Pomare's hair,
“And her long black tresses soften,
“Sitting in her easy chair!”

But the dog, — away he scamper'd
At the churchyard gate anon,
And was lodged and fed and pamper'd
Afterwards by Rose Pompon.

She, the Provençaler, grudged thee
Thy hard-earnèd name of queen,
As a hated rival judged thee,
Made thee victim of her spleen.

Ah, poor queen of jests diurnal,
With thy mud crown on thy head,

Thou art saved by God's eternal
Goodness, thou at last art dead.

As thy mother, so thy Father
Mercy show'd thee from above;
This He did, methinks, the rather
In that thou so much didst love.

THE APOLLO GOD.

The convent stands high on the rocky steep,
The Rhine beneath it glistens;
The youthful nun doth eagerly peep
Through the lattice window, and listens.

A bark of fable is sailing past,
By the evening glow tinged brightly;
While chequer'd pennons stream from the mast,
With laurels and flowers crown'd lightly.

Amid-ship stands a beauteous youth,
With flowing auburn tresses;
Of very ancient cut, in truth,
His gold and purple dress is.

Before his feet nine women lie,
Of marble-lovely graces;
A tunic fair and loop'd up high
Each slender form embraces.

The golden-tress'd one sweetly sings,
And likewise plays his lyre;
The song the poor nun's bosom stings,
And sets it all on fire.

She makes a cross, and once again
The nun repeats the measure;
The cross scares not her blissful pain,
Nor checks her bitter pleasure.

2.

I am the god of music bright,
Revered in every nation;
In Greece, on Mount Parnassus' height,
My temple had its station.

In Greece I oft have sat and play'd
On famed Parnassus' mountain,
Beneath the cypress' pleasant shade,
Beside Castalia's fountain.

My daughters sat around their Pa,
And raised a vocal chorus;
They sweetly sang: la-la, la-la!
While laughter floated o'er us.

The bugle rang: tra-ra, tra-ra!
From out the forest loudly;
There hunted Artemisia,
My little sister, proudly.

And whensoever I took some sips, —
I can't describe it neatly, —
From out Castalia's fount, my lips
Burst into music sweetly.

I sang — my lyre, as it replied,
O'er its own chords seem'd sweeping;
I felt as if I Daphne spied
Behind the laurels peeping.

I sang — ambrosial incense stream'd,
And lightly o'er me hover'd;
And the whole world around me seem'd
By a bright halo cover'd.

A thousand years from Grecia's land
Have I been sadly banish'd;
Yet hath my heart in Grecia's land
Remain'd, though I have vanish'd.

In the costume of the Beguins,
In the cloak with cap upon it
Of the coarsest blackest serge,
Is the youthful nun envelop'd.

Hastily along the Rhine banks
Paces she adown the highway
On the road to Holland, asking
Eagerly of every passer:

“Hast thou chanced to see Apollo?
“He a scarlet cloak is wearing,
“Sweetly sings he, plays the lyre,
“And he is my darling idol.”

None will answer her inquiry,
Many turn their backs in silence,
Many stare upon her smiling,
Many sigh: “Alas, poor creature!”

But along the highway trotting
Comes a slovenly old man;
Making figures in the air, he
Keeps on singing through his nose.

He a clumsy wallet carries,
And a little hat three-corner'd,
And with sharp and smiling eyes he
Listens to the nun's inquiry:

“Hast thou chanced to see Apollo?
“He a scarlet cloak is wearing,
“Sweetly sings he, plays the lyre,
“And he is my darling idol.”

He however gave this answer,
Whilst his little head he waggled

Here and there, and comically
At his sharp beard kept on twitching:

“Have I chanced to see Apollo?
“Yes, I certainly have seen him
“When at Amsterdam full often,
“In the German synagogue.

“He was there the leading singer,
“Known by name of Rabbi Faibisch,
“Which in High-Dutch means Apollo, —
“But he’s not my idol truly.

“Scarlet cloak? His scarlet cloak too
“I remember; genuine scarlet,
“And the price per ell eight florins, —
“Not all paid for to this moment.

“His old father, Moses Jitscher,
“Know I well; he’s circumciser
“To the Portuguese, I fancy,
“And to various sovereigns also.

“And his mother is a cousin
“Of my sister’s husband, trading
“On the Gracht in pickled gherkins,
“And in worn-out pairs of breeches.

“In their son they take no pleasure;
“On the lyre he plays not badly,
“But, I grieve to say, far better
“Plays he at taroc and ombre.

“He is likewise a free-thinker,
“Lost his place through eating swine’s flesh,
“And then travell’d round the country
“With some painted low comedians.

“In the shops and on the markets
“Has he acted as Jack-pudding,
“Holofernes, or King David,
“But the latter most excell’d in.

“For the king’s own sorrows sang he
“In the king’s own mother language,
“Giving all the proper quavers
“In the proper olden fashion.

“Recently some wenches took he
“From the Amsterdam casino,
“And he’s travelling with these Muses
“Round the country as Apollo.

“One amongst them is a stout one,
“Squeaking very much and grunting:
“On account of her green laurel
“Head-dress, they ‘the green sow’ call her.”

HYMN TO KING LOUIS.⁶⁹

Behold great Louis, Bavaria's king,
Few monarchs are half so splendid;
In him a king the Bavarians revere,
From an ancient line descended.

He's fond of art: fair women to get
For their portraits to sit, is his passion:
In this painted seraglio takes he his walks,
In eunuch-artistic fashion.

A marble place of skulls hath he
Near Ratisbon constructed,
And all the arrangements for every head
In his own royal person conducted.

Walhalla-companions! A masterpiece,
Where the merit of every man is
Set forth, with his character and his acts,
From Teut⁷⁰ to Schinderhannes.⁷¹

But Luther, the blockhead, amongst them all,
Has no place in this proud mausoleum;
The whale 'mongst the fishes is often left out
In a natural hist'ry museum.

King Louis is also a poet renown'd;
Whenever sings or plays he,
Apollo falls down at his feet and exclaims:
"O stop, or you'll drive me quite crazy!"

King Louis is also a hero renown'd,
Like his child, his little son, Otho,
Who was chosen to sit on the throne of Greece
(He disgraced it long ago, tho').

When Louis dies, he'll canonised be
At Rome by the holy Father;
A cat with ruffles a face like his
With its Glory will look like rather.

As soon as the monkeys and kangaroos
Are converted to Christianity,
They'll make St. Louis their guardian saint,
In proof of their perfect sanity.

TWO KNIGHTS.

Crapulinski and Waschlapski,
Poles in Poland born and bred,
Fought for their dear country's freedom
'Gainst the Russian tyrant dread.

Boldly did they fight, and lastly
Found at Paris a retreat;
Living, just as much as dying
For one's fatherland, is sweet.

Like Achilles and Patroclus,
David and his Jonathan,
Loved the pair of Poles each other,
Kiss'd, and said: "Kochan! Kochan!"⁷²

Neither e'er betray'd the other,
Both were faithful friends and true,
Notwithstanding that they Poles were,
Born and bred in Poland too.

They the same apartment dwelt in,
In the selfsame bed slept they,
And in noble emulation
Scratch'd themselves by night and day.

In the selfsame beershop dined they,
And as neither was content
That the other paid his reckoning,
Neither ever paid a cent.

'Twas the selfsame washerwoman
Did the washing for the pair;
Humming, for their linen came she
Every month to wash and air.

Yes, they really had their linen,
Each one had two shirts, well-worn,
Notwithstanding that they Poles were,
Poles in Poland bred and born.

They to-day sit near the chimney,
Where the flames a bright glow cast;
Out of doors are night, a snowstorm,
And the coaches driving past.

They a mighty bowl of punch have
Drain'd already and devour'd;
(Understand me, 'twas unsugar'd,
And unwater'd and unsour'd.)

Sorrow o'er their souls is creeping,
Tears their furrow'd faces streak:
With a voice of deep emotion
Thus doth Crapulinski speak;

"Would that I had here in Paris
"My dear bearskin, my old cotton
"Dressing-gown, my catskin-nightcap,
"In my fatherland forgotten!"

Thus to him replied Waschlapski:
"O thou art a driv'ler true;
"Of thy home thou'rt over thinking,
"Catskin-nightcap, bearskin too.

"Poland has not yet quite perish'd,
"Still our wives to sons give birth,
"And our girls will do so likewise,
"And produce us men of worth,

"Heroes, like great Sobieski,
"Like Schelmufski and Uminski,

“Eskrokewitsch, Schubiakski,
“And the mighty Eselinski.”

OUR MARINE.⁷³

(A Nautical tale.)

A dream of a fleet we lately dreamt,
And enjoy'd a sail delicious
Far over the wide and boundless sea,
The wind was quite propitious.

We gave our frigates the proudest names
That we in our calendar reckon'd;
One Hoffmann of Fallersleben we call'd,
And Prutz⁷⁴ we christen'd the second.

There floated the cutter Freiligrath,
Whereon was seen the figure
Of the Moorish king, which gazed below
Like a moon (but as black as a nigger).

There floated Gustavus Schwab as well,
A Pfizer, a Kölle, a Mayer;
On each of them stood a Swabian face,
Each holding a wooden lyre.

There floated Birch-Pfeiffer, a brig which bore
On its mast the escutcheon olden
Of the famous German Admiralty,
On tatters black-red-golden.

We boldly clamber'd on bowsprit and yard,
And bore ourselves like sailors;
Our jackets were short, our hats betarr'd,
And our trousers as big as a tailor's.

Full many, who formerly sipp'd but tea
As husbands kind and forbearing,
Now drank their rum, their pigtail chew'd,
And, seaman-like, took to swearing.

So bright was our vision, we well nigh won
A naval victory splendid;
But when return'd the morning sun,
Both fleet and vision had ended.

We still were lying at home in bed,
Our limbs all over it sprawling;
We rubbed the sleep from out of our eyes,
The following wise speech bawling:

“The world is round; why seek to be tost
“On the idle billows, faint-hearted?
“When we sail round the world, at last we return
“To the point from which we started.”

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Fiddle, flute, and horn uniting,
To the idol-dance inviting —
Round the golden calf with springing
All of Jacob's daughters come —
Brum — brum — brum —
Kettle drums and laughter ringing!

Girding up their tunics lightly,
Clasping hands together tightly,
Noble maidens, off'rings bringing,
Twist, like whirlwinds at the least,
Round the beast —
Kettle drums and laughter ringing!

Aaron's self joins in the mazy
Circling dance with motions crazy;
His concerns not looking after,
Skips he, in his high-priest's coat,
Like a goat —
Kettle drums and ringing laughter!

KING DAVID.

Despots smiling yield their breath,
Knowing after their own death
That their slaves but change their master,
And, if anything, work faster.

Ah, poor race! like horse and bull
They the waggons still must pull,
And their backs will soon be broken
If they heed not what is spoken.

David said to Solomon
On his deathbed: "List, my son!
"My most dreaded foe of course is
"Joab, general of my forces.

"This brave general many a year
"I have view'd with hate and fear;
"But, however I detest him,
"I ne'er ventured to arrest him.

"Thou, my son, of sterner stuff,
"Fearing God, art strong enough;
"'Tis for thee an easy matter
"That said Joab's brains to scatter."

KING RICHARD.

Through the silent glades of the forest there springs
An eager horseman proudly;
He blows his horn, he laughs, and he sings
Exultingly and loudly.

His armour is made of the brass most strong,
But stronger still is his bosom;
'Tis Cœur de Lion that's riding along,
That Christian chivalry's blossom.

"Thou'rt welcome to England!" each verdant bough
"Exclaims with joyous assurance;
"We're heartily glad, O monarch, that thou
"Hast escap'd from thine Austrian durance."

The king snuffs up the free air the while,
Like a newborn creature lives he;
He thinks of his Austrian dungeon vile, —
And his spurs to his proud horse gives he.

THE ASRA.

Daily went the wondrous lovely
Sultan's daughter at the cooling
Hour of evening to the fountain,
Where the waters white were plashing.

Daily at the hour of evening
Stood the young slave at the fountain
Where the waters white were plashing,
Daily grew he pale and paler.

And one evening came the princess,
And these sudden words address'd him:
"Thou must tell me what thy name is,
"And thy country and thy kindred!"

And the slave replied: "My name is
"Mahomet, I came from Yemmen,
"And my race is of those Asras,
"Who, whene'er they love, must perish."

THE NUNS.

Who at night the convent walls
Passes, sees the windows brightly
Lighted up, for there the spectres
Make their gloomy circuit nightly.

'Tis dead Ursulines that join
In the sad and dark procession;
From the linen hoods are peeping
Faces young of sweet expression.

Tapers bear they in their hands,
Glimm'ring bloodred and mysterious
Strangely echo in the crossway
Whispers low, wails sad and serious.

To the church the train moves on;
Sitting on the wooden benches
Of the quire, their mournful chorus
Straight begin the' unhappy wenches.

Like a litany it sounds,
But the words are wild and shocking
They are poor and outcast spirits
At the heavenly portal knocking.

"Brides of Christ we used to be,
"But by love of earth were chainèd,
"And we render'd unto Cæsar
"Things that unto God pertained.

"Charming is a uniform
"And mustachios smooth and shining
"For the epaulettes of Cæsar
"Were our hearts in secret pining.

“Antlers to the brow we gave
“By our shameless ill behaviour,
“Which the crown of thorns once carried, —
“We betray’d our heavenly Saviour.

“Jesus, — mercy’s very self, —
“Softly wept o’er our transgression,
“And he said: ‘Your souls be cursèd
“‘For disgracing your profession!’

“Grave-sprung spectres of the night,
“We must wander in these dreary
“Walls, our folly to atone for, —
“Miserere! Miserere!

“Ah, within the grave ’tis well!
“Though indeed ’tis far more cheery
“In the glowing realms of heaven, —
“Miserere! Miserere!

“Jesus sweet, forgive at length
“Our transgression sad and weary;
“Let us feel the warmth of heaven, —
“Miserere! Miserere!”

Thus the troop of nuns sing on,
And a long-dead clerk is playing
On the organ. Hands of spirits
O’er the keys are wildly straying.

PALSGRAVINE JUTTA.

The Palsgravine Jutta, in bark so light,
Is crossing the Rhine in the moonlight bright;
The Countess speaks, while rows the maid:
“Hast thou yon seven corpses survey’d
“That, seeking to find us,
“Are floating behind us? —
“So sadly are floating the corpses!

“Seven knights were they, who their love confess’d,
“And tenderly sank on my heaving breast,
“And swore to be faithful; so, certain to make
“That they their oaths should never break,
“I seized and bound them,
“And straightway drown’d them, —
“So sadly are floating the corpses!”

The Countess laughs, while the maiden rows,
Through the air her laughter scornfully goes;
From the water the corpses rise high as the thigh,
And point with their fingers towards the sky,
In token of swearing,
With glassy eyes staring —
So sadly are floating the corpses!

THE MOORISH KING.

To the Alpuxarres' exile
Went the youthful Moorish monarch;
Silent and with heart full mournful
Heading the procession rode he.

And behind, on lofty palfreys
Or in golden litters riding,
Sat the women of his household;
Swarthy maids on mules were sitting.

And a hundred trusty followers
Rode on noble Arab horses;
Haughty steeds, and yet the riders
Carelessly bestrode the saddles.

Not a drum and not a cymbal,
Not a single song resounded;
Silver bells upon the mules, though,
Echoed sadly in the silence.

On the height, from whence the glances
Sweep across the Duero valley,
And Granada's battlements
For the last time rise before one,

There the mournful king dismounted,
And he gazed upon the city
Glittering in the light of evening,
As though deck'd with gold and purple.

But, great Allah! what a sight 'twas!
In the place of that dear crescent
Gleam'd the Spaniard's cross and standard
On the tow'rs of the Alhambra.

Ah! deep sighs at this discov'ry
Broke from out the monarch's bosom;
Suddenly the tears 'gan falling
Like a torrent down his cheeks.

Sadly from her lofty palfrey
Downward gazed the monarch's mother,
Looking on her son's affliction;
Proudly, bitterly, she chided:

“Boabdil el Chico,” said she,
“Like a woman thou bewailest
“Yonder town, which thou neglectedst
“To defend with manly courage.”

When the monarch's dearest mistress
Heard these words, so harsh and cruel,
Hastily she left her litter,
Her lord's neck embracing fondly.

“Boabdil el Chico,” said she,
“Comfort take, my heart-belov'd one!
“From the deep abyss of sorrow
“Blossoms forth a beauteous laurel.

“Not alone the glorious victor,
“Not alone the proud triumphant
“Fav'rite of the blind jade Fortune,
“But misfortune's bloody son, too,

“And the' heroic-fighting warrior,
“Who to destiny o'erpow'ring
“Has succumb'd, will live for ever
“In the memory of mortals.” —

“Mountain of the Moor's last sigh”
To this very moment call they

Yonder height from whence the monarch
For the last time saw Granada.

Time has now fulfill'd full sweetly
His beloved one's prophecy,
And the Moorish monarch's name is
Reverenced and held in honour.

Never will his glory vanish,
Never, till the last chord's broken
Of the last guitar remaining
In the land of Andalusia.

GEOFFRY RUDEL AND MELISANDA OF TRIPOLI.

In the Château Blay still see we
Tapestry the walls adorning,
Worked by Tripoli's fair countess'
Own fair hands, no labour scorning.

Her whole soul was woven in it,
And with loving tears and tender
Hallow'd is the silken picture,
Which the following scene doth render:

How the Countess saw Rudel
Dying on the strand of ocean,
And the' ideal in his features
Traced of all her heart's emotion.

For the first and last time also
Living saw Rudel and breathing
Her who in his every vision
Intertwining was and wreathing.

Over him the Countess bends her,
Lovingly his form she raises,
And his deadly-pale mouth kisses,
That so sweetly sang her praises.

Ah! the kiss of welcome likewise
Was the kiss of separation,
And they drain'd the cup of wildest
Joy, and deepest desolation.

In the Château Blay at night-time
Comes a rushing, crackling, shaking
On the tapestry the figures
Suddenly to life are waking.

Troubadour and lady stretch their
Drowsy ghostlike members yonder,
And from out the wall advancing,
Up and down the hall they wander.

Whispers fond and gentle toying,
Sad-sweet secrets, heart-enthraling,
Posthumous gallant soft speeches,
Minnesingers' times recalling:

“Geoffry! At thy voice's music
“Warmth is in my dead heart glowing,
“And I feel once more a glimmer
“In the long-quench'd embers growing!”

“Melisanda! I awaken
“Unto happiness and gladness,
“When I see thine eyes; dead only
“Is my earthly pain and sadness.”

“Geoffry! Once we loved each other
“In our dreams; now, cut asunder
“By the hand of death, still love we, —
“Amor 'tis that wrought this wonder!”

“Melisanda! What are dreams?
“What is death? Mere words to scare one!
“Truth in love alone e'er find we,
“And I love thee, ever fair one!”

“Geoffry! O how sweet our meetings
“In this moonlit chamber nightly,
“Now that in the day's bright sunbeams
“I no more shall wander lightly.”

“Melisanda! Foolish dear one!
“Thou art light and sun, thou knowest!

“Love and joys of May are budding,
“Spring is blooming, where thou goest!” —

Thus those tender spectres wander
Up and down, and sweet caresses
Interchange, whilst peeps the moonlight
Through the window’s arch’d recesses.

But at length the rays of morning
Scare away the fond illusion;
To the tapestry retreat they
On the wall, in shy confusion.

THE POET FERDUSI.

1.

Men of gold, and men of silver!
When a fool about a thoman
Talks, of silver he is speaking,
And he means a silver thoman.

In a prince's mouth, however,
Or a shah's, a thoman's always
Golden, for a shah will only
Give and take in golden thomans.

Worthy people have this notion,
And Ferdusi thought so also,
The composer of the famous
And immortal work *Schah Nameh*.

This divine heroic poem
At the Shah's command composed he,
Who for every verse a thoman
Promised to bestow upon him.

Seventeen times bloom'd the roses,
Seventeen times did they wither,
And the nightingales sang sweetly
And were silent seventeen times, —

And meanwhile the bard was sitting
At the loom of thought, composing
Day and night, and nimbly weaving
His sweet numbers' giant-carpet, —

Giant-carpet, where the poet
Interwove with skill his country's
Chronicles from times of fable,
Farsistan's primeval monarchs,

Fav'rite heroes of his nation,
Knightly deeds, adventures wondrous,
Magic beings, hateful demons,
Intertwined with flowers of fable.

All were blooming, all were living,
Bright with colours, glowing, burning,
With the heavenly rays illumin'd
From the sacred light of Iran,

From the godlike light primeval,
Whose last pure and fiery temple,
Spite of Koran and of Mufti,
In the poet's heart flam'd brightly.

When at last the work was finish'd,
Then the manuscript the poet
Sent to his illustrious patron,
E'en two hundred thousand verses.

It was in the public bath room,
In the bathing place at Gasna,
That the Shah's black messengers
Found at last the bard Ferdusi.

Each a bag of money carried,
Which before the poet's feet he
Kneeling placed, to be the guerdon
To reward his minstrel labours.

Hastily the poet open'd
Both the bags, his eyes to gladden
With the gold so long kept from him, —
When he saw with consternation

That the bags contain'd within them
Silver only, silver thomans,

Some two hundred thousand of them; —
Bitterly then laugh'd the poet.

Laughing bitterly, the money
He divided in three equal
Portions, and a third part gave he
To the two black messengers,

Each a third, to be his guerdon
For the message, and the third part
Gave he to the man who waited
On his bath, as drinking-money.

Then his pilgrim staff he straightway
Grasp'd, and left at once the city,
And before the gate the dust he
From his very shoes rejected.

2.

“Had he been, like other men,
“Heedless of his words once spoken,
“And his promise merely broken,
“I had not been angry then.

“Suffer *this*? I never will!
“His deceit my heart amazes,
“Both his double-meaning phrases,
“And his silence, falser still.

“He was noble, fair to see,
“Proud his gestures were, and stately;
“Other men excell'd he greatly,
“Every inch a king was he.

“Firelike did his glance once meet me,
“As the sun in yonder heaven

“He, truth’s haughty image even —
“And he yet hath deign’d to cheat me.”

3.

Shah Mahomet full well has dined,
And his soul to be merry is fully inclined.

In the garden at twilight, on purple seat
He sits by the fountain. Its splashing sounds sweet,

With looks respectful his servants stand:
His fav’rite Ansari’s amongst the band.

From marble vases a fiery gush
Of luxuriant flowers appears to rush.

Like Odalisques with graceful arms
Stand fanning themselves the slender palms.

The cypresses stand with branches unfurl’d,
As if dreaming of heaven, forgetting the world.

But sudden to strains of the lute ere long
Is heard a gentle mysterious song.

The Shah sprang up, as if sorely perplex’d:
“Who wrote of this song the charming text?”

Ansari, from whom he sought to know it,
Replied: “’Tis the work of Ferdusi the poet.”

“Ferdusi!” — exclaim’d the prince in dismay, —
“Where is he? How fares the poet, O say!”

“Ansari gave answer: “In poverty great
“He has lived full long in a mournful state

“At Thus, the native town of the bard,
“Where he in his garden works full hard.”

Shah Mahomet paused, and presently said:
“Ansari, a thought has come in my head.

“To my stables make haste, and with hands unthrifty
“Take a hundred mules, and camels fifty.

“And lade them all with every treasure
“That fills the heart of a mortal with pleasure,

“With splendid articles, rich and rare,
“With costly dresses and furniture fair

“Of sandal wood and ivory white,
“With gold and silver tissues dight;

“With precious-handled goblets and pots,
“And leopard-skins, all cover’d with spots,

“With carpets and shawls and the richest brocade
“That in my kingdom has ever been made.

“And don’t forget to pack with the rest
“Some glittering arms, and of housings the best,

“As well as drinks of every kind
“And eatables such as in pots we find,

“And almond cakes and sweetmeats Egyptian,
“And gingerbread of every description.

“And also add a dozen steeds
“As swift as arrows, of Arab breeds,

“And likewise a dozen slaves, black as coals,
“With bodies of steel, and sturdy souls.

“Ansari, when all these things thou hast got,
“Thou must start on thy journey, and linger not.

“Thou must take them all with my kind regard
“To Thus, to Ferdusi, the mighty bard.” —

Ansari fulfill’d his lord’s behest,
And loaded the camels and mules with the best

And costliest presents, the value of which
Was enough to make a whole province quite rich.

In propria personâ he left at last
The palace, when some three days had past,

And with a general’s banner red
In front of the caravan he sped.

At the end of a week to Thus came they;
The town at the foot of the mountain lay.

The caravan the western gate
With shouts and noises entered straight.

The trumpets sounded, the loud drums beat,
And songs of triumph rang through the street.

“La Illa Il Allah!” with joyous shout
The camel drivers were calling out.

But through the East gate at the farther end
Of Thus, at that moment chanced to wend

The funeral train so full of gloom,
That the dead Ferdusi bore to his tomb.

VOYAGE BY NIGHT.

The half-moon peer'd from the darksome clouds
With coyness, while rock'd the sea;
And when in the bark our places we took,
Our number then was three.

There plash'd in the water the strokes of the oar
With sad monotony;
White foaming billows came with a roar,
And sprinkled all of us three.

She stood in the bark, as pale, as slim,
As void of motion too,
As though she a marble statue were,
Diana's image true.

The moon disappear'd. The nightwind piped
With chilly blast on high;
When over our heads there suddenly rose
A wild and piercing cry.

'Twas the white and ghostlike seamew's voice,
And at that terrible cry,
Which fearfully rang like a warning call,
All three felt like to die.

Am I in a fever? A vision is this
Of nightly phantasy?
Am I aped by a dream? I'm dreaming a dream
Of wild buffoonery.

Buffoonery wild! Methinks in my dream
That I a Saviour am;
And faithfully bear the weight of the Cross,
As gentle as a lamb.

Poor beauty beside me is sore distress'd,
But soon I'll set her free
From sin and shame and sorrow and pain,
And earthly misery.

Poor beauty, O be not thou terrified,
Though bitter the medicine be;
Although my heart may break, I myself
Will mete out death to thee.

O folly wild and terrible dream!
O madness fearful to see!
The night is yawning, the ocean yells —
O God, have mercy on me!

Have mercy on me, O merciful God!
O merciful God! Schaddey!⁷⁵
A Something falls in the sea — Alas!
Schaddey! Schaddey! Adonay!⁷⁶

The sun arose, we came to the land,
Sweet smiled the spring to the view;
And when at length we left the bark,
Our number then was two.

THE PRELUDE.

This, then, is America!
This indeed the new world is!
Not the present, which already
Europeanized, is with'ring. —

This indeed the new world is,
As by Christopher Columbus
From the ocean extricated;
In its billowy freshness gleams it,

With its watery pearls still dripping,
Which are scatter'd, colour-sprinkling,
When the sunlight fair it kisses.
O how healthy this new world is!

'Tis no churchyard of romance,
'Tis no ancient Scherbenberg,
All made up of mouldy symbols,
And of petrified perukes.

From the healthy earth are shooting
Healthy trees, and none amongst them
Blasé is, or has consumption
Eating up its spinal marrow.

On the branches are disporting
Mighty birds. Of chequer'd colours
Is their plumage. With their solemn
Lengthy beaks, and eyes encircled

With black marks, like spectacles,
They in silence gaze upon thee,
Till they shriek with sudden clamour
And like washerwomen chatter.

Yet I know not what they're saying,
Notwithstanding that I'm learned
In birds' tongues as Solomon,
Who a thousand wives rejoiced in,

And with birds' tongues was acquainted, —
Not the modern ones alone,
But all dialects whatever,
Whether dead, or old, or worn-out.

New the land is, new the flowers!
New the flowers and new the fragrance!
Fragrance wild, and never heard of,
Piercing sweetly through my nostrils,

Teasing, prickling, full of passion —
And my subtle sense of smelling
Racks itself with meditating:
“Where have I e'er smelt this odour?

“Was't in Regent Street, perchance,
“In the sunny arms so yellow
“Of that Javanese thin woman
“Who was always eating flowers?

“Was it else at Rotterdam,
“Near the Column of Erasmus,
“In the wafer-shop notorious
“With its most mysterious curtain?”

Whilst I in this puzzled fashion
The new world was contemplating,
Seeming to instil into it
Still more bashfulness, — a monkey,

Who, affrighted, sought the bushes,
Cross'd himself at my appearance,

Crying with alarm: “A Spirit!
“Yes, a Spirit from the old world!” —

“Monkey, be not thus confounded!
“I’m no spirit, I’m no spectre;
“Life within my veins is boiling,
“I’m life’s most true-hearted son.

“Yet by living many years
“With the dead, have I adopted
“Dead men’s manners very likely,
“And peculiar ways of thinking.

“All the fairest years of life
“Spent I in Kyffhauser’s cavern,
“In the Venusberg, and other
“Catacombs of the Romantic.

“Have no fear of me, good monkey!
“Thee I like, for on thy hairless
“Tann’d and shaven hinder-quarters
“Thou dost bear my fav’rite colours.” —

Darling colours! Black-red-golden!
Yes, these monkey-buttock-colours,
Sorrowfully they remind me
Of the flag of Barbarossa.

VITZLIPUTZLI.

1.

On his head he wore the laurel,
And upon his boots there glitter'd
Golden spurs, — but notwithstanding
He was neither knight nor hero.

He was but a robber captain,
Who within the book of glory
Wrote with his own wicked hand
His own wicked name of — Cortez.

Underneath Columbus' name he
Wrote his own, — yes, close beneath it,
And the schoolboy at his lessons
Learns by heart both names together.

After Christopher Columbus
He now names Fernando Cortez,
As the second greatest man
In the new world's proud Pantheon.

Heroes' fate's last stroke of malice!
That our name should thus be coupled
With the name of a vile scoundrel
In the memory of mortals!

Were't not better e'en to perish
All unknown, than draggle with it
Through eternity's long ages
Such a name in comradeship?

Master Christopher Columbus
Was a hero, — and his temper,
That was pure as e'en the sunlight,
Was as gen'rous in addition.

Many people much have given,
But Columbus to the world
Hath a world entire imparted,
And 'tis call'd America.

He had not the power to free us
From our dreary earthly prison,
But he managed to enlarge it
And our heavy chain to lengthen.

Mortals thankfully revere him,
Being, not of Europe only,
But of Africa and Asia,
Equally quite sick and weary.

One alone, one hero only
Gave us more and gave us better
Than Columbus — that one man I
Who a God bestow'd upon us.

His old father's name was Amram,
And his mother's Jochebed,
And himself, his name was Moses,
And he is my greatest hero.

But, my Pegasus, thou'rt loitering
Far too long with this Columbus;
Know thou that our flight to-day is
With the lesser man, — with Cortez.

So extend thy colour'd pinions,
Wingèd steed! and carry me
To the new world's beauteous country
That they Mexico entitle.

Carry me to yonder castle,
Which the monarch Montezuma

Kindly offer'd to his Spanish
Guests, to be their habitation.

Not mere food and shelter only
In extravagant profusion
Gave the prince these foreign strollers, —
Presents rich and precious also,

Valuable, wrought with cunning,
All of massive gold, and jewels,
Bear gay witness to the monarch's
Generosity and favour.

This uncivilised, unlearned,
Superstitious, blinded heathen
Still believed in faith and honour,
And the sacredness of guest-right.

He accepted a proposal
To be present at a banquet
That the Spaniards in their castle
Wish'd to give, to do him honour.

And with all his court attendants
Came the inoffensive monarch
Kindly to the Spanish quarters,
Where by trumpets he was greeted.

What they call'd the entertainment
Know I not. 'Twas very likely
“Spanish Truth!” of which the author's
Name was Don Fernando Cortez.

Cortez gave the signal — straightway
They attack'd the peaceful monarch,
And they bound him and retain'd him
In the castle as a hostage.

But poor Montezuma died there,
And the dam was broken down
Which the bold adventurers
From the people's wrath protected.

Terribly began the tempest;
Like a wild and furious ocean
Raved and bluster'd ever nearer
The excited human billows.

Valiantly in truth the Spaniards
Drove the tempest back. But daily
Was the castle fresh blockaded,
And the conflict was exhausting.

When the King was dead, the convoys
Of provisions ceased entirely;
In proportion as the rations
Shorter grew, each face grew longer.

With long faces on each other
Gazed the sons of Spain with sadness,
And they sigh'd, when they bethought them
Of their cosy Christian dwellings

In their cherish'd fatherland,
Where the pious bells were ringing,
And upon the hearth there bubbled
Peaceful olla podridas,

Thickly studded with garbanzos,
Under which, with waggish fragrance
Chuckling famously, were hidden
Those dear garlic sausages.

Then the leader held a council,
And upon retreat decided;

On the following morn at daybreak
Was the force to leave the city.

Easy 'twas for clever Cortez
Cunningly to gain an entrance,
But retreat to terra firma
Offer'd fatal obstacles.

Mexico, the island city,
In a mighty lake is founded,
In the middle, wave-surrounded:
E'en a haughty water fortress,

With the continent connected
But by ships and rafts and bridges,
Which repose on piles gigantic,
Little islands forming forts.

'Twas before the sun had risen
That their march began the Spaniards
Not a single drum was beaten,
Not a trumpeter was blowing.

'Twas their object not to waken
From their quiet sleep their hosts —
(For a hundred thousand Indians
Were encamp'd in Mexico).

Yet without his host the Spaniard
Reckon'd, when his plans he settled;
For the Mexicans had risen
Earlier still to-day than he had.

On the rafts and on the bridges,
On the forts they all were waiting,
That they to their guests might offer
Then and there the parting cup.

On the rafts and forts and bridges
Ha! a frantic banquet follow'd;
In red torrents stream'd the blood,
And the bold carousers struggled, —

Struggled, body press'd to body,
And we see on many naked
Indian breasts the arabesque
Of the Spanish arms imprinted.

'Twas a throttling and a choking
And a butchery that slowly,
Sadly slowly, roll'd still onward
Over rafts and forts and bridges.

Whilst the Indians sang and bellow'd
Silently the Spaniards struggled,
Step by step with toil and labour
For their flight a footing gaining.

Fighting thus in narrow passes
Small to-day the' advantage lying
In old Europe's strategy,
Or her cannons, armour, horses.

Many Spaniards in addition
With the gold were heavy laden,
Lately captured or extorted —
Ah! that yellow load of sin

Lamed and hemm'd them in the conflict,
And the devilish metal proved
Not to the poor spirit only
Ruinous, but to the body.

And meanwhile the lake around them
With canoes and barks was cover'd;

Archers in them sat, all shooting
At the rafts and forts and bridges.

True they hit in the confusion
Many of their Indian brethren,
But they also hit full many
Excellent and brave hidalgos.

On the third bridge fell at last
Poor young Gaston, who was bearing
On that day the flag whereon
Was the Holy Virgin's image.

E'en this image' self was struck
By the missiles of the Indians;
Six such missiles were left sticking
In its very heart, — bright arrows,

Like those swords of golden colour
Which transfix the sorrowing bosom
Of the Mater Dolorosa
In Good Friday's sad procession.

Gaston, when he died, made over
His proud banner to Gonsalvo,
Who soon afterwards was stricken
E'en to death, and died. Then Cortez

Seized himself the precious banner,
He, the leader, and he bore it
On his steed till tow'rd the evening,
When the fight at length was over.

On that day a hundred Spaniards
Fell, and sixty in addition;
Eighty more alive were taken
By the Indians' cruel hands.

Many of them sorely wounded,
Who ere long their breath surrender'd
And a dozen horses, too, were
Partly kill'd and partly captured.

Cortez and his army only
Just at evening gain'd the shelter
Of the shore, a seacoast planted
Niggardly with weeping willows.

2.

When the battle day is over,
Comes the frantic night of triumph
So in Mexico a hundred
Thousand lamps of joy are flaring;

Hundred thousand lamps of joy, with
Woodpine torches, pitch-ring fires,
Throw a light as clear as daylight
Over palaces and temples,

And guildhouses, — likewise over
Vitzliputzli's splendid temple,
Idol-fortress built of red brick,
Strangely like the old Egyptian,

Babylonian, and Assyrian
Monster buildings so colossal,
As we see them in the pictures
Of the English Henry Martin.^{[77](#)}

Yes, it is the same broad staircase,
So exceeding broad, that on it
Many thousand Mexicans
Up and down are walking freely,

Whilst upon the steps are lying
Mighty troops of savage warriors,
Banqueting in joyous fashion,
Flush'd with triumph and with palm-wine.

This great staircase leadeth upwards
Like a zigzag to the platform,
By a balustrade surrounded
At the summit of the temple.

There, upon his altar-throne,
Sits the mighty Vitzliputzli,
Mexico's bloodthirsty wargod. —
He is but an evil monster,

But so droll is his exterior,
Full of carvings, and so childish,
That despite our inward horror
It must needs excite our laughter.

His appearance altogether
Brought to mind a combination
Of the "Dance of Death" at Basle,
And the Mannekin at Brussels.

On the god's left side his priests are
Station'd, on his right the people;
Ornaments of colour'd feathers
Are to-day the former wearing.

On the altar-stairs of marble
Squats a man a hundred years old;
On his chin and skull no hair is,
And he wears a scarlet waistcoat.

He's the priest of sacrifices,
And his bloody knife he's whetting;

As he whets, he grins, and oftentimes
Leers upon the god above him.

Vitzliputzli seems the glances
Of his servant to appreciate,
And he twitches every eyelash,
And his lips at times he twitches.

On the altar steps squat also
The musicians of the temple,
Kettle-drummers, cowhorn blowers —
Loud the clatter, loud the tooting!

Loud the clatter, loud the tooting!
And the Mexican Te Deum
Rises up in noisy chorus,
As if many cats were mewling —

As if many cats were mewling,
But of that enlarged description
Which are “tiger-cats” entitled,
And, instead of mice, eat people!

When the nightwind carries with it
These loud noises to the seashore,
The poor Spaniards there encamping
Feel sensations far from pleasant.

Sadly ‘neath the weeping willows
Are the Spaniards still remaining,
Gazing tow’rd the distant city
Which within the dark sea water

Mirrors back, in sheer derision,
All the flames of former pleasure —
There they stand, as in the pit
Of a vast gigantic playhouse,

Vitzliputzli's temple's radiant
Platform serving as the stage
Where they act a tragic myst'ry
To commemorate their triumph.

“Human sacrifice” the play is,
Old, full old, its plot, its fable;
But the piece is not so fearful
In the Christian treatment of it.

For into the blood is red wine,
And into the actual body
Is a thin and harmless wafer
Transubstantiated truly.

‘Mongst these savages at present
Was the joke in downright earnest
Taken up; they fed on flesh,
And the blood was human blood.

This time 'twas indeed the pure blood
Of old Christians, which had never
Never mingled with the baser
Blood of Jews or of Moriscos.

O be joyful, Vitzliputzli!
For to-day 'tis Spanish blood,
And thou mayst refresh thy nostrils
With its warm scent greedily.

Eighty Spaniards will be slaughter'd
On this day to do thee honour —
Proud repast to grace the table
Of thy priests, who flesh delight in.

For the priest is but a mortal,
And poor man, unhappy glutton,

Cannot, like the gods, live only
On sweet smells and savoury odours.

Hark! the death-drum now is beating,
And the evil cowhorn screeches!
They proclaim the' approaching advent
Of the victims' sad procession.

Eighty Spaniards, vilely naked,
With their hands securely fasten'd
To their backs, are harshly driven
Up the temple's lofty staircase.

And to Vitzliputzli's image
They must bow the knee right humbly,
And must dance the wildest dances,
Forcibly constrain'd by tortures,

All so terrible and fearful,
That their madden'd screams of anguish
Overpow'r the whole collective
Cannibals' wild charivari.

Poor spectators by the ocean!
Cortez and his warlike comrades
But too plainly could distinguish
All their friends' loud cries of torment.

On the stage, too clearly lighted,
They could see, alas! too plainly,
Every figure, every gesture, —
See the knife and see the blood.

Then from off their heads their helmets
Silently they took, and kneeling,
Chaunted they the death-psalm sadly,
And they sang the De Profundis.

'Mongst the number of the victims
Was young Raimond de Mendoza,
Offspring of the lovely abbess,
Cortez' first and youthful love.

When he on the stripling's bosom
Saw the well-remember'd locket
Which enclosed his mother's portrait,
Bitter, bitter tears wept Cortez —

But from off his eyes he wiped them
With his buffalo's hard gauntlet —
Deeply sigh'd, and sang in chorus
With the others: Miserere!

3.

Now the stars are glimm'ring paler,
And the morning mists are rising
From the ocean-flood, like spirits
Dragging their white shrouds behind them.

Feasts and lights are all extinguish'd
In the temple of the idol,
Where, upon the blood-soak'd pavement,
Priest and laity lie snoring.

None are waking, save Red Jacket.
By the last lamp's flickering glimmer,
Sickly grinning, grimly jesting,
Thus the priest his god addresses:

“Vitzliputzli, Putzlivitzli!
“Darling god, my Vitzliputzli!
“Thou to-day hast had amusement,
“And has smelt a fragrant odour!

“Spanish blood to-day we offer’d,
“O how savourily steam’d it!
“And thy fine and dainty nostrils
“Suck’d the scent in, full of rapture!

“We’ll to-morrow slay the horses,
“Neighing noble monsters are they,
“Offspring of the tempest spirits’
“Amorous toying with the seacow.

“If thou’lt gracious be, I’ll slaughter
“In thine honour my two grandsons,
“Pretty children, — sweet their blood is, —
“My old age’s only pleasure.

“But indeed thou must be gracious,
“And must grant us further triumphs,
“Let us conquer, darling godhead,
“Putzlivitzli, Vitzliputzli!

“All our enemies destroy thou,
“All these strangers who from distant
“And still undiscover’d countries
“Hither came across the ocean —

“Wherefore did they leave their dwellings?
“Was it crime or hunger drove them?
““Stop at home and live in quiet’
“Is a sensible old proverb.

“What is their desire? Our money
“Stick they in their greedy pockets,
“And they wish us to be happy —
“So they tell us, — in the heavens!

“We at first believed them fully
“Beings of a higher order,

“Children of the Sun, immortal,
“Arm’d with lightning and with thunder.

“But they’re only men, as mortal
“As ourselves; my knife to-night has
“Proved beyond all doubt and question
“Their extreme mortality.

“They are mortal, and no fairer
“Than ourselves, and many of them
“Are as ugly as the monkeys,
“And their faces, like the latter,

“Are all hairy, and ’tis whisper’d
“Many of them carry hidden
“In their breeches monkeys’ tails, for
“Those not monkeys need no breeches.

“Morally they’re also ugly
“And of piety know nothing,
“And ’tis said that they’re accustom’d
“Their own deities to swallow!

“O destroy this vile abandon’d
“Wicked brood, these god-devourers —
“Vitzliputzli, Putzlivitzli,
“Let us conquer, Vitzliputzli!” —

Thus the priest address’d the god,
And the god’s reply resounded
Sighing, rattling, like the nightwind
Toying with the ocean sedges:

“Red-coat, red-coat, bloody slayer!
“Thou hast slaughter’d many thousands, —
“Plunge thy sacrificial knife now
“In thine own old worn-out body!

“From thy body, thus slit open,
“Will thy spirit make its exit,
“Over roots and over pebbles
“Tripping to the green frog’s pond.

“There thou’lt find my aunt, the rat-queen,
“Squatting, and she’ll thus address thee:
“So good morning, naked spirit!
“Pray how fares it with my nephew?

“Is he Vitzliputzlied nicely
“In the gold-light, sweet as honey?
“Does good fortune from his forehead
“Brush away all flies and sorrows?

“Or does Katzlagara scratch him,
“Hated goddess of all evil,
“With her black paws made of iron,
“Which are steep’d in adder’s poison?’

“Naked spirit, give this answer:
“Vitzliputzli sends thee greeting,
“And a pestilence he wishes
“In thy belly, thou accurst one!

“Thou didst urge him to the conflict,
“And thy counsel was destruction;
“Soon will be fulfill’d the evil
“Old and mournful prophecy

“Of the kingdom’s subjugation
“By the men so fiercely bearded,
“Who on wooden birds all flying
“From the Eastern land come hither.

“There’s an ancient proverb also —
“Woman’s will is God’s will likewise —

““And the God’s will is redoubled
““When the woman is his mother.

““She it is that wakes my anger,
““She, the haughty queen of heaven,
““She, a pure and spotless virgin,
““Working charms and versed in magic.

““She protects the Spanish people,
““And we all at length must perish,
““I, the poorest of the godheads,
““And my poor, dear Mexico.’ —

“When thou hast fulfill’d thy message,
Red-coat, let thy naked spirit
In a sandhole creep; sleep soundly
Out of sight of all my misery.

“This proud temple will be shatter’d,
“I myself shall in its ruins
“Disappear, — mere dust and rubbish, —
“No one e’er again will see me.

“Yet I shall not die; we godheads
“Grow as old as do the parrots,
“And we cast our skins, and like them
“Only change at times our feathers.

“To my foemen’s native country
“Which they give the name of Europe
“I shall fly away, beginning
“There a really new career.

“I’ll turn devil, and the god
“Then shall be a God-be-with-us;
“As my foemen’s evil spirit
“I can work as best may suit me.

“There my enemies I’ll trouble,
“And alarm them all with phantoms;
“As a foretaste of hell’s torments,
“Brimstone they shall smell in plenty.

“Both their wise men and their doltards
“I’ll allure with my seductions;
“And their virtue will I tickle
“Till it laughs like any strumpet.

“Yes, I’ll turn into a devil,
“And salute as my dear comrades
“Satanas and Belial with him,
“Astaroth and Beelzebub.

“Thee I’ll also greet, O Lilis,
“Sin’s own mother, smooth-skin’d serpent
“Teach me all thy dreadful secrets,
“And the charming art of lying!

“My belovèd Mexico,
“I no longer can preserve thee,
“But I’ll fearfully avenge thee,
“My belovèd Mexico!”

BOOK II. — LAMENTATIONS.

Good fortune quite a fickle miss is,
And in one place will never stay;
The hair from off thy face with kisses
She strokes, and then she flies away.

Misfortune to her heart, however,
To clasp thee tightly, ne'er omits;
She says she's in a hurry never,
Sits down beside thy bed and knits.

WOOD SOLITUDE.

In former days, in my life's young morning,
I wore a garland my brow adorning;
How wondrously glisten'd then every flower!
The garland was fill'd with a magical power.

While all in the beautiful garland took pleasure,
Its wearer they hated beyond all measure;
I fled from the envy of mortals rude,
I fled to the wood's green solitude.

To the wood! to the wood! A life of enjoyment
With spirits and beasts was my sole employment.
The fairies and stags, with their antlers tall,
Without any fear approach'd me all.

They all approach'd me without any terror,
In this they knew they committed no error;
That I was no huntsman, the doe well knew,
That I was no babbler, the fairies saw too.

None but fools ever boast of the fays' approbation,
But how the remaining gentry of station
That lived in the forest treated me well,
I've not the slightest objection to tell.

How round me hover'd the elfin rabble,
That airy race, with their charming gabble!
'Tis dangerous truly their gaze to meet,
The bliss it imparts is so deadly, though sweet.

With May dance and May games amused they me highly
And tales of the court narrated they slily,
For instance, the scandalous chronicles e'en
Of lovely Titania, the faery queen.

If I sat by the brook, with leaping and springing
Rose out of the flood, their tresses wringing,
With long silver veils and fluttering hair,
The water-bacchantes, the nixes fair!

They play'd on the lute and the fiddle so sweetly,
And danced the nixes' famed dances discreetly;
The tunes that they sang, the antics they play'd,
Of rollicking boisterous madness seem'd made.

And yet at times was much less alarming
The noise that they made; these elfins charming
Before my feet lay quietly,
Their heads reclining on my knee.

Some foreign romances they trill'd, — for example
I'll name the “three oranges” song as a sample;
A hymn of praise they sang also with grace
On me and my noble human face.

They oft interrupted their songs with loud laughter,
Many critical matters inquiring after,
For instance: “On what particular plan
“Did God determine on fashioning man?

“Is each individual's soul altogether
“Immortal? These souls, are they made all of leather,
“Or stiff linen only? How comes it to pass
“That almost every man is an ass?”

The answers I gave, I'll conceal for the present,
And yet my immortal soul (which is pleasant)
Was not in the slightest degree ever hurt
By the prattling talk of a water-sprite pert.

While sportive and roguish are elfins and nixes,
Not so the truehearted earth-spirits and pixies,

Which love to help man. I prefer most of all
The race that they dwarfs or mannikins call.

They all wear a long and swelling red doublet,
Their face is noble, though care seems to trouble it;
I let them not see that I had descried
Why they their feet so carefully hide.

They all have ducks' feet, but object much to show it;
And fancy that nobody else can know it;
Their sorrow's so deep and hard to bear,
That to tease them about it I never could dare.

Alas! we all, like those dwarfs full of feeling,
We all have something that needs concealing;
No Christians, we fancy, have ever descried
Where we our ducks' feet so carefully hide.

Salamanders for me had never attractions,
I learnt very little respecting their actions
From other wood spirits. They pass'd me by night
Like fleeting shadows, mysteriously light.

They are thin as a spindle, and long as a baby,
With breeches and waistcoats tight-fitting as may be,
Of scarlet colours, embroider'd with gold;
Their faces are sickly and yellow and old.

A golden crown, with rubies all over,
The head of each of their number doth cover;
The whole of these vain conceited elves
Quite absolute monarchs consider themselves.

That they are not burnt in the fire is truly
A great piece of art, I acknowledge it duly;
And yet the unflammable wight
Is far from being a true fire-sprite.

The sharpest woodspirits are mandrakes however;
Short legs have these bearded mannikins clever;
They have old men's faces, the length of a span,
But whence they proceed, is a secret to man.

When head over heels in the moonlight they tumble,
They remind one of roots in their nature quite humble;
But as my welfare they always have sought,
Their origin really to me matters nought.

In small acts of witchcraft they gave me instructions,
How to exorcise flames, ply the birds with seductions,
And also to pluck on Midsummer night
The root that makes one invisible quite.

They taught me the stars and strange signs — how astraddle
To ride on the winds without any saddle,
And Runic sentences, able to call
The dead from out of their silent graves all.

They also taught me the whistle mysterious
That serves to deceive the woodpecker serious,
And makes him give us the spurge, to show
Where secret treasures are hidden below.

The words that 'tis needful for people to mutter
When digging for treasure, they taught me to utter;
But all in vain, for I ne'er got by heart
The treasure-digger's wonderful art.

For money in fact I then cared not a tittle,
My wants were soon satisfied, being but little;
I possess'd many castles in Spain's fair land,
The income from which came duly to hand.

O charming time, when the heaven's high arches
With fiddles were hung, when elfin marches

And nixes' dances and cobolds' glad play
My story-drunk heart enchanted all day!

O charming time, when into auspicious
Triumphal arches the foliage delicious
Appear'd to be twining! I wander'd around,
My brow, like a victor's, with laurel-wreath crown'd.

That charming time has utterly vanish'd,
And all those pleasures for ever are banish'd;
And, ah! they have stolen the garland so fair
That I was then wont on my head to wear.

The garland is gone that my locks shaded over,
But how it happen'd, I ne'er could discover;
Yet since that beauteous garland they stole,
My spirit has seem'd deprived of its soul.

The ghosts of the world, with looks dimly staring,
Gaze on me, and heaven seems barren and glaring,
A churchyard blue, its deities gone;
I roam in the forest, depress'd and alone.

From the forest have vanish'd the elves with their graces
Horns hear I, and yelping of dogs in their places;
While hid in the thicket, the trembling roe
Is licking her wounds with tearful woe.

And where are the mandrakes? Methinks they are biding
In clefts of the rocks, as a safe place of hiding;
My dear little friends, I'm returning again,
But reft of my garland and joy I remain.

O where is the fairy, with hair long and golden,
First beauty to whom I was ever beholden?
The oak-tree wherein her lifetime she pass'd
Stands mournfully stripp'd, and bared by the blast.

The waves of the streamlet run sad as the Styx's;
Beside its lone banks sits one of the nixes,
As pale and as mute as a figure of stone,
While marks of deep grief o'er each feature are thrown.

I softly approach'd her with heartfelt compassion, —
She arose and gazed on me in singular fashion,
And then she fled with a terrified mien,
As if she some fearful spectre had seen.

SPANISH LYRICS.

'Twas on Hubert's day — the year was
Thirteen hundred, three and eighty —
That the king a banquet gave us
In the castle at Segovia.

These state banquets just the same are
Everywhere, and at the tables
Of all princes sov'reign tedium
Yawns with uncontested vigour.

Everywhere the same silk rabble,
Gaily dress'd, and proudly nodding,
Like a bed of gorgeous tulips;
Different only are the sauces.

Whispers all the time and buzzing
Lull the senses like the poppy,
Till the sound of trumpets wakes us
From our state of chewing deafness.

Near me, by good luck, was sitting
Don Diego Albuquerque,
From whose lips the conversation
Flow'd in one unbroken torrent.

He with wondrous skill related
Bloody stories of the palace,
Of the times of old Don Pedro,
Whom they call'd the cruel monarch.

When I ask'd him why Don Pedro
Caused his brother Don Fredrego
To be secretly beheaded,
With a sigh my neighbour answer'd:

Ah, Señor! the tales believe not
Jingled on their vile guitars by
Balladsingers and muledrivers
In posadas, beershops, taverns.

And believe not what they chatter
Of the love of Don Fredrego
And Don Pedro's wife so beauteous,
Donna Blanca of Bourbon.

'Twas not to the husband's jealous
Feelings, but to his low envy
That as victim fell Fredrego,
Chief of Calatrava's order.

For the crime Don Pedro never
Would forgive him, was his glory, —
Glory such as Donna Fama
Loves with trumpet-tongue to herald —

Never could Don Pedro pardon
His magnanimous high spirit,
Or the beauty of his person,
Which was but his spirit's image.

Still within my memory blossoms
That slim graceful hero-flower;
Ne'er shall I forget those lovely
Dream-like, soft and youthful features.

They were just of that description
That the fairies take delight in,
And a fable-seeming secret
Spoke from all those features plainly.

Blue his eyes were, their enamel
Being dazzling as a jewel,

But a jewel's staring hardness
Seem'd reflected in them likewise.

Black his hair was in its colour,
Bluish black, and strangely glistening,
And in fair luxuriant tresses
Falling down upon his shoulders.

In the charming town of Coimbra
Which he from the Moors had taken,
For the last time I beheld him,
In this world, — unhappy prince!

He was coming from Alcanzor,
Through the narrow streets fast riding
Many a fair young Moorish maiden
Eyed him from her latticed window.

O'er his head his helm-plume floated
Gallantly, and yet his mantle's
Rigid Calatrava cross
Scared away all loving fancies.

By his side, and gaily wagging
With his tail, his favourite Allan
Sprang, — a beast of proud descent,
And whose home was the Sierra.

He, despite his size gigantic,
Was as nimble as a reindeer;
Noble was his head to look at,
Though the fox's it resembled.

Snow-white and like silk in softness,
Down his back his long hair floated,
And with rubies bright incrustated
Was his broad and golden collar.

It was said this collar hid the
Talisman fidelity;
Never did the faithful creature
Leave the side of his dear master.

O that fierce fidelity!
It excites my startled feelings,
When I think how 'twas made public
Here, before our frighten'd presence.

O that day so full of horror!
Here, within this hall, it happen'd,
And as I to-day am sitting,
At the monarch's table sat I.

At the high end of the table,
Where to-day young Don Henrico
Gaily tipples with the flower
Of Castilian chivalry,

On that day there sat Don Pedro
Darkly silent, and beside him,
Proudly radiant as a goddess,
Sat Maria de Padilla.

At the table's lower end, where
Here to-day we see the lady
With the linen frill capacious,
Like a white plate in appearance.

Whilst her yellow face is gilded
With a smile of sour complexion,
Like the citron that is lying
On the plate already mention'd, —

At the table's lower end here
Was a place remaining empty;

Some great guest of lofty station
Seem'd the golden seat to wait for.

Don Fredrego was the guest, for
Whom the golden seat was destined;
Yet he came not, — ah! now know we
But too well why thus he tarried.

Ah! that selfsame hour the wicked
Deed of blood was consummated,
And the innocent young hero
Suddenly attack'd and basely

By Don Pedro's myrmidons,
Tightly bound, and quickly hurried
To a dreary castle dungeon
Lighted only by some torches.

Executioners stood ready,
And their bloody chief was with them,
Who, upon his axe while leaning,
Thus with sadden'd look address'd him:

“Now, Grand Master of San Jago,
“Now must thou for death prepare thee;
“Just one quarter of an hour
“Still is left for thee to pray in.”

Don Fredrego then knelt humbly,
And he pray'd with pious calmness,
And then said: “I now have finish'd,”
And received the stroke of death.

In the very selfsame moment
That the head roll'd on the pavement,
Faithful Allan, who had follow'd
All unseen, sprang quickly to it.

With his teeth the head straight seized he
By the long luxuriant tresses,
And with this much valued booty
Shot away with speed of magic.

Agonizing shouts resounded
Everywhere as on he hasten'd,
Through the passages and chambers,
Sometimes upstairs, sometimes downstairs.

Since the banquet of Belshazzar
Never company at table
Was so utterly confounded
As was ours that fill'd this hall then,

When the monstrous creature leapt in,
With the head of Don Fredrego,
Which he with his teeth was dragging
By the dripping bloody tresses.

On the seat which, being destined
For his master, still was empty,
Sprang the dog and like a plaintiff
Held the head before our faces.

Ah! it was the well-remember'd
Hero's features, but still paler
And more solemn now when dead,
And all-fearfully encircled

By the locks in black luxuriance,
Which stood up as did the savage
Serpent-headress of Medusa,
Turning into stone through terror.

Yes, turn'd into stone felt all then,
Wildly stared we on each other,

And each tongue was mute and palsied
Both by etiquette and horror.

But Maria de Padilla
Broke the universal silence;
Wringing hands, and sobbing loudly,
She forebodingly lamented:

“Now it will be said ’twas I that
“Brought about this cruel murder;
“Rancour will assail my children,
“My poor innocent young children!—”

Don Diego interrupted
At this place his tale, observing
That the company had risen,
And the court the hall was leaving.

Kind and courteous in his manners,
Then the knight became my escort,
And we rambled on together
Through the ancient Gothic castle.

In the crossway which conducted
To the kennels of the monarch,
Which proclaimed themselves already
By far growling sounds and yelpings,

There I noticed, built up strongly
In the wall, and on the outside
Firmly fasten’d by strong iron,
Like a cage, a narrow cell.

And inside it sat two human
Figures, two young boys appearing;
By the legs securely fetter’d,
On the dirty straw they squatted.

Scarcely twelve years old the one seem'd,
Scarcely older seem'd the other;
Fair and noble were their faces,
But through sickness thin and sallow.

They were clothed in rags, half naked,
And their wither'd bodies offer'd
Plainest signs of gross ill-treatment;
Both with fever shook and trembled.

From the depth of their deep mis'ry
They upon me turn'd their glances;
White and spirit-like their eyes were,
And I felt all terror-stricken.

“Who, then, are these wretched objects?”
I exclaim'd, with hasty action
Don Diego's hand tight grasping,
Which was trembling as I touch'd it.

Don Diego seem'd embarrass'd,
Look'd if any one was listening,
Deeply sigh'd, and said, assuming
A mere worldling's jaunty accents:

These are children of a monarch,
Early orphan'd, and their father
Was Don Pedro, and their mother
Was Maria de Padilla.

After the great fight at Narvas,
Where Henrico Transtamara
Freed his brother, this Don Pedro,
From his crown's oppressive burden,

And from that still greater burden
Which by men is Life entitled,

Don Henrico's victor-kindness
Also reach'd his brother's children.

Under his own care he took them,
As becomes a kindly uncle,
And in his own castle gave them
Free of charge, both board and lodging.

Narrow is indeed the chamber
That he there allotted to them;
Yet in summer it is coolish,
And not over cold in winter.

For their food, they live on ryebread,
As delicious in its flavour
As if Ceres' self had baked it
For her dear child Proserpina.

Oftentimes he also sends them
Quite a bowl-full of garbanzos,
And the youngsters in this manner
Learn that 'tis in Spain a Sunday.

Yet not always is it Sunday,
And garbanzos come not always,
And the upper huntsman treats them
To a banquet with his whip.

For this worthy upper huntsman,
Who is with the care entrusted
Of the pack of hounds, together
With the cage that holds the nephews,

Is the most unhappy husband
Of that acid Citronella
With the frill so white and plate-like,
Whom we saw to-day at table;

And she scolds so loud, that often
On the whip her husband seizes,
Hither hastens, and chastises
First the dogs, and then the children.

But the king is very angry
With his conduct, and commanded
That his nephews should in future
Never like the dogs be treated.

He will not entrust to any
Mercenary fist the duty
Of correcting them, but do it
With his own right hand henceforward. —

Suddenly stopp'd Don Diego,
For the castle Seneschal
Now approach'd us, and politely
Ask'd: Had we enjoy'd our dinner? —

THE EX-LIVING ONE.

Say, Brutus, where can thy Cassius be,
The watchman, the crier nightly,
Who once on the banks of the Seine with thee
Used to ramble in converse sprightly?

Ye often were wont to gaze up on high,
Where the darksome clouds were scudding;
A far darker cloud were the thoughts, by-the-by,
That in your bosoms were budding.

Say, Brutus, where can thy Cassius be?
No longer he thinks of destroying;
By the Neckar he dwells, where his talents is he
As a reader to tyrants employing.

But Brutus replied: "A fool, friend, art thou,
"Shortsighted as every poet;
"To a tyrant my Cassius now reads, I allow,
"But his object's to kill him, — I know it.

"So Matzerath's ⁷⁸ poems he reads him each day
"A dagger is each line in it;
"And so the poor tyrant, I'm sorry to say,
"May die of ennui any minute."

THE EX-WATCHMAN.

From the Neckar he departed,
With the town of Stuttgardt vex'd,
And as play-director started
In fair Munich's city next.

All that country's very pretty,
And they in perfection here,
In this fancy-stirring city,
Brew the very best of beer.

But 'tis said the poor Director
Rambles, like a Dante, glum,
Melancholy as a spectre,
Like Lord Byron, gloomy, dumb.

Comedies no longer heeds he,
Nor the very worst of rhyme;
Wretched tragedies oft reads he,
Not once smiling all the time.

Oft herself some fair one flatters
She will cheer his sorrowing heart;
But his coat of mail soon shatters
Every love-directed dart.

All in vain his friends endeavour
To enliven him and sing:
"In thy life rejoice thee ever,
"While thy lamp's still glimmering!"

Is there nought can raise thy spirits
In this fair and charming town,
Which, among its many merits,
Boasts such men of great renown?

It is true, that it has lately
Lost full many a man of worth
Whom we miss and valued greatly,
Chorus-leaders and so forth.

Would that Massmann left us never!
He would surely have some day
By his antics strange but clever
Driven all thy cares away.

Schelling's⁷⁹ loss is very serious,
And can never be replaced,
A philosopher mysterious,
And a mimic highly graced.

That the founder of Walhalla
Went away, and left behind
All his manuscripts, — by Allah!
That was really too unkind!

With Cornelius⁸⁰ also perish'd
All his pupils whatsoe'er;
They shaved off their tresses cherish'd,
And their strength was in their hair

For their prudent Master planted
In their hair some magic springs,
And it seem'd, as if enchanted,
To be full of living things.

Apropos! The arch-notorious
Priest, as Dollingerius known, —
That's, I think, his name inglorious, —
Has he from the Isar flown?

In Good Friday's sad procession
I beheld him in his place;

‘Mongst the men of his profession
He had far the gloomiest face.

On Monácho Monachorum
Now-a-days the cap doth fit
Of virorum obscurorum,
Glorified by Hutten’s wit.^{[81](#)}

At his name thy dull eye flashes;
Ex-nightwatchman, watchful be!
There the cowls are, here the lash is, —
Strike away as formerly!

Scourge them, worthy friend, devoutly,
As at sight of every cowl
Ulrich did; he smote them stoutly,
And they fearfully did howl.

Old Erasmus could not master
His loud laughter at the joke;
And this fortunate disaster
His tormenting ulcer broke.

Old and young laugh, — all the city
In the general shout concur,
And they sing the well-known ditty:
“Gaudeamur igitur!”

When those dirty monks we’re catching,
We are overwhelm’d with fleas;
Hutten thus was always scratching,
And was never at his ease.

“Alea jacta est!” however
Was the brave knight’s battle shout,
Smiting down, with deathstroke clever,
Both the priests and rabble rout.

Ex-nightwatchman, now be wiser!
Feel'st thou not thy bosom glow?
Wake to action on the Isar,
And thy sickly spleen o'erthrow.

Call thy long legs transcendental
Into full and active play;
Vulgar be the monks or gentle,
If they're monks, then strike away!

He however sigh'd, and wringing
Both his hands he thus replied:
My long legs, so apt at springing,
Are with Europe stupified.

And my corns are twitching sadly,
Tight the German shoes I've on;
Where the shoe is pinching badly
Know I now, — so pray begone!

MYTHOLOGY.

Yes! Europa must knock under, —
Who could stand against a bull?
Danæe we'll forgive; no wonder
Golden rain made her a fool!

Sem'le was a victim real,
For she innocently thought
That a heavenly cloud ideal
Could not injure her in aught.

But poor Leda's tale notorious
Really stirs up all our spleen;
Vanquish'd by a swan inglorious,

What a goose must she have been!

IN MATILDA'S ALBUM.

On these mill'd rags — a change mysterious! —
I with a goose-quill must rehearse
Partly in jest, and partly serious,
Some foolish nonsense turn'd to verse.

I, who am wont my thoughts to utter
Upon thy rosy lips so fair
With kisses that like bright flames splutter
Up from my bosom's inmost lair!

O fashion's rage! If I'm a poet,
E'en by my wife I'm plagued at times
Until (and other minstrels know it)
I in her album scrawl some rhymes.

TO THE YOUNG.

Heed not the confusion, resist the illusion
Of golden apples that lie in thy way!
The swords are clashing, the arrows are flashing,
But they cannot long the hero delay.

A daring beginning is halfway to winning,
An Alexander once conquer'd the earth!
Restrain each soft feeling! the queens are all kneeling
In the tent, to reward thy victorious worth.

Surmounting each burden, we win as our guerdon
The bed of Darius of old, and his crown;
O deadly seduction! O blissful destruction!
To die thus in triumph in Babylon town!

THE UNBELIEVER.

Thou wilt repose within mine arms!
With rapturous emotion
My bosom heaves and throbs and thrills
At this delicious notion.

Thou wilt repose within mine arms,
Whilst with thy fair gold tresses
I sport, and thy dear darling head
My shoulder gently presses!

Thou wilt repose within mine arms!
To truth will turn my vision,
And here on earth shall I enjoy
The highest bliss elysian.

St. Thomas! Scarce can I believe
The fact, my doubts will linger
Until upon my rapture's wounds
I lay my eager finger.

WHITHER NOW?

Whither now? my stupid foot
Fain to Germany would guide me;
But my reason shakes its head
Wisely, seeming thus to chide me:

“Ended is the war indeed,
“But they still keep up courts-martial,
“And to writing things esteem’d
“Shootable, thou’rt far too partial.”

That’s quite true, and being shot
Has for me no great attractions;
I’m no hero, and unskill’d
In pathetic words and actions.

Fain to England would I go,
View’d I not with such displeasure
Englishmen and coals — their smell
Makes me sick beyond all measure.

To America methinks
I would sail the broad seas over;
To that place of freedom where
All alike may live in clover,

Did I not detest a land
Where tobacco’s ‘mongst their victuals,
Where they never use spittoons,
And so strangely play at skittles.

Russia, that vast empire fair,
Might be tolerably pleasant,
But I should not like the knout
That’s their usual winter present.

Sadly gaze I up on high,
Where the countless stars are gleaming,
But I nowhere can discern
Where my own bright star is beaming.

Perhaps in heaven's gold labyrinth
It has got benighted lately,
As I on this bustling earth
Have myself been wandering greatly.

AN OLD SONG.

Thou now art dead, and thou knowest it not,
The light of thine eyes is quench'd and forgot;
Thy rosy mouth is pallid for ever,
And thou art dead, and wilt live again never.

'Twas in a dreary midsummer night,
I bore thee myself to the grave outright;
The nightingales sang their soft lamentations,
And after us follow'd the bright constellations.

As through the forest the train moved along,
They made it resound with the litany's song;
The firs, in their mantles of mourning veil'd closely,
The prayers for the dead repeated morosely.

And as o'er the willowy lake we flew
The elfins were dancing full in our view;
They suddenly stopp'd in wondering fashion,
And seem'd to regard us with looks of compassion.

And when we had reach'd the grave, full soon
From out of the heavens descended the moon,
And preach'd a sermon, 'midst tears and condoling
While in the distance the bells were tolling.

READY MONEY.

Love, before she granted favours,
One day told the god Apollo
She on guarantees insisted,
For the times were false and hollow.

Laughingly the god made answer:
“Yes, the times are alter’d truly,
“And thou speakest like a usurer
“Who on pawn lends money duly.

“Well, then, I’ve a lyre, one only, —
“’Tis of gold, a good and rare one;
“Prythee say how many kisses
“Thou wilt lend upon it, fair one?”

THE OLD ROSE.

She for whom my heart once beat
Was a rosebud fair and tender;
Yet it ever grew more sweet,
Bursting into full-blown splendour.

'Twas the loveliest that could be,
And to pluck it I bethought me;
But it stung me piquantly
With its thorns, and prudence taught me.

Now, when wither'd, torn, and maim'd,
By the wind and tempests shatter'd,
"Dearest Henry" I'm proclaim'd,
And I'm follow'd, sought, and flatter'd.

Henry here and Henry there
Calleth she with ceaseless din now;
If a thorn is anywhere,
'Tis upon the fair one's chin now.

O how hard the bristles grow
On the chin's warts of my beauty!
Either to a convent go,
Or to shave will be thy duty.

AUTO-DA-FÉ.

See these violets, dusty tresses,
And this faded ribbon blue,
Long forgotten cherish'd trifles,
And these half-torn billets-doux, —

All, with angry look and gesture
In the blazing fire I throw;
Sadly crackle up these relics
Of my happiness and woe.

Vows of love, and fond deceiving
Broken oaths all upwards fly
In the chimney, while in secret
Cupid laughs maliciously.

Dreamily beside the fireplace
Sit I, while the sparkles bright
Glow in silence midst the ashes, —
So farewell! good night! good night!

LAZARUS.

1.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

He who has already much,
Finds his wealth increasing faster;
Who but little, is of all
Soon bereft by some disaster.

But if thou hast nothing, friend,
Go and hang thyself this minute;
Only they who've aught on earth
Have a claim for living in it.

2.

RETROSPECT.

I've snuff'd at every smell that has birth
In this delightful kitchen of earth;
Each thing that the world contains that's delicious
Have I enjoy'd like a hero ambitious;
I've drunk my coffee, and eaten with zest,
And many a charming doll caress'd,
Worn silken waistcoats and handsome coats,
And had my pockets well lined with notes;
The high horse, like Gellert the poet, I rode,
Had house and castle all à-la-mode.
On fortune's verdant meadow I lay,
While on me the sun gleam'd brightly all day,
A wreath of laurel my brow embraced,
And through my brain sweet visions raced,
Sweet visions of endless May and flowers —
How happily fled then the hours,
So dim and hazy, so full of repose, —
My mouth was fill'd with whatever I chose,
And angels came, and out of their pockets
The champagne bottles flew like rockets, —
Bright visions were these, — soap-bubbles, alas!
They burst, — and I lie on the humid grass;
My limbs are now rheumatic and lame,
My inmost spirit is fill'd with shame.
Alas! each pleasure and gratification
I bought at the price of bitter vexation;
I'm steep'd in bitterness up to the chin,
The bugs have terribly bitten my skin;
Oppress'd by care and gloomy sorrow
I needs must lie, and I needs must borrow
From wealthy rascals, and slatterns vile,
I even believe that I begg'd for a while.
And now I would finish this wearisome race,
And find in the grave a resting-place.

Farewell! In yon heavens, good Christian brother,
Once more we may hope to meet with each other.

3.

RESURRECTION.

The trumpet's wild echo fills the skies
As though it summon'd to battle;
From out of their graves the dead arise,
Their limbs they wriggle and rattle.

Each thing that has legs prepares for the race,
The spectres white are all driven
To Jehoshaphat, the gathering-place,
Where judgment is now to be given.

There sits, as Head of the Court, the Lord,
By all his apostles surrounded;
Assessors are they, — each judgment, each word
On love and wisdom is founded.

No face is disguised in all that array
For every mask is seen falling
In the radiant light of the judgment day,
At the sound of the trumpet enthralling.

At Jehoshaphat, in the valley at last
The whole of the troop is united,
And since the defendants' number's so vast,
I've the summary only recited:

The goats to the left, and the sheep to the right, —
The parting is quickly effected;
For the pious good sheep heaven's mansions of light,
And hell for the goats is selected.

4.

THE DYING ONE.

Flying after bliss and light,
Thou return'st in piteous plight;
German truth and German shirt
Strangers draggle through the dirt.

Pale as death hast thou become,
But take comfort, thou'rt at home;
Warm as by the household hearth
Lie we under German earth.

Many others, who fell lame,
Home again, alas! ne'er came,
Though they yearningly implored, —
O have pity, gracious Lord!

5.

RASCALITY.

Rich people only can be won
By open, barefaced flattery;
Money is flat, my worthy son,
And needs must flatly flatter'd be.

The box of incense swing with zeal
Before all worshipp'd golden calves:
In dust and mire with meekness kneel,
And, above all, ne'er praise by halves.

The price of bread this year is high,
Fine words we lavish all in vain;
Mecænas' dog to praise, then, try,
And earn a bellyful again.

6.

RETROSPECT.

The pearl for the first, and the case for the second, —
O William Wisetzki, thy days were soon reckon'd,
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.⁸²

The beam that he clung to, that stretch'd o'er the current
Beneath him broke down, and he sank in the torrent,
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

We follow'd the corpse of this darling of ours,
They buried him under a grave of May flowers,
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

O prudent wert thou, thus early in striving
To 'scape from life's storms, and in harbour arriving, —
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

Happy thou, that thus early thy danger was over;
Before thou wert ill, thou thy health didst recover, —
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

For many a year have I thought, child so cherish'd,
With envy and grief how thou early hast perish'd, —
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

7.

IMPERFECTION.

Nothing is perfect in this world of ours,
The thorn grows with the rose, that queen of flowers;
Methinks the angels, who for our protection
Dwell in the skies, are stain'd with imperfection.

The tulip has no scent. The saying is:
Honour once stole a sucking-pig, old quiz;
Had not Lucretia stabb'd herself, she may be
Would have in time brought forth a thumping baby.

The haughty peacock has but ugly feet;
A woman may be witty and discreet,
And yet, like Voltaire's Henriade, may weary,
Or be, like Klopstock's famed Messiah, dreary.

The best of cows no Spanish knows, I ween,
Massmann no Latin. Much too smooth are e'en
The marble buttocks of Canova's Venus;
Too flat is Massmann's nose (but this between us).

In pretty songs are hidden wretched rhymes,
As bees' stings in the honey lurk at times;
Of vulnerable heel the son of Thetis,
And Alexandre Dumas is quite a Metis.

The fairest star that in the heavens has birth,
When it has caught a cold, straight falls to earth;
Prime cider of the barrel bears the traces,
And many a spot the sun's bright face defaces.

And thou, much honour'd Madam, even thou
Faultless art not, nor free from failings now.
"What, then, is wanting?" askest thou and starest, —
A bosom, and a soul within it, fairest!

8.

PIOUS WARNING.

When thou dost quit this mortal abode,
Immortal spirit, beware thee
Lest dangers seek to ensnare thee;
Through death and night conducteth the road.

The soldiers of God at the golden door
Of the city of light are collected;
Here actions and deeds are respected,
Mere name and station avail no more.

The pilgrim leaves at the portal behind
His shoes so heavy and dusty;
O enter with confidence trusty,
Soft slippers, sweet music, and rest thou'lt find.

9.

THE COOLED-DOWN ONE.

When we are dead, we long must lie
Within the tomb; distress'd am I,
Yes, sad am I that resurrection
Delays so long to give perfection.

Once more, before the light of life
Is quench'd, before this weary strife
Is o'er, fain would I, ere I perish,
Have woman's love, to bless and cherish.

Some fair one I would now invite
With eyes as soft as moonbeams' light;
No more I relish the advances
Of wild brunettes with burning glances.

Young men, exulting in their youth,
Prefer tumultuous love in truth.
With them excitement's all the fashion,
And soul-enthralling mutual passion.

No longer young, bereft of power,
As I, alas! am at this hour,
I fain once more would love in quiet,
And happy be, — without a riot.

10.

SOLOMON.

The drums, trumps, cornets at length sink to slumber;
By Solomon's couch, as he lieth sleeping,
Full-girded angels the watch are keeping,
On either side six thousand in number.

The monarch protect they from cares while dreaming,
And as he frowns in his slumbers nightly,
From out of their sheaths straight draw they lightly
Twelve thousand swords, all fiercely gleaming.

But presently back in their sheaths are falling
The angels' swords. The brow of the sleeper
Grows smooth, his slumber is softer and deeper,
And soon his lips are gently calling:

“O Sulamith, thou whom so dearly I cherish!
“O'er countries and kingdoms I rule, great and glorious,
“Of Israel and Judah the monarch victorious,
“But if thou'lt not love me, I wither and perish.”

11.

LOST WISHES.

Similar in disposition,
Like a brother link'd to brother,
We unconsciously were ever
Growing fonder of each other.

Each one knew the other's meaning,
Just as if we were omniscient;
Words, in fact, we found superfluous,
And a look was quite sufficient.

How I long'd to have thee near me,
Revelling in peace and plenty,
As my staunch and valiant comrade
In a dolce far niente!

Always to remain beside thee
Was the aim of each endeavour;
Everything that gave thee pleasure,
To accomplish sought I ever.

I enjoy'd what thou didst relish,
Neither would I touch the dishes
Thou didst hate, and even smoking
I commenced, to meet thy wishes.

Many a funny Polish story
That thy merriment excited,
In a strange and Jewish accent
To repeat I then delighted.

Yes, then long'd I to approach thee,
Leave my foreign habitation,
And beside thy fortune's fireplace
Take for evermore my station.

Golden wishes! mere soap bubbles!
Like my life they all have vanish'd;
On the ground I now am lying,
Crush'd for ever, hopeless, banish'd.

Fare ye well, ye golden wishes
Where my darling hopes once centred!
Ah! the blow was far too deadly
That my inmost heart has enter'd.

12.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Not one mass will e'er be chanted,
Not one Hebrew prayer be mutter'd,
When the day I died returneth, —
Nothing will be sung or utter'd.

Yet upon that day, it may be,
If the weather has not chill'd her,
On a visit to Montmartre
With Pauline will go Matilda.

With a wreath of immortelles she'll
Deck my grave in foreign fashion,
Sighing say "*pauvre homme!*" and sadly
Drop a tear of fond compassion.

I shall then too high be dwelling,
And, alas! no chair have ready
For my darling's use to offer,
As she walks with foot unsteady.

Sweet, stout little one, return not
Home on foot, I must implore thee;
At the barrier gate is standing
A fiacre all ready for thee.

13.

MEETING AGAIN.

One summer eve, in the woodbine bower
We sat once more at the window lonely;
The moon arose with life-giving power,
But we appear'd two spectres only.

Twelve years had pass'd since the last occasion
When we on this spot had sat together;
Each tender glow, each loving persuasion
Had meanwhile been quench'd in life's rough weather.

I silently sat. The woman, however,
Just like her sex, amongst love's ashes
Must needs be raking, but vain her endeavour
To kindle again its long-quench'd flashes.

And she recounted how she had contended
With evil thoughts, the story disclosing
How hardly she once her virtue defended, —
I stupidly listened to all her prosing.

When homeward I rode, the trees beside me
Like spirits beneath the moon's rays flitted;
Sad voices call'd, but onward I hied me,
Yes, I and the dead, who my side ne'er quitted.

14.

MRS. CARE.

When fortune on me shed her ray,
The gnats around me danced all day,
Plenty of friends then cherish'd me,
And all, in fashion brotherly,
My viands with me tasted,
And my last penny wasted.

Fortune has fled, and void is my purse,
My friends have left for better for worse,
Extinguish'd is each sunny ray,
Around me the gnats no longer play;
My friends and the gnats together
Have gone with the sunny weather.

Beside my bed in the winter night
Old Care as my nurse sits bolt upright;
She wears a habit that's white enough,
A bonnet black, and takes her snuff.
The box is harshly creaking,
As the woman a pinch is seeking.

I often dream that the happy time
Of bliss has return'd, and May's young prime,
And friendship, and all the gnats as well, —
When creaks the snuffbox, — and, sad to tell,
The bubble is straightway breaking,
While the nurse her snuff is taking.

15.

TO THE ANGELS.

This is dread Thanatos indeed!
He comes upon his pale-white steed.
I hear its tread, I hear its trot,
The dusky horseman spares me not;
He tears me from Matilda's fond embraces, —
This thought of woe all other thoughts effaces.

She was at once my child, my wife,
And when I quit this mortal life
An orphan'd widow will she be!
I leave alone on earth's wide sea
The wife, the child, who, trusting to my guiding
Slept on my bosom, careless and confiding.

Ye angels in yon heavens so fair
Receive my sobs, receive my prayer!
When I am buried, from above
Protect the woman that I love!
Be shield and guardian to your own reflection,
Grant my poor child Matilda your protection!

By all the tears e'er shed by you
Over men's woes in pity true, —
By that dread word that priests alone
Know, and ne'er breathe without a groan,
By all your beauty, gentleness, perfection,
Ye angels, grant Matilda your protection!

16.

IN OCTOBER 1849.

The weather now is calm and mild,
And hush'd once more the tempest's voice is,
And Germany, that o'ergrown child,
Once more in its old Christmas trees rejoices.

Domestic joys we now pursue,
All things beyond are false and hollow,
And to the house's gable too,
Where once he built his nest, comes concord's swallow.

Forest and stream rest peacefully,
With the soft moonlight o'er them playing;
But, hark, a crack! A shot may't be?
It is perchance some friend whom they are slaying.

Perchance with weapons in his hand,
Some madcap they have overtaken;
(All do not flight well understand
Like Horace, who so nimbly saved his bacon).

Crack, Crack! A fête, may I presume,
Or fireworks in our Goethe's honour?
Or Sontag rising from the tomb
Greeted, by rockets showering down upon her?

And Francis Liszt appears again!
He lives, he lies not dead and gory
On some Hungarian battle-plain,
Russian and Croat have not quench'd his glory.

Freedom's last bulwark was o'erthrown,
And Hungary to death is bleeding —
Francis, our Knight, escaped alone,
His sword a quiet life at home is leading.

Francis still lives; when old and gray
Of the Hungarian war devoutly
He'll tell his grandsons: "Thus I lay,
"And thus my trusty blade I wielded stoutly!"

Hearing the name of Hungary,
My German waistcoat grows too narrow;
Beneath it foams a raging sea,
The trumpet's clang seems thrilling through my marrow.

Once more across my memory throng
The hero-legend's strains enthralling,
The wild and iron martial song,
The Nibelunge's overthrow appalling.

'Tis still the same heroic lot,
'Tis still the same old noble stories;
The names are changed, the natures not, —
'Tis still the same praiseworthy hero-glories.

And the same issue 'tis once more;
However proudly flaunts the banner,
The hero, as in days of yore,
Yields to brute strength, but in a glorious manner.

This time the oxen and the bear
In firm alliance are united;
Thou fall'st; but, Magyar, ne'er despair,
Still more have all *our* German hopes been blighted.

While very decent beasts are they
Who have in fight become thy masters,
We have, alas! become the prey
Of wolves, swine, dogs, — so great are our disasters.

They howl, grunt, bark, — the victor's smell
Is such, I fain would do without it; —

But, Poet, hush! — it were as well,
Seeing thou'rt ill, to say no more about it.

17.

EVIL DREAMS.

In vision once more young and happy, paced I
Near the old country house that used to stand
Hard by the mountain; down the pathway raced I,
Yes, raced with dear Ottilia, hand in hand.

How graceful was her figure! She enchanted
With the sweet magic of her sea-green eyes;
On her small feet how firmly was she planted,
A form where elegance with vigour vies!

Her voice's tone, how true and how confiding!
Her spirit's inmost depth one seems to see;
Wisdom her every word is ever guiding,
Her mouth's as like a rosebud as can be.

It is not pangs of love that now steal o'er me,
I wander not, my reason's in command;
Yet strangely am I soften'd, as before me
She stands, with trembling warmth I kiss her hand.

When I a lily from the stem had broken,
I gave it her, and then these words address'd:
"Ottilia, be my wife by this dear token,
"That I may be as good as thee, and blest."

The answer that she gave, it reach'd me never,
For presently I woke, — and now lie here
In my sick chamber, weak and ill as ever —
As I have hopeless lain for many a year.

18.

IT GOES OUT.

The curtain falls, as ends the play,
And all the audience go away;
And did the piece give satisfaction?
Methinks they found it of attraction.
A much-respected public then
Its poet thankfully commended;
But now the house is hush'd again,
And lights and merriment are ended.

But hark to that dull heavy clang
Hard by the empty stage's middle!
It was perchance the bursting twang
Of the worn string of some old fiddle.
With rustling noise across the pit
Some nasty rats like shadows flit,
And rancid oil all places smell of,
And the last lamp, with groans and sighs
Despairing, then goes out and dies. —
My soul was this poor light I tell of.

19.

THE WILL.

Now that life is nearly spent,
Here's my will and testament,
Giving every foe a present,
As a Christian finds it pleasant:

Let these gentry full of merit
Have my sickness as their guerdon,
All that makes my life a burden, —
All my wretched pangs inherit.

I bequeath you all the colic
Which my belly tweaks in frolic, —
Strangury and these perfidious
Prussian piles so sharp and hideous.

Unto you my cramps be given,
Pains in joints, and salivation,
Pains in back, and inflammation, —
Every one the gift of heaven.

Let this codicil then follow: —
Lord! that wretched herd demolish,
And their very name abolish,
As they in their vileness wallow.

20.

ENFANT PERDU.

Forlorn posts leading, thirty long years fought I
Stoutly and well on freedom's battle plain;
Hopeless of triumph, never hoped or thought I
Safe and uninjured home to see again.

I watch'd both day and night, slept not a tittle,
As when I camp'd amongst my friends of yore;
(And if I felt inclined to doze a little,
I soon was waken'd by my neighbour's snore.)

In those long nights ennui would oft assail me,
And fear as well, — ('tis fools who never fear;)
To scare them, I delighted to regale me
With whistling songs all full of gibe and jeer.

Yes, watchfully I stood, my weapon grasping, —
If a suspicious looking fool drew nigh,
I took a careful aim, and laid him gasping
With a hot bullet in his paunch or thigh.

But by-and-by, if I may so express it,
This clumsy fool, whom I so much deride,
Proves the best shot; and now, I must confess it,
My blood pours forth, my wounds are gaping wide.

A post is vacant! All my wounds are gaping —
One falls, the others follow in his wake;
Unvanquish'd fall I, — from my hands escaping
My arms break not, my heart alone doth break.

BOOK III. — HEBREW MELODIES

O let the days of thy life pass not
Without tasting life's blisses;
And if thou'rt shelter'd from the shot,
Let it fly, for it misses.

If fortune should ever be passing thy way,
To grasp her, forth sally;
Don't build on the summit thy cottage, I pray,
But down in the valley.

PRINCESS SABBATH.

In Arabia's books of stories
Read we of enchanted princes,
Who from time to time recover'd
Their once handsome pristine features;

Or the whilome hairy monster
To a king's son is converted,
Dress'd in gay and glittering garments,
And the flute divinely playing.

Yet the magic time expires,
And once more and of a sudden
We behold his royal highness
Changed into a shaggy monster.

Of a prince of such-like fortune
Sings my song. His name is Israel,
And a witch's art has changed him
To the figure of a dog.

As a dog, with doggish notions,
All the week his time he muddles
Through life's filthiness and sweepings,
To the scavengers' derision.

But upon each Friday evening,
Just at twilight, the enchantment
Ceases suddenly, — the dog
Once more is a human being.

As a man, with human feelings,
With his head and breast raised proudly
Dress'd in festival attire,
His paternal halls he enters.

“Hail, all hail, ye halls beloved
“Of my gracious regal father!
“Tents of Jacob, your all-holy
“Entrance posts my mouth thus kisses!”

Through the house mysteriously
Goes a whispering and buzzing,
And the unseen master of it
Shudd’ring breathes amid the silence, —

Silence, save the seneschal
(Vulgo Synagogue-Attendant)
Here and there with vigour springing,
As the lamps he seeks to kindle.

Golden lights so comfort-giving,
How they glitter, how they glimmer!
Proudly also flare the tapers
On the rails of the Almemor.

At the shrine wherein the Thora
Is preserved, and which is cover’d
With the costly silken cov’ring
That with precious jewels sparkles, —

There beside his post, already
Stands prepared the parish minstrel,
Dandy little man, who shoulders
His black cloak coquettishly.

His white hand to show the better,
At his neck he works, his finger
Pressing strangely to his temple,
And his thumb against his throat.

To himself then softly trills he,
Till at length his voice he raises

Joyfully, and loudly sings he
“Lecho Daudi Likras Kalle!

“Lecho Daudi Likras Kalle —
“Loved one, come! the bride already
“Waiteth for thee, to uncover
“To thy face her blushing features!”

This most charming marriage ditty
Was composed by the illustrious
Far and wide known Minnesinger
Don Jehuda ben Halevy.

In the song was celebrated
The espousals of Prince Israel
With the lovely Princess Sabbath,
Whom they call the silent princess.

Pearl and flower of perfect beauty
Is the Princess. Fairer never
Was the famous queen of Sheba,
Solomon’s old bosom-friend,

Ethiopian vain blue-stockings,
Who with her *esprit* would dazzle,
And with all her clever riddles
Was, I fear, extremely tedious.

But our Princess Sabbath, who was
Peace itself personified,
Held in utter detestation
All debates and wit-encounters.

Equally abhorr’d she noisy
And declamatory passion, —
All that pathos which with flowing
And dishevell’d hair storms wildly.

Modestly the silent princess
In her hood conceals her tresses;
Soft as the gazelle's her looks are,
Slender as an Addas blooms she.

She allows her lover all things
Save this one, — tobacco-smoking:
“Loved one! smoking is forbidden,
“For to-day the Sabbath is.

“But at noon, in compensation,
“Thou a steaming dish shalt taste of,
“Which is perfectly delicious —
“Thou shall eat to-day some Schalet!”

“Schalet, beauteous spark immortal,
“Daughter of Elysium!”⁸³
Thus would Schiller's song have sung it,
Had he ever tasted Schalet.

Schalet is the food of heaven,
Which the Lord Himself taught Moses
How to cook, when on that visit
To the summit of Mount Sinai,

Where the Lord Almighty also
Every good religious doctrine
And the holy ten commandments
Publish'd in a storm of lightning.

Schalet is the pure ambrosia
That the food of heaven composes —
Is the bread of Paradise;
And compared with food so glorious,

The ambrosia of the spurious
Heathen gods whom Greece once worshipp'd

And were naught but muffled devils,
Was but wretched devil's dung.

When the prince this food hath tasted,
Gleams his eye as if transfigured,
And his waistcoat he unbuttons,
And he speaks with smiles of rapture:

“Hear I not the Jordan murmuring?
“Is it not the gushing fountains
“In the palmy vale of Beth-El,
“Where the camels have their station?

“Hear I not the sheep-bells ringing?
“Is it not the well-fed wethers
“Whom the herdsman drives at evening
“Down from Gilead's lofty mountain?”

Yet the beauteous day fades quickly;
As with long and shadowy legs
Hastens on the fell enchantment's
Evil hour, the prince sighs sadly,

Feeling as though with his bosom
Icy witches' fingers grappled;
He's pervaded by the fear of
Canine metamorphosis.

To the prince then hands the princess
Her own golden box of spikenard;
Long he smells, once more desiring
To find comfort in sweet odours.

Next the parting drink the princess
Gives the prince — He hastily
Drinks, and in the goblet only
Some few drops are left untasted.

With them sprinkles he the table,
Then he takes a little waxlight,
And he dips it in the moisture
Till it crackles and goes out.

JEHUDA BEN HALEVY

A Fragment.

1.

“If, Jerusalem, I ever
“Should forget thee, let my tongue
“To my mouth’s roof cleave, let also
“My right hand forget her cunning—”

Words and melody are whirling
In my head to-day unceasing,
And methinks I hear sweet voices
Singing psalms, sweet human voices.

Often to the light come also
Beards of shadowy-long proportions;
Say, ye phantoms, which amongst you
Is Jehuda ben Halevy?

But they quickly hustle by me;
Spirits ever shun with terror
Exhortations of the living —
But I recognized him well.

Well I knew him by his pallid,
Haughty, high, and thoughtful forehead,
By his eyes so sweetly staring,
Viewing me with piercing sorrow.

But I recognized him mostly
By the enigmatic smile which
O’er his fair rhymed lips was playing,
Such as none but poets boast of.

Years come on and years pass swiftly
Since Jehuda ben Halevy

Had his birth, have seven hundred
Years and fifty fled o'er us.

At Toledo in Castile he
For the first time saw the light,
And the golden Tagus lull'd him
In his cradle with its music.

His strict father the unfolding
Of his intellect full early
Cared for, and began his lessons
With the book of God, the Thora.

With his son he read this volume
In the' original, whose beauteous
Picturesque and hieroglyphic
Old Chaldean quarto pages

Spring from out the childish ages
Of our world, and for that reason
Smile so trustingly and sweetly
On each childlike disposition.

And this genuine ancient text
By the boy was likewise chanted
In the ancient and establish'd
Sing-song fashion, known as Tropp.

And melodiously he gurgled
Those fat oily gutturals;
Like a very bird he warbled
That fine quaver, the Schalscheleth.

And the Targum Onkelos,
Which is written in the idiom,
The low-Hebrew sounding idiom
That we call the Aramæan,

And that to the prophet's language
Has about the same relation
As the Swabian to the German, —
In this bastard Hebrew likewise

Was the youth betimes instructed
And the knowledge thus acquired
Proved extremely useful to him
In the study of the Talmud.

Yes, full early did his father
Lead him onward to the Talmud
And he then unfolded to him
The Halacha, that illustrious

Fighting school, where the expertest
Dialectic athletes both of
Babylon and Pumpeditha
Carry on their mental combats.

Here the boy could gain instruction
In the arts, too, of polemics;
Later, in the book Cosari
Was his mastership establish'd.

Yet the heavens pour down upon us
Lights of two distinct descriptions:
Glaring daylight of the sun,
And the moonlight's softer lustre.

Thus two different lights the Talmud
Also sheds, and is divided
In Halacha and Hagada. —
Now the first's a fighting school,

But the latter, the Hagada,
I should rather call a garden,

Yes, a garden, most fantastic,
Comparable to that other,

Which in days of yore was planted
In the town of Babylon, —
Great Semiramis's garden,
That eighth wonder of the world.

'Tis said queen Semiramis,
Who had, when a child, been brought up
By the birds, and had contracted
Many a bird's peculiar custom,

On the mere flat ground would never
Promenade, as human creatures
Mostly do, and so she planted
In the air a hanging garden.

High upon colossal pillars
Palms and cypresses were standing,
Golden oranges, fair flow'r-beds,
Marble statues, gushing fountains, —

Firmly, skilfully united
By unnumber'd hanging bridges
Which appear'd like climbing plants,
And whereon the birds were rocking, —

Solemn birds, large, many-colour'd,
All deep thinkers, never singing,
While around them finches flutter'd,
Keeping up a merry twitter, —

All things here were blest, and teeming
With a pure balsamic fragrance,
Which was free from all offensive
Earthly smells and hateful odours.

The Hagada is a garden
That this airy whim resembles,
And the youthful Talmud scholar,
When his heart was overpower'd

And was deafen'd by the squabbles
Of the' Halacha, by disputes
All about the fatal egg
Laid one feast day by a pullet, —

Or about some other question
Of the same importance, straightway
Fled the boy to find refreshment
In the blossoming Hagada

Where the charming olden stories,
Tales of angels, famous legends,
Silent histories of martyrs,
Festal songs, and words of wisdom,

Hyperboles, far-fetch'd it may be,
But impress'd with deep conviction,
Full of glowing faith, — all glitter'd,
Bloom'd and sprung in such abundance.

And the stripling's noble bosom
Was pervaded by the savage
But adventure-breathing sweetness,
By the wondrous blissful anguish

And the fabulous wild terrors
Of that blissful secret world,
Of that mighty revelation,
Known to us as Poesy.

And the art of Poesy,
Radiant knowledge, understanding,

Which we call the art poetic,
Open'd on the boy's mind also.

And Jehuda ben Halevy
Was not merely skill'd in reading,
But in poetry a master,
And himself a first-rate poet.

Yes, he was a first-rate poet,
Star and torch of his own age,
Light and beacon of his people,
Yes, a very wondrous mighty

Fiery pillar of all song,
That preceded Israel's mournful
Caravan as it was marching
Through the desert of sad exile.

Pure and true alike, and spotless
Was his song, as was his spirit;
When this spirit was created
By its Maker, self-contented,

He embraced the lovely spirit,
And that kiss's beauteous echo
Thrills through all the poet's numbers,
Which are hallow'd by this grace.

As in life, in numbers also
Grace is greatest good of all;
He who has it, ne'er transgresses
In his prose or in his verses.

Genius call we such a poet
Of the mighty grace of God;
He is undisputed monarch
Of the boundless realms of fancy.

He to God alone accounteth,
Not to man, and, as in lifetime,
So in art the mob have power
To destroy, but not to judge us.

2.

“By the streams of Babylon
“Sat we down and wept, we hangèd
“Our sad harps upon the willows—”
Know’st thou not the olden song?

Know’st thou not the olden tune,
Which begins with elegiac
Crying, humming like a kettle
That upon the hearth is boiling?

Long has it been boiling in me,
Thousand years. A gloomy anguish
And my wounds are lick’d by time,
As Job’s boils by dogs were lickèd.

Thank thee, dog, for thy saliva, —
Though it can but cool and soften —
Death alone can ever heal me,
But, alas, I am immortal!

Years come round and years then vanish —
Busily the spool is humming
As it in the loom is moving, —
What it weaves, no weaver knoweth.

Years come round and years then vanish,
Human tears are dripping, running
On the earth, and then the earth
Sucks them in with eager silence.

Seething mad! The cover leaps up —
“Happy he whose daring hand
“Taketh up thy little ones,
“Dashing them against the stones.”

God be praised! the seething slowly
In the pot evaporates,
Then is mute. My spleen is soften’d,
My west-eastern darksome spleen.

And my Pegasus is neighing
Once more gaily, and the nightmare
Seems to shake with vigour off him,
And his wise eyes thus are asking:

Are we riding back to Spain,
To the little Talmudist there,
Who was such a first-rate poet, —
To Jehuda ben Halevy?

Yes, he was a first-rate poet,
In the realm of dreams sole ruler
With the spirit-monarch’s crown,
By the grace of God a poet,

Who in all his sacred metres,
In his madrigals, terzinas,
Canzonets, and strange ghaselas
Pour’d out all the’ abundant fire

Of his noble god-kiss’d spirit!
Of a truth this troubadour
Was upon a par with all the
Best lute-players of Provence,

Of Poitou and of Guienne,
Roussillon and every other

Charming orange-growing region
Of gallant old Christendom.

Charming orange-growing regions
Of gallant old Christendom!
How they glitter, smell, and tingle
In the twilight of remembrance!

Beauteous world of nightingales!
Where we only in the place of
The true God, the false God worshipp'd
Of the Muses and of love.

Clergy, bearing wreaths of roses
On their bald pates, sang the psalms
In the charming langue d'oc;
Laity, all gallant knights,

On their high steeds proudly trotting,
Verse and rhyme were ever making
To the honour of the ladies
Whom their hearts to serve delighted.

There's no love without a lady.
Therefore to a Minnesinger
Was a lady just as needful
As to bread-and-butter, butter.

And the hero, whom we sing of,
Our Jehuda ben Halevy,
Also had his heart's fair lady;
But she was of special kind.

She no Laura was, whose eyes,
Mortal constellations, kindled
On Good Friday the notorious
Fire within the famed Cathedral;

She was not a chatelaine
Who, attired in youthful graces,
Took the chair at tournaments,
And the laurel wreath presented.

Casuist in the laws of kisses
She was not, no doctinaire,
Who within the learned college
Of a court of love gave lectures.

She the Rabbi was in love with
Was a poor and mournful loved one,
Woeful image of destruction,
And her name — Jerusalem!

In his early days of childhood
She his one sole love was always;
E'en the word Jerusalem
Made his youthful spirit quiver.

Purple flames were ever standing
On the boy's cheek, and he hearken'd
When a pilgrim to Toledo
Came from out the far east country,

And recounted how deserted
And uncleanly was the city
Where upon the ground the traces
Of the prophets' feet still glisten'd;

Where the air is still perfumed
By the' undying breath of God —
“O the mournful sight!” a pilgrim
Once exclaim'd, whose beard was floating

White as silver, notwithstanding
That the hair which form'd its end

Once again grew black, appearing
As if getting young again.

And a very wondrous pilgrim
Might he be, his eyes were peering
As through centuries of sorrow,
And he sigh'd: "Jerusalem!

"She, the crowded holy city,
"Is converted to a desert,
"Where wood-devils, werewolves, jackals
"Their accursèd home have made.

"Serpents, birds of night, are dwelling
"In its weather-beaten ruins;
"From the window's airy bow
"Peeps the fox with much contentment.

"Here and there a ragged fellow
"Comes sometimes from out the desert,
"And his hunch-back'd camel feedeth
"In the long grass growing round it.

"On the noble heights of Zion,
"Where stood up the golden fortress
"Whose great majesty bore witness
"To the mighty monarch's glory, —

"There, with noisome weeds encumber'd,
"Nought now lies but gray old ruins,
"Gazing with such looks of sorrow
"One must fancy they are weeping.

"And 'tis said they wept in earnest,
"Once in each year, on the ninth day
"Of the month's that known as Ab —
"With my own eyes, full of weeping,

“I the clammy drops have witness’d
“Down the large stones slowly trickling,
“And have heard the broken columns
“Of the temple sadly moaning.”

Such-like pious pilgrim-sayings
Waken’d in the youthful bosom
Of Jehuda ben Halevy
Yearnings for Jerusalem.

Poet’s yearnings! As foreboding,
Visionary, sad, as those
In the Château Blay experienced
Whilome by the noble Vidam,

Messer Geoffroy Rudello,
When the knights, returning homeward
From the Eastern land, asserted
Loudly, as they clash’d their goblets,

That the paragon of graces,
And the flower and pearl of women,
Was the beauteous Melisanda,
Margravine of Tripoli.

Each one knows that for this lady
Raved the troubadour thenceforward;
Her alone he sang, and shortly
Château Blay no more could hold him;

And he hasten’d thence. At Cette
Took he ship, but on the ocean
He fell ill, and sick and dying
He arriv’d at Tripoli.

Here at length, on Melisanda
He, too, gazed with eyes all-loving,

Which that self-same hour were cover'd
By the darksome shades of death.

Singing his last song of love,
He expired before the feet
Of his lady Melisanda,
Margravine of Tripoli.⁸⁴

Wonderful was the resemblance
In the fate of these two poets!
Save that in old age the former
His great pilgrimage commenced.

And Jehuda ben Halevy
At his mistress' feet expired,
And his dying head, it rested
On Jerusalem's dear knees.

3.

When the fight at Arbella
Had been won, great Alexander
Placed Darius' land and people,
Court and harem, horses, women,

Elephants, and daric coins,
Crown and sceptre, golden lumber —
Placed them all inside his spacious
Macedonian pantaloons.

In the tent of great Darius,
Who himself had fled, because he
Fear'd he also might be placed there,
The young hero found a casket.

'Twas a little golden box,
Richly ornamented over

With incrusted stones and cameos,
And with miniature devices.

Now this casket, in itself
Of inestimable value,
Served to hold the priceless treasures
Of the monarch's body-jewels.

All the latter Alexander
On his brave commanders lavish'd,
Smiling at the thought of men
Childlike loving colour'd pebbles.

One fair valuable gem he
To his mother dear presented;
'Twas the signet ring of Cyrus,
Turn'd into a brooch henceforward.

To his famous old preceptor
Aristotle he presented
A fine onyx for his splendid
Cabinet of natural history.

In the casket were some pearls too,
Forming quite a wondrous string,
Which were once to Queen Atossa
Given by the false knave Smerdis;

But the pearls were all quite real,
And the merry victor gave them
To a pretty dancer whom he
Brought from Corinth, named Miss Thais.

In her hair the latter wore them,
In bacchantic fashion streaming,
On that night when she was dancing
At Persepolis, and wildly

In the regal castle hurl'd her
Impious torch, till, loudly crackling,
Soon the flames obtain'd the mastery,
And the fortress laid in ruins.

On the death of beauteous Thais
Who of some bad Babylonian
Illness died at Babylon,
All her pearls were sold by auction

At the public auction-rooms there;
Purchased by a priest from Memphis,
He to Egypt took them with him,
Where they on the toilet table

Of fair Cleopatra glisten'd;
She the finest pearl amongst them
Crush'd and mix'd with wine and swallow'd,
Her friend Antony to banter.

With the final Omniad monarch
Came the string of pearls to Spain,
And they twined around the turban
Worn at Cord'va, by the Caliph.

Abderam the Third he wore them
As his breast-knot at the tourney
Where he pierced through thirty golden
Rings, and fair Zuleima's bosom.

When the Moorish race was vanquish'd,
Then the Christians gain'd possession
Of the pearls, which rank'd thenceforward
As crown-jewels of Castile.

Their most Cath'lic Majesties,
Queens of Spain, were wont to wear them

On all court and state occasions,
At all bullfights, grand processions,

And at each auto da fé,
When they took their pleasure, sitting
At the balcony, in sniffing
Up the smell of burnt old Jews.

Later still, old Mendizabel,
Satan's grandson, pawn'd these jewels,
Vainly hoping thus to meet the
Deficit in the finances.

At the Tuileries the jewels
Finally appear'd again,
Glittering on the neck of Madame
Salomon, the Baroness.

With the fair pearls thus it happened. —
Less adventurous the fortune
Of the casket, Alexander
Keeping it for his own use.

He the songs enclosed within it
Of ambrosia-scented Homer,
His great fav'rite, and the casket
All night long was wont to stand

At his bed's head; when the monarch
Slept, the heroes' airy figures
Came from out it, o'er his visions
Creeping in fantastic fashion.

Other times and other birds too —
I myself have erst delighted
In the stories of the actions
Of Pelides, of Odysseus.

All then seem'd so sunny-golden
And so purple to my spirit,
Vine-leaves twined around my forehead,
And the trumpets flourish'd loudly.

Hush, no more! All broken lieth
Now my haughty victor-chariot,
And the panthers, who once drew it,
Now are dead, as are the women

Who, to sound of drum and cymbal,
Danced around, and I myself
Writhe upon the ground in anguish.
Weak and crippled — hush, no more!

Hush, no more! we now are speaking
Of the casket of Darius,
And within myself thus thought I:
Should I e'er possess the casket,

And not be obliged to change it
Into cash, for want of money,
I would then enclose within it
All the poems of our Rabbi, —

All Jehuda ben Halevy's
Festal songs and lamentations,
And Ghaselas, the description
Of his pilgrimage — the whole I

Would have written on the cleanest
Parchment by the best of scribes,
And the manuscript deposit
In the little golden casket.

This should stand upon the table
Near my bed, and then, whenever

Friends appear'd and were astonish'd
At the beauty of the trinket, —

At the wondrous bas-reliefs,
Small in size, and yet so perfect
Notwithstanding, — at the jewels
Of such size incrustated on it, —

I should smilingly address them:
That is but the vulgar covering
That contains a nobler treasure —
In this casket there are lying

Diamonds, whose light doth mirror
And reflect the light of heaven,
Rubies glowing as the heart's blood,
Turquoises of spotless beauty,

And fair emeralds of promise,
Likewise pearls of greater value
Than the pearls to Queen Atossa
Given by the false knave Smerdis,

And that afterwards were worn by
All the notabilities
Who this mundane earth have dwelt in,
Thais first, then Cleopatra,

Priests of Isis, Moorish princes,
And the queens of old Hispania,
And at last the worthy Madame
Salomon, the Baroness. —

For those pearls of world-wide glory
After all are but the mucus
Of a poor unhappy oyster
Lying sickly in the ocean;

But the pearls within this casket
Are the offspring of a beauteous
Human spirit, far far deeper
Than the ocean's deepest depths, —

For they are the pearly tears
Of Jehuda ben Halevy,
That he over the destruction
Of Jerusalem let fall.

Pearly tears, which, join'd together
By the golden threads of rhythm,
As a song from poesy's
Golden smithy have proceeded.

And this song of pearly tears
Is the famous lamentation
That is sung in all the scatter'd
And far-distant tents of Jacob

On the ninth day of the month Ab,
That sad anniversary
Of Jerusalem's destruction
By the Emperor Vespasian.

Yes, it is the song of Zion
That Jehuda ben Halevy
Sang when dying on the holy
Ruins of Jerusalem.

Barefoot and in lowly garments
Sat he there upon the fragment
Of a pillar that had fallen,
Till upon his breast there fell

Like a gray old wood his hair,
Shading over in strange fashion

His afflicted pallid features,
With his eyes so like a spectre's.

In this manner sat he, singing,
In appearance like a minstrel
From the times of old, like ancient
Jeremiah, grave-arisen.

Soon the birds around the ruins
By his numbers' mournful cadence
All were tamed, and e'en the vulture
Drew near list'ning, almost pitying, —

But an impious Saracen
Came one day in that direction,
On his charger in his stirrups
Balancing, his bright lance wielding.

And the breast of our poor singer
With this deadly spear transfix'd he,
And then gallop'd off instant
Wing'd as though a shadowy figure.

Calmly flow'd the Rabbi's life-blood,
Calmly to its termination
Sang he his sweet song, — his dying
Sigh was still — Jerusalem!

It is said in olden legend
That the Saracen was really
Not a wicked cruel mortal,
But an angel in disguise,

Sent from the bright realms of heaven
To remove God's favourite
From the earth, and to advance him
Painlessly to those blest regions.

There, 'tis said, there waited for him
A reception highly flatt'ring
In its nature to the poet,
Quite a heavenly surprise.

Solemnly with strains of music
Came the' angelic choir to meet him,
And instead of hymns, he heard them
Singing his own lovely verses,

Synagoguish Wedding-Carmen,
Hymeneal Sabbath numbers,
With their well-known and exulting
Melodies — what notes enthralling!

While some angels play'd the hautboy,
Others play'd upon the fiddle;
Others handled the bass-viol,
Others beat the drum and cymbal.

Sweetly all the music sounded.
Sweetly through the far-extending
Vaults of heaven these strains re-echoed
Lecho Daudi Likras Kalle!

4.

My good wife is not contented
With the chapter just concluded,
And especially the portion
Speaking of Darius' casket.

Almost bitterly observes she,
That a husband with pretensions
To religion, into money
Straightway would convert the casket,

That he with it might be able
For his poor and lawful spouse
That nice Cashmere shawl to purchase
That she stands so much in need of.

That Jehuda ben Halevy
Would, she fancies, with sufficient
Honour be preserved, if guarded
In a pretty box of pasteboard,

Deck'd with Chinese elegant
Arabesques, like those enchanting
Sweetmeat-boxes of Marquis
In the Passage Panorama.

“Very strange it is,” — she added, —
“That I never heard the name of
“This remarkable old poet,
“This Jehuda ben Halevy.”

Darling little wife, I answer'd,
Your delightful ignorance
But too well the gaps discloses
In the education given

In the boarding schools of Paris,
Where the girls, the future mothers
Of a proud and freeborn nation,
Learn the elements of knowledge.

All about the dry old mummies,
And embalm'd Egyptian Pharaohs
Merovingian shadowy monarchs,
With perukes devoid of powder,

And the pig-tail'd kings of China,
Lords of porcelain and pagodas, —

This they know by heart and fully,
Clever girls, — but, O, good heavens

If you ask for any great names
From the glorious golden ages
Of Arabian-ancient-Spanish
Jewish schools of poetry, —

If you ask for those three worthies,
For Jehuda ben Halevy,
For great Solomon Gabirol,
Or for Moses Iben Esra,

If you ask for these or suchlike,
Then the children stare upon us
With a look of stupid wonder,
And in fact seem quite dumb-founded.

Let me then advise you, dearest,
These neglected points to study,
And to take to learning Hebrew
Leaving theatres and concerts.

When a few years to these studies
Have been given, you'll be able
In the' original to read them,
Iben Esra and Gabirol,

And Halevy in addition,
That triumvirate poetic,
Who evoked the sweetest music
From the instrument of David.

Alcharisi, who, I'll wager,
Is to you unknown, although he
A Voltairian was, six hundred
Years before Voltaire's time, spoke thus:

“In his thoughts excels Gabirol,
“And the thinker most he pleases;
“Iben Esra shines in art, and
“Is the fav’rite of the artist.

“But Jehuda ben Halevy
“Is in both a perfect master,
“And at once a famous poet
“And a universal fav’rite.”

Iben Esra was a friend,
And I rather think, a cousin
Of Jehuda ben Halevy,
Who in his famed book of travels

Bitterly complains how vainly
He had sought through all Granada
For his friend, and only found there
His friend’s brother, the physician,

Rabbi Meyer, poet likewise,
And the father of the beauty
Who in Iben Esra’s bosom
Kindled such a hopeless passion.

That he might forget his niece, he
Took in hand his pilgrim’s staff,
Like so many of his colleagues,
Living restlessly and homeless.

Tow’rd Jerusalem he wander’d,
When some Tartars fell upon him,
Fasten’d him upon a steed’s back,
And to their wild deserts took him.

Duties there devolved upon him
Quite unworthy of a Rabbi,

Still less fitted for a poet —
He was made to milk the cows.

Once, as he beneath the belly
Of a cow was sitting squatting,
Fing'ring hastily her udder,
While the milk the tub was filling, —

A position quite unworthy
Of a Rabbi, of a poet, —
Melancholy came across him,
And to sing a song began he.

And he sang so well and sweetly,
That the Khan, the horde's old chieftain,
Who was passing by, was melted,
And he gave the slave his freedom.

And he likewise gave him presents,
Gave a fox-skin, and a lengthy
Saracenic mandoline,
And some money for his journey.

Poets' fate! an evil star 'tis,
Which the offspring of Apollo
Worried unto death, and even
Did not spare their noble father,

When he, after Daphne lurking,
In the fair nymph's snowy body's
Stead, embraced the laurel only, —
He, the great divine Schlemihl!

Yes, the glorious Delphic god is
A Schlemihl, and e'en the laurel
That so proudly crowns his forehead
Is a sign of his Schlemihldom.

What the word Schlemihl betokens
Well we know. Long since Chamisso
Rights of German citizenship
Gain'd it (of the word I'm speaking).

But its origin has ever,
Like the holy Nile's far sources,
Been unknown. Upon this subject
Many a night have I been poring.

Many a year ago I travell'd
To Berlin, to see Chamisso
On this point, and from the dean sought
Information of Schlemihl.

But he could not satisfy me,
And referr'd me on to Hitzig,
Who had made the first suggestion
Of the family name of Peter

Shadowless. I straightway hired
The first cab, and quickly hasten'd
To the magistrate Herr Hitzig,
Who was formerly call'd Itzig.

When he still was known as Itzig,
In a vision saw he written
His own name high in the heavens,
And in front the letter H.

"What's the meaning of this H?"
Ask'd he of himself. "Herr Itzig
"Or the Holy Itzig? Holy
"Is a pretty title. Not, though,

"Suited for Berlin." At length he,
Tired of thinking, took the name of

Hitzig, and his best friends only
Knew that Hitzig stood for Holy.

“Holy Hitzig!” said I therefore
When I saw him, “have the goodness
“To explain the derivation
“Of the word Schlemihl, I pray you.”

Many circumbendibuses
Took the holy one — he could not
Recollect, — and made excuses
In succession like a Christian,

Till at length I burst the buttons
In the breeches of my patience,
And began to swear so fiercely,
In such very impious fashion,

That the worthy pietist,
Pale as death, with trembling knees,
Forthwith gratified my wishes,
And the following story told me:

“In the Bible it is written
“How, while wandering in the desert,
“Israel oft committed whoredom
“With the daughters fair of Canaan.

“Then it came to pass that Phinehas
“Chanced to see the noble Zimri
“Thus engaged in an intrigue
“With a Canaanitish woman.

“Straightway in his fury seized he
“On his spear, and put to death
“Zimri on the very spot. — Thus
“In the Bible ’tis recounted.

“But, according to an oral
“Old tradition ‘mongst the people,
“’Twas not Zimri that was really
“Stricken by the spear of Phinehas;

“But the latter, blind with fury,
“In the sinner’s place, by ill-luck
“Chanced to kill a guiltless person,
“Named Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.” —

He, then, this Schlemihl the First,
Was the ancestor of all the
Race Schlemihlian. We’re descended
From Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

Certainly no wondrous actions
Are preserved of his; we only
Know his name, and in addition
Know that he was a Schlemihl.

But a pedigree is valued
Not according to its fruits, but
Its antiquity alone —
Ours three thousand years can reckon.

Years come round, and years then vanish —
Full three thousand years have fled
Since the death of our forefather
This Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

Phinehas, too, has long been dead,
But his spear is in existence,
And incessantly we hear it
Whizzing through the air above us.

And the noblest hearts it pierces —
Both Jehuda ben Halevy,

Also Moses Iben Esra,
And it likewise struck Gabirol,

Yes, Gabirol, that truehearted
God-devoted Minnesinger,
That sweet nightingale, who sang to
God instead of to a rose, —

That sweet nightingale who caroll'd
Tenderly his loving numbers
In the darkness of the Gothic
Mediaeval night of earth!

Undismay'd and caring nothing
For grimaces or for spirits,
Or the chaos of delirium
And of death those ages haunting,

Our sweet nightingale thought only
Of the Godlike One he loved so,
Unto Whom he sobb'd his love,
Whom his hymns were glorifying.

Thirty springs Gabirol witness'd
On this earth, but loud-tongued Fama
Trumpeted abroad the glory
Of his name through every country.

Now at Cordova, his home, he
Had a Moor as nextdoor neighbour,
Who wrote verses, like the other,
And the poet's glory envied.

When he heard the poet singing,
Then the Moor's bile straight flow'd over,
And the sweetness of the songs was
Bitter wormwood to this base one.

He enticed his hated rival
To his house one night, and slew him
There, and then the body buried
In the garden in its rear.

But behold! from out the spot
Where the body had been hidden,
Presently there grew a fig-tree
Of the most enchanting beauty.

All its fruit was long in figure,
And of strange and spicy sweetness;
He who tasted it, sank into
Quite a dreamy state of rapture.

‘Mongst the people on the subject
Much was said aloud or whisper’d,
Till at length the rumour came to
The illustrious Caliph’s ears.

He with his own tongue first tasted
This strange fig-phenomenon,
And then form’d a strict commission
Of inquiry on the matter.

Summarily they proceeded;
On the owner of the tree’s soles
Sixty strokes of the bamboo they
Gave, and then his crime confess’d he.

Thereupon they tore the tree up
By its roots from out the ground,
And the body of the murder’d
Man Gabirol was discover’d.

He was buried with due honour,
And lamented by his brethren;

And the selfsame day they also
Hang'd the Moor at Cordova.

DISPUTATION.

In the Aula at Toledo
Loudly are the trumpets blowing
To the spiritual tourney,
Gaily dress'd, the crowd are going.

This is no mere worldly combat,
Not one arm of steel here glances;
Sharply pointed and scholastic
Words are here the only lances.

Gallant Paladins here fight not,
Ladies' honest fame defending;
Capuchins and Jewish Rabbis
Are the knights who're here contending.

In the place of helmets are they
Scull caps and capouches wearing;
Scapular and *Arbecanfess*
Are the armour they are bearing.

Which God is the one true God?
He, the Hebrew stern and glorious
Unity, whom Rabbi Juda
Of Navarre would see victorious?

Or the triune God, whom Christians
Hold in love and veneration,
As whose champion Friar Jose,
The Franciscan, takes his station?

By the might of weighty reasons,
And the logic taught at college,
And quotations from the authors
Whose repute one must acknowledge,

Either champion *ad absurdum*
His opponent would bring duly,
And the pure divinity
Of his own God point out truly.

'Tis laid down that he whose foeman
Manages his cause to smother,
Should be bound to take upon him
The religion of the other,

And the Jew be duly christen'd, —
This was the express provision, —
On the other hand the Christian
Bear the rite of circumcision.

Each one of the doughty champions
Has eleven comrades by him,
All to share his fate determined,
And for weal or woe keep nigh him.

While the monks who back the friar
With assurance full and steady
Hold the holy-water vessels
For the rite of christening ready,

Swinging sprinkling-brooms and censers,
Whence the incense smoke is rising, —
All their adversaries briskly
Whet their knives for circumcising.

By the lists within the hall stand,
Ready for the fray, both forces,
And the crowd await the signal,
Eager for the knights' discourses.

'Neath a golden canopy,
While their courtiers duly flatter,

Both the king and queen are sitting;
Quite a child appears the latter.

With a small French nose, her features
Are in roguishness not wanting,
And the ever laughing rubies
Of her mouth are quite enchanting.

Fragile fair inconstant flower, —
May the grace of God be with her! —
From the merry town of Paris
She has been transplanted hither,

To the country where the Spanish
Old grandees' stiff manners gall her;
Whilome known as Blanche de Bourbon,
Donna Blanca now they call her.

And the monarch's name is Pedro,
With the nickname of The Cruel;
But to-day, in gentle mood, he
Looks as if he ne'er could do ill.

With the nobles of his court he
Enters into conversation,
And both Jew and Moor addresses
With a courteous salutation.

For these sons of circumcision
Are the monarch's favourite creatures;
They command his troops, and also
In finances are his teachers.

Suddenly the drums 'gin beating,
And the trumpets' bray announces
That the conflict is beginning,
Where each knight the other trounces.

The Franciscan monk commences,
Bursting into furious passion,
And his voice, now harsh, now growling,
Blusters in a curious fashion.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
In one sentence he comprises,
And the seed accurst of Jacob
In the Rabbi exorcises.

For in suchlike controversies
Little devils oft are hidden
In the Jews, and give them sharpness,
Wit, and arguments when bidden.

Having thus expell'd the devil
By his mighty exorcism,
Comes the monk, dogmatically,
Quoting from the catechism.

He recounts how in the Godhead
Persons three are comprehended,
Who, whenever they so will it,
Into one are straightway blended.

'Tis a mystery unfolded
But to those who, in due season,
Have escaped from out the prison
And the chains of human reason.

He recounts how God was born at
Bethlehem, of a tenderhearted
Virgin, whose divine unsullied
Innocency ne'er departed.

How they laid the Lord Almighty
In a lowly stable manger,

Where the calf and heifer meekly
Stood around the newborn stranger.

He recounts, too, how the Lord
From King Herod's minions flying,
Went to Egypt, how still later
Death's sharp pangs he suffer'd, dying.

In the time of Pontius Pilate,
Who subscribed his condemnation,
Urged on by the Jews and cruel
Pharisees' confederation.

He recounts, too, how the Lord,
Bursting from the tomb's dark prison
On the third day, into heaven
Had in glorious triumph risen;

How, when 'tis the proper time, he
Would return to earth in splendour,
At Jehoshaphat, to judge there
Every quick and dead offender.

"Tremble, Jews!" exclaim'd the friar,
"At the God whom ye tormented
"Cruelly with thorns and scourges,
"To whose death ye all consented.

"Jews, ye were his murderers! nation
"Of vindictive fierce behaviour!
"Him who comes to free you, still ye
"Slay, — ye murder him, the Saviour.

"Jews, the carrion where the demons
"Coming from the lower regions
"Dwell, your bodies are the barracks
"Of the devil's wicked legions.

“Thomas of Aquinas says so,
“He is famed in Christian story,
“Call’d the mighty ox of learning,
“Orthodoxy’s light and glory.

“Villain race of Jews! you’re nought but
“Wolves, hyenas, jackals hateful,
“Church-yard prowlers, who deem only
“Flesh of corpses to be grateful.

“Jews, O Jews! you’re hogs and monkeys,
“Monsters cruel and perfidious,
“Whom they call rhinoceroses,
“Crocodiles and vampires hideous.

“Ye are ravens, owls, and screechows,
“Rats and miserable lapwings,
“Gallows’-birds and cockatrices,
“Very scum of all that flap wings!

“Ye are vipers, ye are blindworms,
“Rattlesnakes, disgusting adders,
“Poisonous toads — Christ soon will surely
“Tread you out like empty bladders!

“Or, accursèd people, would ye
“Save your souls so wretched rather?
“Flee the synagogues of evil,
“Seek the bosom of your Father.

“Flee to love’s bright radiant churches,
“Where the well of mercy bubbles
“For your sakes in hallow’d basins, —
“Hide your heads there from your troubles.

“Wash away the ancient Adam,
“And the vices that deface it;

“From your hearts the stains of rancour
“Wash, and grace shall then replace it.

“Hear ye not the Saviour speaking?
“O how well your new names suit you!
“Cleanse yourselves upon Christ’s bosom
“From the vermin that pollute you.

“Yes, our God is very love, is
“Like a lamb that’s dearly cherish’d,
“And our vices to atone for,
“On the cross with meekness perish’d.

“Yes, our God is very love, his
“Name is Jesus Christ the blessèd;
“Of his patience and submission
“We aspire to be possessèd.

“Therefore are we meek and gentle,
“Courteous, never in a passion,
“Fond of peace and charitable,
“In the Lamb the Saviour’s fashion.

“We in heaven shall be hereafter
“Into angels blest converted,
“Wandering there in bliss with lily
“Blossoms in our hands inserted.

“In the place of cowls, the purest
“Robes shall we when there be wearing,
“Made of silk, brocades, and muslin,
“Golden lace and ribbons flaring.

“No more bald pates! Round our heads there
“Will be floating golden tresses;
“While our hair some charming virgin
“Into pretty topknots dresses.

“Winecups will be there presented
“Of circumference so spacious,
“That, compared with them, the goblets
“Made on earth are not capacious.

“On the other hand, much smaller
“Than the mouths of earthly ladies
“Will the mouth be of each woman
“Who in heaven our solace made is.

“Drinking, kissing, laughing will we
“Pass through endless ages proudly,
“Singing joyous Hallelujahs,
“Kyrie Eleyson loudly.”

Thus the Christian ended, and the
Monks believed illumination
Pierced each heart, and so prepared for
The baptismal operation.

But the water-hating Hebrews
Shook themselves with scornful grinning,
Rabbi Juda of Navarre thus
His reply meanwhile beginning:

“That thou for thy seed mightst dung
“My poor soul’s bare field devoutly,
“With whole dung-carts of abuse thou
“Hast in truth befoul’d me stoutly.

“Every one the method follows
“To his taste best calculated,
“And instead of being angry,
“Thank you, I’m propitiated.

“Your fine trinitarian doctrine
“We poor Jews can never swallow,

“Though from earliest days of childhood
“Wont the rule of three to follow.

“That three persons in your Godhead,
“And no more, are comprehended,
“Moderate appears; the ancients
“On six thousand gods depended.

“Quite unknown to me the God is
“Whom you call the Christ, good brother;
“Nor have I e’er had the honour
“To have met his virgin mother.

“I regret that some twelve hundred
“Years back, as your speech confesses,
“At Jerusalem he suffer’d
“Certain disagreeablenesses.

“That the Jews in truth destroy’d him
“Rests upon your showing solely,
“Seeing the delicti corpus
“On the third day vanish’d wholly.

“It is equally uncertain
“Whether he was a connection
“Of our God, who had no children —
“In, at least, our recollection.

“Our great God, like some poor lambkin,
“For humanity would never
“Perish; for such philanthropic
“Actions he is far too clever.

“Our great God of love knows nothing,
“Never to affection yields he,
“For he is a God of vengeance,
“And as God his thunders wields he.

“Nothing can his wrathful lightnings
“From the sinner turn or soften,
“And the latest generations
“For the fathers’ sins pay often.

“Our great God, he lives for ever
“In his heavenly halls in glory,
“And, compared with him, eternal
“Ages are but transitory.

“Our great God, he is a hearty
“God, not like the myths that fright us,
“Pale and lean as any wafer,
“Or the shadows by Cocytus.

“Our great God is strong. He graspeth
“Sun and moon and constellation:
“Thrones are crush’d, and people vanish
“When he frowns in indignation.

“And he is a mighty God.
“David sings: We cannot measure
“All his greatness, earth’s his footstool,
“And is subject to his pleasure.

“Our great God loves music dearly,
“Lute and song to him are grateful;
“But, like grunts of sucking pigs, he
“Finds the sounds of churchbells hateful.

“Great Leviathan the fish is
“Who beneath the ocean strayeth,
“And with him the Lord Almighty
“For an hour each morning playeth.

“With the’ exception of the ninth day
“Of the month Ab, that sad morrow,

“When they burnt his holy temple;
“On that day too great’s his sorrow.

“Just one hundred miles in length is
“The Leviathan; each fin is
“Big as Og the King of Basan,
“And his tail no cedar thin is.

“Yet his flesh resembles turtle,
“And its flavour is perfection,
“And the Lord will ask to dinner
“On the day of resurrection

“All his own elect, the righteous,
“Those whose faith was firm and stable,
“And this fish, the Lord’s own favourite,
“Will be set upon the table,

“Partly dress’d with garlic white sauce,
“Partly stew’d in wine and toasted,
“Dress’d with raisins and with spices,
“Much resembling matelotes roasted.

“Little slices of horseradish
“Will the white sauce much embellish,
“So make ready, Friar Jose,
“To devour the fish with relish.

“And the raisin sauce I spoke of
“Makes a most delicious jelly,
“And will be full well adapted,
“Friar Jose, to thy belly.

“What God cooks, is quite perfection —
“Monk, my honest counsel follow,
“And be circumcised, your portion
“Of Leviathan to swallow.” —

Thus the Rabbi to allure him
Spoke with inward mirth insulting,
And the Jews, with pleasure grunting,
Brandish'd all their knives exulting.

To cut off the forfeit foreskins,
Victors after all the fighting,
Genuine spolia opima
In this conflict so exciting.

But the monks to their religion
Stuck, despite the Jews' derision,
And were equally reluctant
To submit to circumcision.

Next the Catholic converter
Answer'd, when the Jew had finish'd,
His abuse again repeating,
Full of fury undiminish'd.

Then the Rabbi with a cautious
Ardour, with his answer follow'd;
Though his heart was boiling over,
All his rising gall he swallow'd.

He appeals unto the Mischna,
Treatises and commentaries,
And with extracts from the Tausves-
Jontof his quotations varies.

But what blasphemy now speaks the
Friar, arguments in want of!
He exclaim'd: "I wish the devil
"Had your stupid Tausves-Jontof!"

"This surpasses all, good heavens!"
Fearfully the Rabbi screeches,

And his patience lasts no longer,
Like a maniac's soon his speech is.

"If the Tausves-Jontof's nothing,
"What is left? O vile detractor!
Lord, avenge this foul transgression!
"Punish, Lord, this malefactor!

"For the Tausves-Jontof, God,
"Is thyself! And on the daring
"Tausves-Jontof's base denier
"Thou must vent thy wrath unsparing.

"Let the earth consume him, like the
"Wicked band of Cora, quickly,
"Who their plots and machinations
"Sow'd against thee, Lord, so thickly.

"Punish, O my God, his baseness!
"Thunder forth thy loudest thunder;
"Thou with pitch and brimstone Sodom
"And Gomorrha didst bring under.

"Strike these Capuchins with vigour,
"As of yore thou struckest Pharaoh
"Who pursued us, as well-laden
"Flying from his land we were, Oh!

"Knights a hundred thousand follow'd
"This proud monarch of Mizrayim,
"In steel armour, with bright weapons
"In their terrible Jadayim.

"Lord, thy right hand then extending,
"Pharaoh and his host were smitten
"In the Red Sea, and were drown'd there
"As we drown a common kitten.

“Strike these Capuchins with vigour,
“Show the wicked wretches clearly
“That the lightnings of thine anger
“Are not smoke and bluster merely.

“Then thy triumph’s praise and glory
“I will sing and tell of proudly,
“And moreover will, like Miriam,
“Dance and play the timbrel loudly.”

Then the monk with equal passion
Answer’d thus the furious Rabbi:
“Villain, may the Lord destroy thee,
“Damnable, accurst, and shabby!

“I can well defy your devils
“Whom the Evil One created,
“Lucifer and Beelzebub,
“Astaroth and Belial hated.

“I can well defy your spirits,
“And your hellish tricks unhallow’d,
“For in me is Jesus Christ, since
“I his body blest have swallow’d.

“Christ my only favourite food is,
“Than Leviathan more savoury,
“With its boasted garlic white sauce
“Cook’d by Satan, full of knavery.

“Ah! instead of thus disputing,
“I would sooner roast and bake you
“With your comrades on the warmest
“Funeral pile, the devil take you!”

Thus for God and faith the tourney
Goes on in confusion utter;

But in vain the doughty champions
Screech and rail and storm and splutter.

For twelve hours the fight has lasted,
Neither side gives signs of tiring,
But the public fast grow weary,
And the ladies are perspiring.

And the Court, too, grows impatient,
Ladies make with yawns suggestions;
To the lovely queen the monarch
Turns and asks the following questions:

“Tell me, what is your opinion?
“Which is right, and which the liar?
“Will you give your verdict rather
“For the Rabbi or the friar?”

Donna Blanca gazes on him,
Thoughtfully her hands she presses
With closed fingers on her forehead,
And the monarch thus addresses:

“Which is right, I cannot tell you,
“But I have a shrewd suspicion
“That the Rabbi and the monk are
“Both in stinking bad condition.”

LATEST POEMS.

(1853-4.)

1.

PEACE-YEARNING.

O let thy wounds bleed on, and let
Thy tears for ever flow unbidden —
In sorrow revels secret joy,
And a sweet balm in tears is hidden.

If strangers' hand did wound thee not,
Thou by thyself must needs be wounded;
Thank God with all thy heart, if tears
To wet thy cheek have e'er abounded.

The noise of day is hush'd, and night
In long dark mantle comes from heaven;
While in her arms, nor fool nor dolt
Can break the rest to soothe thee given.

Here thou art safe from music's noise,
And from the piano's hammer-hammer,
From the grand opera's pompous notes,
And the bravura's fearful clamour.

Here thou art not pursued, nor plagued
By endless crowds of idle smatt'ers;
Nor by the genius Giacomo,^{[85](#)}
And all the clique of world-known chatt'ers.

O grave, thou art the Paradise
Of ears that shun the rabble's chorus;
Death's good indeed, yet better 'twere
Our loving mothers never bore us.

2.

IN MAY.

The friends whom I kiss'd and caress'd of yore
Have treated me now with cruelty sore;
My heart is fast breaking. The sun, though, above
With smiles is hailing the sweet month of love.

Spring blooms around. In the greenwood is heard
The echoing song of each happy bird,
And flowers and girls wear a maidenly smile —
O beauteous world, I hate thee the while;

Yes, Orcus' self I wellnigh praise;
No contrasts vain torment there our days;
For suffering hearts 'tis better below,
There where the Stygian night-waters flow.

That sad and melancholy stream,
And the Stymphalides' dull scream,
The Furies singsong, so harsh and shrill,
With Cerberus' bark the pauses to fill, —

These match full well with sorrow and pain.
In Proserpine's accursèd domain,
In the region of shadows, the valley of sighs,
All with our tears doth harmonize.

But here above, like hateful things,
The sun and the rose inflict their stings;
I'm mock'd by the heavens so May-like and blue —
O beauteous world, I hate thee anew!

3.

BODY AND SOUL.

Poor soul doth to the body say:
I'll never leave thee, but I'll stay
With thee; yea, I with thee will sink
In death and night, destruction drink.
Thou ever wert my second I,
And round me clungest lovingly,
As though a dress of satin bright,
All lined throughout with ermine white —
Alas! I've come to nakedness,
A mere abstraction, bodiless,
Reduced a blessed nullity
In yon bright realms of light to be,
In the cold halls of heaven up yonder,
Where the Immortals silent wander,
And gape upon me, clatt'ring by
In leaden slippers wearily.
'Tis quite intolerable; stay,
Stay with me, my dear body, pray.

The body to poor soul replied:
Cheer up, be not dissatisfied!
We peacefully must learn to bear
What Fate apportions as our share.
I was the lamp's wick; I must now
Consume away; the spirit, thou,
Wilt be selected by-and-by
To sparkle as a star on high
Of purest radiance. I'm but rags.
Mere stuff, like rotten tinder bags,
Collapsing fast, and nothing worth,
Becoming, what I was, mere earth.

Farewell! take comfort, cease complaining;
Perchance 'tis far more entertaining
In heaven than now supposed by thee.

If thou shouldst e'er the great bear see
(Not Meyer-beer⁸⁶) in those bright climes,
Greet him from me a thousand times.

4.

RED SLIPPERS.

A wicked cat, grown old and gray,
That she was a shoemaker chose to say,
And put before her window a board
Where slippers for young maidens were stored;
While some were of morocco made,
Others of satin were there display'd;
Of velvet some, with edges of gold,
And figured strings, all gay to behold.
But fairest of all exposed to view
Was a pair of slippers of scarlet hue;
They gave full many a lass delight
With their gorgeous colours and splendour bright.
A young and snow-white noble mouse
Who chanced to pass the shoemaker's house
First turn'd to look, and then stood still,
And then peep'd over the window sill.
At length she said: "Good day, mother cat:
"You've pretty red slippers, I grant you that.
"If they're not dear, I'm ready to buy,
"So tell me the price, if it's not too high."

"My good young lady," the cat replied,
"Pray do me the favour to step inside,
"And honour my house, I venture to pray,
"With your gracious presence. Allow me to say
"That the fairest maidens come shopping to me,
"And duchesses too, of high degree.
"The slippers I'm willing full cheap to sell,
"Yet let us see if they'll fit you well.
"Pray step inside, and take a seat" —

Thus the wily cat did falsely entreat,
And the poor white thing in her ignorance then
Fell plump in the snare in that murderous den.
The little mouse sat down on a chair,

And lifted her small leg up in the air,
In order to try how the red shoes fitted,
A picture of innocent calm to be pitied.
When sudden the wicked cat seized her fast,
Her murderous talons around her cast,
And bit right off her poor little head.
“My dear white creature,” the cat then said,
“My sweet little mouse, you’re as dead as a rat.
“The scarlet red slippers that served me so pat
“I’ll kindly place on the top of your tomb,
“And when is heard, on the last day of doom,
“The sound of the trump, O mouse so white,
“From out of your grave you’ll come to light,
“Like all the rest, and then you’ll be able
“To wear your red slippers.” Here ends my fable.

MORAL.

Ye little white mice, take care where you go,
And don't be seduced by worldly show;
I counsel you sooner barefooted to walk,
Than buy slippers of cats, however they talk.

5.

BABYLONIAN SORROWS.

I'm summon'd by death. I'd fain, my love,
Have left thee behind in a wood to rove,
In one of those forests of firs so drear,
Where vultures build, and wolves' howlings we hear,
Where the wild sow fearfully grunts evermore,
The lawful spouse of the light grey boar.

I'm summon'd by death. 'Twere better far
If I, where the stormy billows are,
Had had to leave thee, my wife, my child,
And straightway the northpole's tempest wild
The waters had flogg'd, and out of the deep
The hideous monsters that in it sleep,
The crocodile fierce and the shark, had come
With open jaws, and around thee swum.
Believe me, my child, Matilda, my wife,
That the angry sea, in its wildest strife,
And the cruel forest less dangers give
Than the city where we're now fated to live.
Though fearful the wolf and the vulture may be,
The shark, and the monsters dread of the sea,
Far fiercer, more furious beasts have their birth
In Paris, the capital proud of the earth.
Fair Paris, the singing, so gay in her revels,
That hell to the angels, that heaven to devils. —
That thee I must leave in this dungeon sad,
This drives me crazy, this drives me mad.

With scornful buzzing around my bed
The black flies come; on my nose and head
They perch themselves — detestable race!
Amongst them are some with a human face,
And elephants' trunks (though small in span)
Like the god Ganesa in Hindostan.
In my brain I hear noises and heavy knocks,

It sounds as if they were packing a box,
And my reason departs, alas! alas!
Ere I myself from this earth can pass.

6.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

PART I.

The supercargo Mynher Van Koek
In his cabin sits adding his figures;
He calculates his cargo's amount,
And the probable gain from his niggers.

"My gum and pepper are good: the stock
"Is three hundred chests of all sizes;
"I've gold dust and ivory too in store,
"But the black ware by far the best prize is.

"Six hundred niggers I bought dirt-cheap
"Where the Senegal river is flowing;
"Their flesh is firm, and their sinews tough
"As the finest iron going.

"I got them by barter, and gave in exchange
"Glass beads, steel goods, and some brandy;
"I shall make at least eight hundred per cent.
"With but half of them living and handy.

"If only three hundred niggers are left,
"When I get to Rio Janeiro,
"I shall have a hundred ducats a head
"From the house of Gonzales Perreiro." —

Here all of a sudden Mynher Van Koek
Was disturb'd in his meditation,
For Doctor Van Smissen enter'd in,
The vessel's surgeon by station.

His figure was just as thin as a lath,
And his nose had warts all over;
"Well, worthy Doctor," exclaim'd Van Koek,
"Are my niggers still living in clover?"

The Doctor thank'd him, and said in reply:

“I've come with a tale of disaster;

“Throughout the night, I'm sorry to say,

“The deaths have grown faster and faster.

“The average daily number is two,

“But to-day just seven have died, Sir, —

“Four men and three women; I wrote the loss

“At once in the log as my guide, Sir.

“I closely inspected every corpse,

“For these rascals have often a notion

“To feign themselves dead, in hopes that they

“May be thrown away into the ocean.

“I took the irons from off the dead,

“And according to usual custom

“Next morning early into the sea

“I bid the sailors thrust 'em.

“At once the sharks from out of the waves

“Shot up in countless legions;

“They love full dearly the niggers' flesh,

“My boarders are they in these regions.

“They have follow'd after the track of the ship,

“Since we've left the land in the distance;

“The creatures smell the scent of a corpse

“With ravenous snuffling persistence.

“In truth 'tis a capital joke to see

“How after the bodies they follow;

“One takes the head, another a leg,

“While the rest the fragments swallow.

“Then round the ship contented they roll,

“When they've finished their eating and crunching

“And stare in my face, as if they sought
“To thank me for their luncheon.” —

Then spake Van Koek, as he sadly sigh’d,
When the Doctor his story had finish’d:
“How to lessen the evil? In what way best
“Can the rate of the deaths be diminish’d?”

The Doctor replied: “Many niggers have died
“By their own misconduct stealthy;
“Their breath’s so bad, that it poisons the air
“In the ship, and makes it unhealthy.

“Through lowness of spirits, too, many have died,
“And ennui, in this dreary stillness;
“I think that air and music and dance
“Would soon remove their illness.” —

Then cried Van Koek: “An excellent plan!
“Dear Doctor, I utter no slander,
“When I say that like Aristotle you’re wise,
“The tutor of Alexander.

“The Tulip-improvement Society’s head
“In the town of Delft may be clever,
“But he hasn’t one half of your brains, I’m sure, —
“Your equal I’ve met with never.

“Then, music, music! The niggers all
“On the deck I’ll see dancing and kicking,
“And whosoever won’t join in the fun
“Shall receive in reward a good licking.”

PART II.

On high, from the heaven's blue canopy,
Many thousand stars are gleaming,
Like the eyes of fair women, so large and clear,
And with locks of yearning beaming.

They're looking down on the ocean below,
Whose waves in the distance are curling,
In phosphorescent blue vapour all veil'd,
While the billows are joyously whirling.

Not a sail on the slave-ship is fluttering now,
As though without tackle she's lying;
But lanterns are glimmering high on the decks
Where the dance with the music is vying.

The cook of the vessel is playing the flute,
The steersman's playing the fiddle,
The trumpet is blown by the Doctor himself,
And a lad beats the drum in the middle.

A hundred niggers, both women and men,
Are yelling and whirling and leaping,
As though they were mad; and at every spring
Their irons the tune are keeping.

They stamp on the ground in uproarious mirth,
And many a swarthy maiden
Clasps her naked partner with warmth, while at times
The air with their groanings is laden.

The jailer acts as *maître des plaisirs*,
And dealing his lashes so fearful,
The weary dancers he stimulates,
And bids them be merry and cheerful.

So dideldumdei and schnedderedeng!
The strange unwonted commotion
Aroused from their lazy slumbers below
The monsters fierce of the ocean.

All-heavy with sleep, the sharks swam up,
In numbers many a hundred;
They stupidly stared at the ship on high
With amazement, and blindly wondered.

They see that their usual breakfast time
Has not come as soon as 'tis wanted,
So they gape and ope wide their throats, their jaws
With teeth like saws being planted.

And dideldumdei and schnedderedeng!
There seems no end to the dances;
The sharks grow impatient, and bite themselves
In the tail with their teeth like lances.

I presume that for music they've got no taste,
Like many an ignoramus;
Trust not the beast that music loves not,
Says Albion's poet famous.

And schnedderedeng and dideldumdei!
Not one of the dancers seems lazy;
At the foremast stands Mynher Van Koek,
And with folded hands thus prays he:

“For Christ's dear sake, O spare, good Lord,
“The lives of these swarthy sinners;
“If they've anger'd thee e'er, thou know'st they're as dull
“As the beasts that we eat for our dinners.

“O spare their lives, for Christ's dear sake,
“Who died for our salvation;

“For unless I have left me three hundred head,
“There’s an end to my occupation.”

7.

AFFRONTENBURG.

Time fleeteth, yet that castle old,
With all its battlements, its tower,
And simple folk that in it dwelt,
Appears before me every hour.

I ever see the weathercock
That on the roof turn'd round so drily;
Each person, ere he spoke a word,
Was wont to look up tow'rds it slily.

He that would talk, first learnt the wind,
For fear the ancient grumbler Boreas
Might turn against him suddenly,
Tormenting him with blast uproarious.

In truth, the wisest held their tongues,
For in that place an echo sported,
Which, when it answer'd back the voice,
Each word maliciously distorted.

Amidst the castle garden stood
A marble fount, with sphinxes round it,
For ever dry, though tears enough
Had flow'd inside it, to have drown'd it.

O most accursèd garden! Ah,
No single spot was in thy keeping
Wherein my heart had not been sad,
Wherein my eye had not known weeping.

No single tree did it contain
Beneath whose shade affronts injurious
Had not against me utter'd been
By tongues ironical or furious.

The toad that listen'd in the grass
Unto the rat hath all confided,
Who told his aunt the viper straight
The news in which himself he prided.

She in her turn told cousin frog, —
And in this manner each relation
In the whole filthy race soon learnt
My dire affronts and sad vexation.

The garden roses were full fair,
And sweet the fragrance that they scatter'd;
Yet early wither'd they and died,
By a mysterious poison shatter'd.

And next the nightingale was sick
To death, — that songster loved and cherish'd.
That sang to every rose her song;
Through her own poison's taste she perish'd.

O most accursèd garden! Yea,
It was as though a curse oppress'd it;
Oft was I seized by ghostly fear,
While broad clear daylight still possess'd it.

The green-eyed spectre on me grinn'd,
Terror with fearful mockery vying,
While from the yew-trees straightway rose
A sound of groaning, choking, sighing.

At the long alley's end arose
The terrace where the Baltic Ocean
At time of flood its billows dash'd
Against the rocks in wild commotion.

There sees one far across the main,
There stood I oft, in wild dreams roaming;

The breakers fill'd my heart as well
With ceaseless roaring, raging, foaming.

A foaming, raging, roaring 'twas,
As powerless as the billows curling
That the hard rock broke mournfully,
Proudly as they their shocks were hurling.

With envy saw I ships pass by,
Some happier country seeking gladly,
While I am in this castle chain'd
With bonds accurst, and pining sadly.

8.

APPENDIX TO “LAZARUS.”⁸⁷

I.

Holy parables discarding,
And each guess, however pious,
To these awful questions plainly
Seek with answers to supply us: —

Wherefore bends the Just One, bleeding
‘Neath the cross’s weight laborious,
While upon his steed the Wicked
Rides all-proudly and victorious?

Wherein lies the fault? It is not
That our God is not almighty?
Or hath he himself offended? —
Such a thought seems wild and flighty.

Thus are we for ever asking,
Till at length our mouths securely
With a clod of earth are fasten’d, —
That is not an answer, surely?

II.

My head by the maiden swarthy but fair
Was press’d ‘gainst her bosom with yearning;
But, alas! to grey soon turn’d my hair,
Where had fallen her tears so burning.

She kiss’d me ill, and she kiss’d me lame,
She kiss’d till my eyes were faded;
My spinal marrow dried up became,
By her mouth’s wild sucking pervaded.

My body is now a corpse, wherein
My spirit is fetter'd closely;
'Tis often angry, and makes a din,
And storms and struggles morosely,

O impotent curses! Not even a fly
Can be kill'd by mere execrations;
Submit to thy fate, and patiently try
To bear Heaven's dispensations.

III.

How slowly time is crawling on,
That serpent terrible and creeping!
While I, alas! all-motionless,
On the same spot am ever weeping.

On my dark cell no ray of hope
Hath shone, no sunbeam e'er hath risen;
For nothing but the churchyard's vault
Shall I exchange this fatal prison.

Perchance I long ago did die,
Perchance the phantasies which nightly
Hold in my brain their shifting dance
Are nought but ghostly forms unsightly.

They may full well the spectres be
Of some old heathen gods or devils;
They gladly choose the empty skull
Of a dead poet for their revels.

Those orgies sweet but terrible,
Those nightly ghost-acts, full of warning,
The poet's corpse-hand oft-times seeks
To place on record in the morning.

IV.

Once saw I many a blooming flower
Upon my way, but slothfully
Stoop'd not to pluck them in that hour,
And on my proud steed hasten'd by.

Now when I'm near to death, and languish,
Now when beneath me yawns the tomb,
Oft in my thought, with bitter anguish,
Returns the' unheeded flowers' perfume.

But most of all, my brain is burning
With a bright yellow violet fair;
Wild beauty! How I grieve with yearning,
To think that I enjoy'd thee ne'er!

My comfort is: Oblivion's waters
Have not yet lost their olden might
The dull hearts of earth's sons and daughters
To steep in Lethe's blissful night.

V.

I saw them laughing, smiling gladly, —
I saw them ruin'd utterly;
I heard them weeping, dying sadly, —
And yet I utter'd not a sigh.

Each corpse I as a mourner follow'd,
Yea, to the churchyard follow'd I,
And then — with appetite I swallow'd,
My noontide meal, I'll not deny.

I now recall that band long perish'd,
With feelings sadden'd and oppress'd:
Like sudden glowing love once cherish'd
They strangely storm within my breast.

And most 'tis Juliet's tears so burning
That in my memory spring to light;
My sadness turns to ceaseless yearning,
I call upon her day and night.

In feverish dreams, with soft emotion
The faded flower oft comes again;
Methinks a posthumous devotion
To my love's glow it offers then.

O gentle phantom, clasp me often
With strong and ever stronger power;
Unto my lips press thine, and soften
The bitterness of this last hour.

VI.

Thou wast a maiden fair, so good and kindly,
So neat, so cool — in vain I waited blindly
Till came the hour wherein thy gentle heart
Would ope, and inspiration play its part.

Yea, inspiration for those lofty things
Which prose and reason deem but wanderings,
But yet for which the noble, lovely, good
Upon this earth rave, suffer, shed their blood.

Upon the Rhine's fair strand, where vine-hills smile,
Once in glad summer days we roam'd the while;
Bright laugh'd the sun, sweet incense in that hour
Stream'd from the beauteous cup of every flower.

The purple pinks and roses breath'd in turn
Red kisses on us, which like fire did burn;
Even the smallest daisy's faint perfume
Appear'd a life ideal then to bloom.

But thou didst peacefully beside me go,
In a white satin dress, demure and slow,
Like some girl's portrait limn'd by Netscher's art,
A little glacier seem'd to be thy heart.

VII.

At reason's solemn judgment-seat
Thy full acquittal hath been spoken;
The verdict says: the little one
By word or deed no law hath broken.

Yes, dumb and motionless thou stood'st,
While madd'ning flames were raging through me;
Thou stirredst not, no word thou spak'st,
Yet thou'lt be ever guilty to me.

Throughout my visions every night
A voice accusing ceaseth never
To charge thee with ill will, and say
That thou hast ruin'd me for ever.

It brings its proofs and witnesses,
Its musty rolls from thought long banish'd
And yet at morning, with my dream,
Lo, the accuser too hath vanish'd!

Now hath it in my inmost heart,
With all its records, refuge taken —
One only haunts my memory still:
That I am ruin'd and forsaken.

VIII.

Thy letter was a flash of lightning,
Illuming night with sudden glow;
It served with dazzling force to show
How deep my misery is, how fright'ning.

E'en thou compassion then didst share,
Who, 'mid my life's sad desolation,
Stood'st, like the sculptor's mute creation,
As cold as marble, and as fair.

O God, how wretched must I be!
For into speech her lips are waking,
From out her eyes the tears are breaking,
The stone feels for me tenderly.

The sight hath fill'd me with confusion;
Have pity, Lord, though thou mayst chasten,
Thy peace bestow, and quickly hasten
This fearful tragedy's conclusion.

IX.

The true sphynx's form's the same as
Woman's; this I see full clearly;
And the paws and lion's body
Are the poet's fancy merely.

Dark as death is still the riddle
Of this true sphynx. E'en the clever
Son and husband of Jocasta
Such a hard one found out never.

By good luck, though, woman knows not
Her own riddle's explanation;
If the answer she discover'd,
Earth would fall from its foundation.

X.

Three women sit at the crossway lonely,
They're thinking and spinning,
They're sighing and grinning;
Their very aspect is hideous only.

The distaff the first holds, so placid;
The threads she setteth,
And each one wetteth;
So her hanging lip is all dry and flaccid.

The spindle the second one dances
In a circle 'tis whirling,
In droll fashion twirling;
The old woman's eyes shoot blood-red glances.

The third Fate's hands, so befitting,
Hold the scissors so dreary,
She hums Miserere,
And sharp is her nose, with a wart on it sitting.

O hasten thee quickly, and sever
My life's thread so sadd'ning,
Escaping this madd'ning
Turmoil of life's distresses for ever!

XI.

I scorn the heavenly plains above me,
In the blest land of Paradise;
No fairer women there will love me
Than those whom here on earth I prize.

No angel blest, his high flight winging,
Could there replace my darling wife;
To sit on clouds, whilst psalms I'm singing,
Would small enjoyment give to life.

O Lord, methinks 'twere best to leave me
Upon this lower world to dwell;
But first from sufferings reprieve me,
Some money granting me as well.

The world, I know, is overflowing
With sin and misery; yet I
Have learnt full well the art of going
Along its pavement quietly.

Life's bustle cannot now annoy me,
For 'tis but seldom that I roam;
Beside my wife I'd fain employ me
In slippers and loose-coat at home.

Leave me with her! When she is prattling,
My soul drinks in the music dear
Of that sweet voice, so gaily rattling, —
Her look so faithful is and clear!

For health alone and means of living,
Lord, ask I! Let me stay below
For many a day its blessings giving,
Beside my wife *in statu quo*!

9.

THE DRAGONFLY.

The beauteous dragonfly's dancing
By the waves of the rivulet glancing;
She dances here and she dances there,
The glimmering, glittering flutterer fair.

Full many a beetle with loud applause
Admires her dress of azure gauze,
Admires her body's bright splendour,
And also her figure so slender.

Full many a beetle, to his cost,
His modicum small of reason lost;
Her wooers are humming of love and truth,
Brabant and Holland pledging forsooth.

The dragonfly smiled and thus spake she:
"Brabant and Holland are nought to me;
"But haste, if my charms you admire,
"And fetch me a sparklet of fire.

"The cook has just been brought to bed,
"And I my supper must cook instead;
"The coals on the hearth are burnt away, —
"So fetch me a sparklet of fire, I pray."

Scarce had the false one spoken the word,
When off the beetles flew, like a bird.
They seek for fire, and soon they find
Their home in the wood's left far behind.

At length they see a candle's light
In garden-bower burning bright;
And then with amorous senseless aim,
They headlong rush in the candle's flame.

The candle's flame with crackling consumed
The beetles and their fond hearts so doom'd:
While some with their lives did expiation,
Some only lost wings in the conflagration.

O woe to the beetle, whose wings have been
Burnt off! In a foreign land, I ween,
He must crawl on the ground like vermin fell,
With humid insects that nastily smell.

One's bad companions — he's heard to say, —
Are the worst of plagues, in exile's day.
We're forced to converse with every sort
Of noxious creatures, of bugs in short,

Who treat us as though their comrades were we,
Because in the selfsame mud we be.
Of this complain'd old Virgil's scholar,
The poet of exile and hell, with choler.

I think with grief of the happier time,
When I in my glory's well-winged prime
In my native ether was playing,
On sunny flowers was straying.

From rosy calixes food I drew,
Was thought of importance, and wheeling flew
With butterflies all of elegance rare,
And with the cricket, the artist fair.

But since my poor wings I happen'd to burn,
To my fatherland now I ne'er can return;
I'm turn'd to a worm, that will soon expire,
I'm rotting away in foreign mire.

O would that I had never met
The dragonfly, that azure coquette,

With figure so fine and slender,
The fair but cruel pretender!

10.

ASCENSION.

The body lay on the bier of death,
While the poor soul, when gone its breath,
Escaping from earth's constant riot,
Was on its way to heavenly quiet.

Then knock'd it at the portal high,
And spake these words with a heavy sigh:
"Saint Peter, give me inside a place,
"I am so tired of life's hard race.

"On silken pillows I fain would rest
"In heaven's bright realms, and play my best
"With darling angels at blindman's-buff,
"Enjoying repose and bliss enough!"

A clatter of slippers ere long was heard,
A bunch of keys appear'd to be stirr'd,
And out of a lattice, the entrance near,
Saint Peter's visage was seen to peer.

He spake: "The vagabonds come again,
"The gipsies, Poles, and their beggarly train,
"The idlers and the Hottentots —
"They come alone and they come in knots,
"And fain would enter on heaven's bright rest,
"And there be angels, and there be blest.
"Halloa, halloa! For gallows' faces
"Like yours, for such contemptible races
"Were never created the halls of bliss, —
"Your portion's with Satan, far off from this.
"Away, away, and take your flight
"To the black pool of endless night." —

The old man thus growl'd, but hadn't the heart
To continue to play a blustering part,
So added these words, its spirits to cheer:

“Poor soul, in truth thou dost not appear
“To that base troop of rogues to belong —
“Well, well, I’ll grant thy desire so strong,
“Because it is my birthday to-day,
“And I feel just now in a merciful way.
“But meanwhile tell me the country and place
“From whence thou comest; and was it the case
“That thou wast married? It happens sometimes
“A husband’s patience atones for all crimes;
“A husband need not in hell to be stew’d,
“Nor need we him from heaven exclude.”

The soul replied: “From Prussia I came,
“My native town is Berlin by name,
“There ripples the Spree, and in its bed
“The young cadets jump heels over head;
“It overflows kindly, when rains begin —
“A beautiful spot is indeed Berlin!
“I was a private teacher when there,
“And much philosophy read with care.
“I married a chanoinesse — strange to say,
“She quarrell’d frightfully every day,
“Especially when in the house was no bread —
“’Twas this that kill’d me, and now I am dead.”

Saint Peter cried: “Alack, alack!
“Philosophy’s but the trade of a quack.
“In truth it is a puzzle to me
“Why people study philosophy.
“It is such tedious and profitless stuff,
“And is moreover godless enough;
“In hunger and doubt their votaries dwell,
“Till Satan carries them off to hell.
“Well thy Xantippe might make exclamations
“Against the thin and washy potations
“From whence upon her, with comforting gleam
“No eye of fat could ever beam.

“But now, poor soul, pray comforted be!
“The strictest commands are given to me,
“’Tis true, that each who whilst he did live
“To philosophy used his attention to give,
“Especially to the godless German,
“Should be driven away from hence like vermin.
“Yet ’tis my birthday to-day, as I
“Have said, so there is a reason why
“I’ll not reject thee, but ope for a minute
“The gate of heaven — quick, enter within it
“With utmost speed —
“Now all is right!
“The whole of the day, from morn’s first light
“Till late in the evening, thou canst walk
“Round heaven at will, and dreamily stalk
“Along its jewel-paved streets so fair;
“But mind, thou must not meddle when there
“With any philosophy, or I shall be
“Soon compromised most terribly.
“When angels thou hearest singing, assume
“A face of rapture, and never of gloom;
“But if an archangel sang the song,
“Be full of inspiration strong,
“And say that Malibran ne’er pretended
“To have a soprano so rich and splendid;
“And ever applaud each tuneful hymn
“Of cherubim and of seraphim.
“Compare them all with Signor Rubini,
“With Mario and Tamburini,
“Give them the title of Excellencies,
“And be not sparing of reverencies.
“The singers in heaven, as well as on earth,
“Have all loved flattery since their birth.
“The world’s great Chapel-master on high,
“E’en He is pleased when they glorify
“His works, and delighteth to hear ador’d
“The wonders of God, the mighty Lord,

“And when a psalm to His glory and praise
“In thickest incense clouds they raise.

“Forget me not. Whenever to thee
“The glory of heaven causes ennui,
“Then hither come, and at cards we’ll play.
“All games alike are in my way,
“From doubledummy to faro I’ll go, —
“We’ll also drink. But, *apropos*,
“If thou should’st meet, when going from hence,
“The Lord, and He should ask thee from whence
“Thou com’st, let no word of Berlin be said,
“But say, from Vienna or Munich instead.”

11.

THE AFFIANCED ONES.

Thou weep'st, and on me look'st, believing
That thou art for my anguish grieving —
Thou know'st not, wife, that 'tis for thee
The tear escapes thee, not for me.

O tell me if it be not true
That o'er thy spirit sometimes grew
The blest foreboding, showing thee
That we were join'd by fate's decree?
United, bliss was ours below,
But sever'd, nought is ours but woe.

In the great book 'tis written clearly
That we should love each other dearly.
Thy place should be upon my breast,
Here first awoke self-knowledge blest;
From out the realm of plants, with power
'Twas mine to free, to kiss thee, flower! —
Raise thee to me, to highest life,
'Twas mine to give thee soul, my wife.

Now, when reveal'd the riddles stand,
When in the hour-glass is the sand
Run out, weep not, 'tis order'd so —
Alone thou'lt wither, when I go;
Thou'lt wither, ere thou yet hast bloom'd,
Ere thou hast glow'd, be quench'd and doom'd;
Thou'lt die and be the prey of death
Ere thou hast learnt to draw thy breath.

I know it now. By heaven, 'tis thou
Whom I have loved. How bitter now,
The moment we are join'd for ever,
To find the hour when we must sever.
The welcome meanwhile must give way
To sad farewell. We part to-day

For evermore, for 'tis not given
To us to meet again in heaven.
Beauty to dust will fall at last,
Thou'lt pass away, and crumble fast.
The poets' fate will happier be,
Death cannot kill them utterly.
Annihilation strikes us ne'er,
We live in poesy's land so fair,
In Avalon, where fairies dwell —
Dear corpse, for ever fare thee well!

12.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

There once was a brother and sister,
The sister was poor, the brother was rich.
The poor one said to the rich one:
“Give me a piece of bread.”

The rich one said to the poor one:
“Leave me to-day in peace,
“While I give my yearly banquet
“To the lords of the Council all.

“The first doth turtlesoup relish,
“The second doth pineapples eat,
“The third is fond of pheasant
“And Perigord truffles too.

“The fourth eats nought but seafish,
“The fifth in salmon delights,
“The sixth of each dish eateth,
“And drinketh even more.”

The poor rejected sister
Went hungry back to her house;
She threw herself on her straw-bed,
And deeply sighed and died.

We all alike must perish!
The scythe of death at last
Mowed down the wealthy brother,
As it the sister had mown.

And when the wealthy brother
His end approaching saw,
He sent for his notary quickly,
And straightway made his will.

With legacies large and lib'ral
The clergy he endow'd,
The schools, and the great museum
Of zoological things.

And noble sums moreover
The great testator bequeath'd
To the deaf and dumb asylum
And Jewish Conversion fund.

A handsome bell bestow'd he
On the new Saint Stephen's tower;
It weighs five hundred centners,
Of first-rate metal too.

It is a bell enormous,
And sounds both early and late;
It sounds to the praise and glory
Of that most excellent man.

It tells, with its tongue of iron,
Of all the good he has done
To the town and his fellow-townsmen,
Whatever might be their faith.

Thou great benefactor of mortals
In death as well as in life
The great bell's ever proclaiming
Each benefaction of thine!

The funeral next with all honour
And pomp was solemnized,
The people crowded to see it
And reverently gazed.

Upon a coal-black carriage,
Like a vast canopy

Adorn'd with black ostrich feathers,
The splendid coffin lay.

Trick'd out with plates of silver,
And silver embroidery fine,
Upon the black ground the silver
The grandest effect produced.

The carriage was drawn by six horses,
In coal-black trappings disguised,
That fell, like funeral mantles,
Down even to their hoofs.

Behind the coffin were crowded
The servants in liveries black,
Their snow-white handkerchiefs holding
Before their sorrowing face.

The people of rank in the city,
In long procession form'd
Of black and showy coaches,
Totter'd along behind.

In this grand fun'ral procession,
Remember, were also found
The noble lords of the Council,
And yet they were not complete.

The one was missing, whose fancy
Was pheasant and truffles to eat;
An attack of indigestion
Had lately carried him off.

13.

THE WHIMS OF THE AMOROUS.

(A true story, repeated after old documents and reproduced in excellent rhyme.)

Upon the hedge the beetle sits sadly,
He has fallen in love with a lady-fly madly.

O fly of my soul, 'tis thou alone
Art the wife I have chosen to be my own.

O marry me, and be not cold,
For I have a belly of glistening gold.

My back is a mass of glory and show,
There rubies glitter, there emeralds glow —

O would that I were a fool just now!
I'd never marry a beetle, I vow.

I care not for emeralds, rubies, or gold,
I know that no happiness riches enfold.

'Tis tow'rd the ideal my thought soars high,
For I am in truth a haughty fly. —

The beetle flew off, with a heart like to break,
The fly went away, a bath to take.

O what has become of my maid, the bee,
That she when I'm washing may wait on me,

That she may stroke my soft hair outside,
For I am now a beetle's bride.

In truth, a splendid party I'll give,
For handsomer beetle never did live.

His back is a mass of glory and show,
There rubies glitter, there emeralds glow.

His belly is golden, and noble each feature;
With envy will burst full many a creature.

Make haste, Miss Bee, and dress my hair,
And lace my waist, use perfumes rare.

With otto of roses rub me o'er,
And lavender oil on my feet then pour,

That I mayn't stink or nastily smell,
When I in my bridegroom's arms shall dwell.

Already are flitting the dragonflies blue,
As maids of honour to wait on me too.

Into my bridal garland they'll twine
The blossoms white of the orange so fine.

Full many musicians are asked to the place,
And singers as well, of the grasshopper race.

The bittern, drone, hornet, and gadfly all come,
To blow on the trumpet, and beat the drum.

They're all to strike up for the glad wedding feast —
The gay-wingèd guests, from greatest to least,

Are coming in families dapper and brisk,
The commoner insects amongst them frisk.

The grasshoppers, wasps, and the aunts, and the cousins
Are coming, whilst trumpets are blowing by dozens.

The pastor, the mole, in black dignified state,
Has also arrived, and the hour grows late.

The bells are all sounding ding-dong, ding-a-dong —
But where's my dear bridegroom ling'ring so long?

Ding dong, ding-a-dong, sound the bells all the day,
The bridegroom however has flown far away.

The bells are all sounding ding-dong, ding-a-dong —
But where's my dear bridegroom ling'ring so long?

The bridegroom has meanwhile taken his seat
On a distant dunghill, enjoying the heat.

Seven years there sits he, until his forgotten
Poor bride has long been dead and rotten.

14.

MIMI.

“I’m no modest city creature
“By the hearth demurely spinning,
“But a free cat on the roof,
“In the air, with manners winning.

“When in summer nights I’m musing
“On the roof, in grateful coolness,
“Music in me purrs, I sing
“From my heart’s o’erpowering fulness.”

Thus she speaks, and from her bosom
Wild and wedding-songs stream thickly,
And the melody allures
All the cats unmarried quickly.

Purring, mewling, thither hasten
All the young cats, plain or brindled,
And with Mimi join in chorus,
Full of love, with passion kindled.

They are no mere virtuosos
Who profane, for sordid wages,
Music, but of harmony
Are apostles true, and sages.

They no instruments use ever,
Each is his own flute and viol;
All their noses trumpets are,
Bellies, drums, and no denial.

They in chorus raise their voices,
In one general intermezzo,
Playing fugues, as if by Bach,
Or by Guido of Arezzo.

Wild the symphonies they're singing
Like capriccios of Beethoven,
Or of Berlioz, who's excell'd
By their strains so interwoven.

Wonderful their music's might is!
Magic notes without an equal!
E'en the heavens they shake, the stars
All turn pallid in the sequel.

When the magic notes she heareth,
And the wondrous tones delightful,
Then Selene hides her face
With a veil of clouds so frightful.

But the nightingale with envy —
Scandalous old prima donna —
Turns her nose up, snuffs, and scorns
Mimi's voice, to her dishonour.

Never mind! She'll go on singing
Spite the envy of Signora,
Till on the horizon's seen,
Smiling rosily, Aurora.

15.

GOOD ADVICE.

Cease thy blushes and thy sorrow,
Boldly woo, and, not aside,
Civil they will be to-morrow,
And thou thus wilt win thy bride.

'Tis the fiddle makes the revel, —
Give, then, the musicians gold;
Though thou wish them at the devil,
Kiss thy aunts-in-law, though old.

Give a prince his meed of laurel,
Of a woman speak not ill;
With thy sausages don't quarrel
When thou hast a sow to kill.

If the church to thee is hateful,
All the more attend its shrine;
To the parson be thou grateful,
Send him, too, a flask of wine.

If an itching chance to tease thee,
Like a man of honour, scratch;
If thy shoe be tight and squeeze thee,
Slippers get with all despatch.

If thy soup has too much seasoning,
Be not in an angry mood;
Smiling say, instead of reasoning:
"Sweet wife, all thou cook'st is good."

If thy wife a wish expresses
For a shawl, straight buy her two;
Buy her golden brooches, dresses,
Lace and jewels not a few.

If thou'lt give this plan a trial,
Then, my friend, thou'lt surely gain
Heaven to bless thy self-denial,
And on earth to peace attain.

REMINISCENCES OF HAMMONIA.⁸⁸

Orphan children two and two,
Wandering gladly on we view,
All of them blue coats are wearing,
All of them red cheeks are bearing —
O the pretty orphan children!

All are moved when thus they prattle,
And the money boxes rattle;
Liberal alms upon them flow,
That their secret sires bestow, —
O the pretty orphan children!

Women of a feeling heart
Many a poor child kiss apart,
Kiss his driv'ling nose (not pleasant),
Give him sweetmeats as a present —
O the pretty orphan children!

One, with timid face but willing,
Throws into the box a shilling, —
For he has a heart, — then gaily
Follows he his business daily —
O the pretty orphan children!

One a golden louis-d'or
Next bestows, but not before
Heavenward looking, hoping blindly
That the Lord will view him kindly —
O the pretty orphan children!

Porters, coopers, working men,
Servants, make to-day again
Holiday, and drain their glasses,

Drinking to these lads and lasses —
O the pretty orphan children!

Tutelar Hammonia
Follows them incognita;
As she moves, her form gigantic
Sways about, in manner frantic —
O the pretty orphan children!

In the green field where they went
Music fills the lofty tent,
Cover'd o'er with flag and banner;
There are fed in sumptuous manner
All these pretty orphan children.

There in lengthy rows they sit,
Eating many a nice tit-bit,
Tarts and cakes and sweet things crunching,
While like little mice they're munching, —
All these pretty orphan children.

Now my thoughts to dwell begin
On an orphan-house wherein
There no feasting is or gladness,
Where lament in ceaseless sadness,
Millions of poor orphan children.

There no uniforms are seen,
Many want their dinner e'en;
No two walk together yonder,
Lonely, sorrowfully wander
Many million orphan children.

17.

THE ROBBERS.

While Laura's arm, with tender feeling,
Embraced me on the couch, the fox
Her worthy husband from my box
My banknotes quietly was stealing.

My pockets now have got no cash in!
Was Laura's kiss a simple lie?
Ah! what is truth? In days gone by
Thus Pilate ask'd, his hands while washing.

This evil world, decay'd and rotten,
I soon shall ne'er again behold;
I see that he who has no gold
Will very soon be quite forgotten.

For you, pure souls, whose habitation
In yonder realms of light I see,
My bosom yearns. No wants have ye,
So stealing is not your vocation.

18.

THE YOUNG CATS' CLUB FOR POETRY-MUSIC

The philharmonic young cats' club
Upon the roof was collected
To-night, but not for sensual joys,
No wrong could there be detected.

No summer night's wedding dream there was dreamt,
No song of love did they utter
In the winter season, in frost and snow,
For frozen was every gutter.

A newborn spirit hath recently
Come over the whole cat-nation,
But chiefly the young, and the young cat feels
More earnest with inspiration.

The frivolous generation of old
Is extinct, and a newborn yearning,
A pussy-springtime of poetry
In art and in life they're learning.

The philharmonic young cats' club
Is now returning to artless
And primitive music, and naïveté,
From modern fashions all heartless.

It seeks in music for poetry,
Roulades with the quavers omitted
It seeks for poetry, music-void,
For voice and instrument fitted.

It seeks for genius's sovereign sway,
Which often bungles truly,
Yet oft in art unconsciously
Attains the highest stage duly.

It honours the genius which prefers
Dame Nature to keep at a distance,
And will not show off its learning, — in fact
Its learning not having existence.

This is the programme of our cat club,
And with these intentions elated,
It holds its first winter concert to-night
On the roof, as before I have stated.

Yet sad was the execution, alas!
Of this great idea so splendid;
I'm sorry, my dear friend Berlioz,
That by thee it wasn't attended.

It was a charivari, as though
With brandy elated greatly,
Three dozen pipers struck up the tune
That the poor cow died of lately.

It was an utter medley, as though
In Noah's ark were beginning
The whole of the beasts in unison
The Deluge to tell of in singing,

O what a croaking, snarling, and noise!
O what a mewling and yelling!
And even the chimneys all join'd in,
The wonderful chorus swelling.

And loudest of all was heard a voice
Which sounded languid and shrieking
As Sontag's voice became at the last,
When utterly broken and squeaking.

The whimsical concert! Methinks that they
A grand Te Deum were chanting,

To honour the triumph o'er reason obtain'd
By commonest frenzy and canting.

Perchance moreover the young cats' club
The opera grand were essaying
That the greatest pianist of Hungary⁸⁹
Composed for Charenton's playing.

It was not till the break of day
That an end was put to the party;
A cook was in consequence brought to bed
Who before had seem'd well and hearty.

The lying-in woman lost her wits,
Her memory, too, was affected,
And who was the father of her child
No longer she recollected.

Say, was it Peter? Say, was it Paul?
Say who is the father, Eliza!
"O Liszt, thou heavenly cat!" she said,
And simper'd and look'd the wiser.

19.

HANS LACK-LAND.

Farewell, my wife, said Lack-Land Hans,
A lofty object elates me;
Far different goats I now must shoot,
Far different game awaits me.

I'll leave thee behind my hunting horn,
Thou canst in my absence daily,
Play merrily on it, for thou hast learnt
To blow on the post-horn gaily.

I'll also leave thee behind my hound,
To be the castle's defender;
My German folk, like faithful dogs,
Will guard me and never surrender.

They offer me the imperial throne,
Their affection is almost provoking
My image is graven on every heart,
And every pipe they are smoking.

Ye Germans are a wonderful race,
So simple and yet so clever;
One forgets that gunpowder, but for you,
Had been discover'd never.

Your emperor, — no, your father I'll be,
Your welfare shall be my sole glory —
O blissful thought! it makes me as proud
As the Gracchi's mother in story.

I'll govern my people by feeling alone,
And not by the light of mere reason;
I never could bear diplomacy,
And politics hate like treason.

A huntsman am I, and Nature's own child,
Who had in the forest my training,
With chamois and snipe and roebuck and boar, —
A foe to all nonsense and feigning.

By proclamations I never enticed,
No printed pamphlet invented;
I say: "My people, the salmon's all gone,
"With cod for to-day be contented.

"If I don't please you as Emperor, take
"The first donkey that comes about you;
"I had, when I lived in the Tyrol, no lack,
"I've plenty to eat without you."

Thus speak I, but now, my wife, farewell,
I must end my long discourses;
My father-in-law's postilion's outside,
Awaiting me with the horses.

Quick, hand me over my travelling cap,
With the ribbon all black-red-golden;
Thou'lt see me soon with the diadem,
In the dress imperial and olden.

Thou'lt see me in the Pluvial too,
The purple robe so glorious,
The gift of the Saracen Sultan erst
To Otto, the Cæsar victorious.

Beneath, I shall wear the Dalmatian dress,
Whereon, in each species of jewel,
A train of lions and camels is work'd,
And fabulous monsters and cruel.

Upon my breast the stole I shall wear,
Significantly blended

With eagles black on a yellow ground, —
The garment is really splendid.

Farewell! Posterity shall say
I reign'd with honest intention. —
Who knows? Posterity perchance
My name will never mention.

20.

RECOLLECTIONS FROM KRÄHWINKEL'S DAYS OF TERROR.

We, mayor and senate of the town,
The following orders now lay down
To all who love their city truly,
Enjoining them to keep them duly.

'Tis foreigners and strangers most
Who their rebellious spirit boast;
Thank God, such rogues (to put it fairly)
The children of the soil are rarely.

The Atheists likewise are concern'd;
For he by whom his God is spurn'd
Is sure at last to hold detested
All those on earth with power invested.

Christian and Jew, at close of day,
Must shut their shops without delay;
"Obey your rulers" should be ever
Both Jew and Christian's first endeavour.

No person shall be seen at night
In any street without a light;
Where three or more in groups are standing,
Let them at once begin disbanding.

Each one must bring his weapons all,
And lay them down in the guildhall;
And every kind of ammunition
Is subject to the same condition.

He who in any public spot
Ventures to reason, shall be shot;
He who by gestures dares to reason
Shall pay the penalty of treason.

Confide in the authorities,
So gracious, but withal so wise,
Who rule the fortunes of the city,
And hold your tongues, or more's the pity.

21.

THE AUDIENCE.

(An old Fable.)

“I’ll let not my children, like Pharaoh, be drown’d
“In the Nile’s deep turbulent water;
“Nor am I a tyrant, like Herod of old,
“No patron of children’s slaughter.

“I will, as my gracious Saviour did,
“Find the sight of the children pleasant;
“So suffer the children to come, and first
“The big one, the Swabian peasant.”

Thus spake the monarch; the chamberlain ran,
And return’d, introducing slowly
The stalwart child from Swabia’s land,
Who made a reverence lowly.

Thus spake the king: “A Swabian art thou?
“There’s no disgrace in that surely.” —
“Quite right! I was born in Swabia’s land,”
Replied the Swabian demurely.

“Art thou from the seven Swabians sprung?”
Ask’d the other.— “In truth I’m descended
“From one of them only,” the Swabian replied,
“And not from the whole of them blended.”

The king then ask’d: “Are dumplings this year
“In Swabia as usual eaten?” —
“I’m obliged for the question,” the Swabian rejoin’d,
“They are not easily beaten.”

“And do ye still boast big men?” next said
The monarch.— “Why, just at present
“The big ones are scarce, but in their place
“We’ve fat ones,” answer’d the peasant.

“Has Menzel,” added the king, “received
“On his ear many boxes lately?”
“I’m obliged for the question,” the Swabian said,
“The former ones punish’d him greatly.”

The king then said, “Thou’rt not such a fool,
“My friend, as thou fain wouldst persuade me.”
“That’s because I was changed in my cradle,” said he,
“By the cobolds, who different made me.”

The king then spake: “The Swabians are wont
“To love their fatherland dearly;
“So why hast thou left thy native home?
“Explain the reason clearly.”

The Swabian replied: “Each day I had nought
“But turnips and sour-cROUT ever;
“And had my mother but cook’d me meat,
“I had left my fatherland never.”

“One wish I will grant thee,” the monarch then said —
Then the Swabian in deep supplication
Knelt down and exclaim’d: “O, Sire, pray grant
“Their freedom once more to the nation.

“Freeborn is man, and Nature ne’er meant
“That he as a slave should perish;
“O, Sire, restore to the German folk
“The rights that they manfully cherish!”

The monarch in deep amazement stood,
The scene was really enthralling;
With his sleeve the Swabian wiped from his eye
The tear that was wellnigh falling.

At last said the king: “In truth a fine dream!
“Farewell, and pray learn more discretion;

“And as a somnambulist plainly thou art,
“Of thy person I’ll give the possession

“To two trusty gendarmes, whose duty ‘twill be
“To see thee safe over the border —
“Farewell! I must hasten to join the parade,
“The drums are beating to order.”

And so this affecting audience came
To a most affecting conclusion.
But from that moment the monarch allow’d
No more of his children’s intrusion.⁹⁰

22.

KOBES I.

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight,
When passions men's minds were heating,
The German nation's parliament
At Frankfort held its meeting.

Just at this time, in the Senate-house
Appear'd the white lady ghostly,
The spectre that heralds the coming of woe, —
They call her the Housekeeper mostly.

By night they say in the Senate-house
She is wont to make her appearance,
Whenever the Germans their foolish tricks play
With extra perseverance.

I saw her myself at the selfsame time
As she roam'd in the hours of slumber
Through the silent chambers, wherein were piled
The middle ages' old lumber.

She held the lamp and a bunch of keys
In her hands so pale and sickly;
She open'd the presses against the walls,
And the chests strew'd around her thickly.

There lie the imperial insignia all,
There lies the bull all-golden,
The sceptre, the regal apple, the crown,
And more of such fancies olden.

There lie the ancient imperial robes,
The purple frippery faded,
The German kingdom's wardrobe in fact,
Now rusted and rot-pervaded.

The Housekeeper mournfully shakes her head
At the sight, then with deep displeasure
She suddenly cries at the top of her voice:
“The whole of them stink beyond measure!

“The whole of them stink with mice’s dung
“And rotten and mouldy’s the ermine;
“And all the gaudy trumpery work
“Is swarming with noxious vermin.

“In truth, on this splendid ermine dress,
“Once used at the coronation,
“The cats of the Senate-house district are wont
“To lie, as their lying-in station.

“’Tis useless to clean them; I pity the fate
“Of the Emperor next elected;
“By the fleas in his coronation robe
“His health will be surely affected.

“And know ye, that all the people must scratch,
“Whenever the Emperor itches —
“O Germans, I dread the princely fleas
“Who swallow up much of your riches.

“Yet what is the use of monarch and fleas?
“For rusty are now and all rotten
“The olden costumes — By modern days
“Are the ancient dresses forgotten.

“The German poet at Kyffhauser said
“To Barbarossa quite truly:
“‘I find that we want no Emperor now,
“When I weigh the matter duly.’

“But if, spite of all, ye an empire must have,
“With an Emperor reigning o’er ye,

“My worthy Germans, don’t suffer yourselves
“To be snared by genius or glory.

“Choose one of the people your monarch to be,
“All sons of the nobles reject ye;
“Select not the lion, select not the fox,
“The dullest of sheep elect ye.

“Elect as your Monarch Colonia’s son,
“The crown to dull Kobes awarding;
“The genius of Dulness well-nigh is he,
“His people he’ll ne’er be defrauding.

“A log is ever the best of kings,
“As Esop has shown in the fable;
“He cannot devour us poor frogs up,
“As the stork with his long bill is able.

“Be sure that Kobes no tyrant will be,
“No Holofernes or Nero;
“He boasts no terrible antique heart,
“A soft modern heart has our hero.

“Though vulgar pride might scorn such a heart
“Yet in the arms of the helot
“Of work the unfortunate threw himself,
“Becoming a regular zealot.

“The men of the journeymen’s *Burschenschaft*
“As president Kobes elected;
“He shared with them their last piece of bread,
“They held him vastly respected.

“They boasted that he in all his life
“Had never been at college,
“And out of his head composed his books
“By the light of intuitive knowledge.

“Yes, his consummate ignorance
“Was the fruit of his own endeavour;
“With foreign wisdom and training he
“Had injured his intellect never.

“From abstract philosophy’s influence he
“Kept likewise his thoughts and his spirit
“Entirely free. — Himself he remain’d!
“Yes, Kobes has really his merit!

“The tear of the usual stereotype form
“In his beautiful eye is gleaming,
“And from his lips incessantly
“The grossest stupidity’s streaming.

“He prates and he grins, and he grins and prates,
“His words with long ears are provided;
“A pregnant woman who heard him speak
“Gave birth to a donkey decided.

“With scribbling books and knitting he’s wont
“His idle hours to flavour;
“The stockings that he with his own hands knit
“Have met with particular favour.

“To devote himself wholly to knitting he’s begg’d
“By Apollo and all the Muses;
“They’re frighten’d whenever they see that his hand
“A goose-quill laboriously uses.

“His knitting recalls the olden time
“Of the Funken,⁹¹ — who all stood knitting
“While mounting guard, — these men of Cologne
“No means of amusement omitting.

“If Kobes is Emp’ror, he’ll surely recal
“To life these Funken deserving;

“The valiant band will surround his throne,
“As the guard imperial serving.

“He well might be glad to go at their head,
“And march over France’s borders,
“And Alsace, Lorraine, and Burgundy fair
“Bring under Germany’s orders.

“Yet be not afraid, at home he’ll remain,
“Intent on a scheme long suspended,
“A lofty idea, the completion, in fact,
“Of Cologne Cathedral so splendid.

“But when the Cathedral’s quite complete,
“Then Kobes will get in a passion,
“And sword in hand, will bring the French
“To account in a regular fashion.

“He’ll take Alsace and Lorraine away
“(By France from the empire estreated);
“To Burgundy, too, he’ll triumphantly go,
“When once the Cathedral’s completed.

“Ye Germans, pray lose not your senses quite,
“If an Emperor’s needed, I’ll name him;
“The Carnival King of Cologne let it be,
“As Kobes the First now proclaim him!

“The fools of the Carnival rout at Cologne,
“With caps and bells ringing and mocking,
“Shall be his ministers of state,
“His scutcheon a knitted stocking.

“Let Drickes be Chancellor, calling himself
“Count Drickes of Drickeshausen,
“And Marizebill the Mistress of State,
“With the Emperor fondly carousing.⁹²

“Within his good sacred town of Cologne
“Will be Kobes’s habitation;
“And when the Cologners hear the glad news,
“They’ll have an illumination.

“The bells, the iron dogs of the air,
“Into joyous barks will be breaking,
“And the three holy kings from the land of the East
“In their chapel will soon be awaking.

“They’ll step outside with their clattering bones,
“All dancing with rapture and springing;
“I hear them the Hallelujah’s strains
“And Kyrie Eleison singing.” —

Thus spoke the dread white nightly ghost
With loud uproarious laughter;
Through all the resounding halls of the place
The echo rang wildly long after.

13.

EPILOGUE.

Graves they say are warm'd by glory;
Foolish words and empty story!
Better far the warmth we prove
From a cow-girl deep in love,
With her arms around us flung,
Reeking with the smell of dung.
And that warmth is better too
That man's entrails pierces through
When he drinks hot punch and wine,
Or his fill of grog divine,
In the vilest, meanest den
'Mongst the thieves and scum of men,
Who escape the gallows daily,
But who breathe and live all-gaily,
With as enviable fate
As e'en Thetis' son so great. —
Rightly did Pelides say:
Living in the meanest way
In the upper world's worth more,
Than beside the Stygian shore
King of shades to be; a hero
Such as Homer sang is zero.

ADDENDA TO THE POEMS.^{[93](#)}

THE SONG OF SONGS.

Fair woman's body is a song
Inscribed by our great Maker
In Nature's mighty album erst,
When moved to life to wake her.

Ah yes! propitious was the hour
When thus he show'd compassion!
The coy rebellious stuff he work'd
In true artistic fashion.

Yes, woman's body is, 'mongst songs,
The song most sweet and tender,
And wondrous strophes are her limbs,
So snowy-white and slender.

And then her neck, her glistening neck, —
O what a godlike notion! —
Where the main thought, her little head,
Rocks with a graceful motion.

Like polish'd epigrams one loves
Her bosom's rosebuds dearly;
Enchanting the cæsura is
That parts her breasts severely.

The song has flesh, ribs, hands, and feet,
No abstract poem this is!
With lips that rhyme deliciously
It smiles and sweetly kisses.

True poetry is breathing here,
Grace shines in each direction;
The song upon its forehead bears
The stamp of all perfection.

I'll praise thee, Lord, and in the dust
Will humbly kneel to show it;
Bunglers are we, compared with thee,
Thou glorious heavenly Poet.

Before the splendour of thy song
I'll bow in adoration,
And to its study day and night
Pay closest application.

Yes, day and night I'll study it,
No loss of time admitting;
So shall I soon with overwork
Be thinner than befitting.

THE SUTTLER'S SONG.

(From the Thirty Years' War.)

The brave hussars I dearly love,
I love each gallant fellow;
Without distinction I love them all,
The blue as well as the yellow.

The musketeers I dearly love,
I love the musketeers, too;
The officers, privates, and recruits,
And those of older years too.

The infantry and cavalry —
I love the brave fellows sincerely;
And then the artillery, — one and all,
I love them truly and dearly.

I love the Germans, I love the French,
I love the Italians and Dutchmen;
I love the Bohemians, Spaniards, and Swedes,
I love both many and much men.

Whatever may be his native land,
Whatever his faith or persuasion,
Provided a man is sound in health,
I love him on ev'ry occasion.

Religion and country are nothing more
Than his outside clothing, — God bless him.
Away with his cov'ring, that I to my heart
May fondly and warmly press him!

A mortal am I, and only too glad
With any mortal to dally;
And as for the man who can't pay on the spot,
For him I keep a tally.

The garland green in front of my tent
In the light of the sun smiles gaily,
And I am now drinking malmsey wine
From a fresh-open'd barrel daily.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

HORSE AND ASS.

A train was rushing along one day,
With carriages, engine, and tender;
The chimney vomited forth its smoke,
Like a dashing old offender.

The train pass'd a farmyard, and over the hedge
A grey horse, at the sound of the whistle,
Stretch'd out his head; an ass stood by,
Demurely chewing a thistle.

With wondering gaze the horse long stared
At the train; then strangely quivering
In every limb, he sigh'd, and said:
"The sight has set me a-shivering!

"I'm sure that if I by nature had been
"A chesnut, or black, or bay horse,
"My skin with the fright its colour would change,
"And make me (as now) a grey horse.

"The equestrian race is doom'd, beyond doubt,
"To be swept away in fate's eddy;
"Although I'm a grey horse, I cannot but see
"A black future before me already.

"The competition of these machines
"Will certainly kill us poor horses;
"For riding and driving will man prefer
"Iron steeds, if so great their force is.

"And if man can get on without our help,
"Alike for riding and driving,
"Good-bye to our oats, good-bye to our hay
"What chance have we of surviving?

“The heart of man is hard as a stone,
“He gives away nothing gratis;
“They’ll drive us out of our stables, and we
“Shall starve — what a cruel fate ’tis!

“We cannot borrow and cannot steal
“Like mortals whose natures are blacker;
“We cannot fawn like men and dogs,
“But shall fall a prey to the knacker.”

Thus grumbled the horse, and deeply sigh’d, —
Meanwhile the ass hard by him
Had quietly chew’d two thistle-tops,
As if nothing could terrify him.

He presently answer’d in dainty tones,
With his tongue first licking his muzzle:
“With what the future may have in store,
“My brains I shall not puzzle.

“You horses proud are threaten’d, no doubt,
“By a future that’s far from pleasant;
“But we modest asses are not afraid
“Of dangers future or present.

“That grey horses, and chesnut, and piebald, and black,
“May be done without, true, alas! is;
“But Mister Steam, with his chimney long,
“Can never replace us asses.

“However clever may be the machines
“Made by man with his senses besotted,
“The ass as his portion will always have
“Sure means of existence allotted.

“Its asses will Heaven, I’m sure, ne’er desert,
“Who, moved by a calm sense of duty,

“Turn the mill every day, as their fathers have done, —
“A sight not deficient in beauty.

“The mill-wheel clatters, the miller works hard,
“The meal in the sack well shaking,
“And people eat their bread and their rolls,
“As soon as they’ve finished the baking.

“In Nature’s old-fashion’d and jogtrot way
“The world will keep spinning for ever;
“And as changeless even as Nature herself,
“The ass will alter never.”

* * *

MORAL.

Gone are the days of chivalry,
And the proud steed must hungry be;
But L ——, the ass, I boldly say,
Will never want his oats and hay.

THE ASS-ELECTION.

Being tired of freedom for some time past
The beasts' republic decided
To be with a single ruler at last
As its absolute head provided.

Each kind of beast prepared for the strife,
Electoral billets were written;
Intrigues on every side were rife,
With party zeal all were bitten.

By long-ear'd gentry at its head
The asses' committee was aided;
Cockades, whose colours were black, gold, and red,⁹⁴
They boastfully paraded.

A small party there was of friends of the horse,
Who yet were afraid of voting,
So greatly they dreaded the outcry coarse
The long-ear'd party denoting.

But when one of them ventured the horse to name
As a candidate, greater and greater
Wax'd the noise, and an old long-ear, to his shame,
Shouted out "Thou art only a traitor.

"A traitor art thou, in thy veins doth not flow
"One drop of asses' blood proper;
"No ass art thou, and I almost know
"That a foreign mare was thy dropper!

"From the zebra perchance thou art sprung; thy striped hide
"Quite answers the zebra's description;
"The nasal twang of thy voice is allied
"To the Hebrew as well as Egyptian.

“And if not a stranger, thou art, thou must own,
“A dull ass, of an intellect paltry;
“The depths of ass-nature to thee are unknown
“Thou hear’st not its mystical psalt’ry.

“But with sweet stupefaction my soul drinks in
“That sound which all others surpasses;
“An ass am I, and each hair in the skin
“Of my tail the hair of an ass is.

“I am not a Papist, I am not a slave,
“A German ass am I solely;
“The same as my fathers, who all were so brave,
“So thoughtful, demure, and so holy.

“They were not addicted to doing ill,
“Or practising gallantry gaily;
“But trotted off with the sack to the mill
“In frolicsome fashion daily.

“Our fathers still live. In the tomb only lie
“Their skins, their mortal covering;
“Their happy spirits, high up in the sky,
“Complacently o’er us are hovering.

“Ye glorified asses, ye need not doubt
“That we fain would resemble you ever,
“And from the path that duty points out
“We’ll swerve a finger’s breadth never.

“O what a delight an ass to be,
“From such long-ear’d worthies descended!
“From every house-top I’d fain shout with glee:
“‘An ass I was born — how splendid!’

“The noble jackass who gave me birth
“Was of genuine German extraction;

“From my mother, a German ass of worth,
“My milk suck’d I with great satisfaction.

“An ass am I, and fully intend,
“Like my fathers who now are departed,
“To stand by the asses, yes, stand to the end
“By the asses so dear and true-hearted.

“And since I’m an ass, I advise you all round
“To choose your king from the asses;
“A mighty ass-kingdom we thus will found,
“They being the governing classes.

“We all are asses. Hee-ha! Hee-ha!
“As ostlers we will not demean us;
“Away with the horses! Long live, hurrah,
“The king of the asinine genus!”

Thus spake the patriot. Through the hall
The asses cheer’d him proudly;
They all, in fact, were national,
And with their hoofs stamp’d loudly.

An oaken wreath on the orator’s head
They put as a decoration;
He wagg’d his tail (though nothing he said)
With evident gratification.

BERTHA.

She seem'd so gentle, she seem'd so good,
An angel I thought my lover;
She wrote the dearest letters to me,
With kindness teeming all over.

The wedding was very soon to take place,
Her relations heard this by dozens;
My Bertha was a silly thing,
For she listen'd to aunts and cousins.

She kept not her word, she broke her oath,
And yet I have been forgiving;
Had I married her first, I ne'er should have known
Either pleasure or love while living.

When I of a faithless woman think,
I think of Bertha the faithless;
The only wish I have left, is that she
May pass through her confinement scatheless.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Before me the sexton's daughter fair
Through the sacred edifice skippe'd;
Her size was small, and light her hair,
From her neck her kerchief had slippe'd.

In the old cathedral for sixpence I got
A sight of its marvellous creatures,
Its tombs, lights, crosses; I turn'd quite hot
When I gazed on Elspeth's features.

And once again I stared about
At the sacred relics entrancing;
In their under-petticoats all trick'd out,
On the window the women were dancing.

The sexton's little daughter fair
Stood by me, while thus I inspected.
She had a very pretty pair
Of eyes, wherein all was reflected.

Before me the sexton's daughter fair
From the sacred edifice skippe'd;
Her mouth was small, her neck was bare,
From her bosom her kerchief had slippe'd.

THE DRAGONFLY.

The dragonfly blue's all the fashion
In beetle-land, in the present day;
The butterflies their addresses pay
To the beauty with amorous passion.

Her hips are excessively slender,
She wears a gauze dress of delicate hue,
With very symmetrical movements too
She flutters about in splendour.

Her colour'd admirers hover
In her train, and many a young gallant
Thus swears: "I'll Holland give, and Brabant
"If thou wilt be my lover."

She answers (but how insincerely!):
"Brabant and Holland are nothing to me,
"I want but a spark of light, to see
"In my little chamber clearly."

When she imposes this duty,
Her lovers hasten to join in the race,
And eagerly seek, from place to place,
A spark of light for the beauty.

As soon as one sees a taper,
He blindly rushes on to his doom,
And the cruel flames the victim consume,
And his loving heart, like paper.

* * * *

It comes from Japan, this fable,
Yet even in Germany, my dear child,
Are plenty of dragonflies, devilish wild,
Perfidious, and unstable.

OLD SCENTS.

The nosegay Matilda twined for me,
And smilingly offer'd entreatingly,
I push'd away, o'erpower'd completely
By the sight of the flowers that blossom'd so sweetly.

At the scent of the flowers, my tears fast flow, —
I feel that in all this fair world below,
Its beauty, sunlight, joy, love are bereft me,
And nought but its bitter tears are left me.

They tell me that I no longer share
A part in life and its circle fair,
That I belong to death's kingdom dreary,
Yes, I, a corpse unburied and weary.

How happy was I when erst I saw
The dance of rats at the Opera!
But now I hear the odious scuffling
Of churchyard rats and grave-moles shuffling.

The scent of the flowers recalls again
A perfect ballet, a joyous train
Of recollections perfumed and glowing,
From the hidden depths of the past o'erflowing,

To sound of cornet and castanet,
In spangled dresses (full short, I regret), —
Yet all their toying, each laugh, each titter,
Can only render my thoughts more bitter.

Away with the flowers! O, how I abhor
The scent that maliciously tells once more
Of days long vanish'd and hours of gladness —
I weep at the thought with speechless sadness.

MISERERE.

The sons of Fortune I envy not
For their lives, in pleasure vying,
I envy them only their happy death,
Their easy and painless dying.

In gala dresses, with garlanded heads,
Their lips in laughter extended,
They joyously sit at the banquet of life, —
The sickle falls, — all is ended!

In festal attire, with roses adorn'd,
Still blooming with life, these glad mortals,
These fav'rites of fortune reach at last
The shadowy realm's dark portals.

They ne'er were disfigured by fever's attack,
They die with a joyous demeanour,
And gladly are welcomed at her sad court
By Proserpine, hell's Czarina.

O how I envy a fate like theirs!
Seven years I daily languish
For death, as on the ground I writhe
In bitter and speechless anguish.

O God! my agony shorten, that I
May be buried, — my sole ambition.
Thou knowest that I no talent possess
For filling a martyr's position.

I feel astonished, gracious Lord,
At a course so unconsequential;
Thou madest a joyous poet, without
That joy that is so essential.

My torments blunt each feeling of mirth,
And melancholy make me;
Unless I get better ere long, to the faith
Of a Catholic I must betake me.

Like other good Christians, I then shall howl
In thine ears my wailings dreary —
The best of humorists then will be lost
For ever — O Miserere.

TO MATILDA.

I was, dear lamb, ordain'd to be
A shepherd here, to watch o'er thee;
I nourish'd thee with mine own bread,
With water from the fountain head.

And when the winter storm roar'd loudly,
Against my breast I warm'd thee proudly;
There held I thee encircled well
Whilst rain in torrents round us fell;
When, through its rocky dark bed pouring
The torrent, with the wolf, was roaring,
Thou feared'st not, no muscle quiver'd,
E'en when the highest pine was shiver'd
By the fork'd flash — within mine arm
Thou slept'st in peace without alarm.

My arm grows weak, and fast draws near
Pale death! My shepherd's task so dear,
And pastoral care approach their end.
Into Thy hands, God, I commend
My staff once more. O do Thou guard
My lamb, when I beneath the sward
Am laid in peace, and suffer ne'er
A thorn to prick her anywhere.

From thorny hedges guard her fleece,
May quagmires ne'er disturb her peace,
May there spring up beneath her feet
An ample crop of pasture sweet,
And let her sleep without alarm,
As erst she slept within mine arm!

FOR THE “MOUCHE.”⁹⁵

I had a dream. It was a summer's night,
And in the moonlight, pale and weatherbeaten,
Lay buildings, relics of past ages bright, —
The style, renaissant, of these wrecks time-eaten.

And here and there, with stately Doric head,
Rose single columns from the mass there lying,
And on the firmament high o'er them spread
Gazed they, as if its thunderbolts defying.

In broken fragments lay there on the ground,
Mingled with many a portal, many a gable,
Sculptures where man, beast, centaur, sphinx were found,
Chimera, satyr, — creatures of old fable.

The contrasts there presented were grotesque,
The emblems of Judæa's God combining
With Grecian grace, in fashion arabesque
The ivy round them both, its tendrils twining.

A fair sarcophagus of marble white
Amid the ruins stood, unmutilated;
And in the coffin lay a corpse in sight,
Of features mild, with sadness penetrated.

The power supporting it appear'd supplied
By Caryatides, with necks extended;
And many a bas-relief on either side
Was seen, of chisell'd figures strangely blended.

The glories of Olympus there saw I,
With all its heathen deities misguided;
Adam and Eve were there, decorously
With figleaf aprons round their loins provided.

Troy's taking and Troy's burning here were seen,
Hector and Helen, Paris (that wild gay man);
Moses and Aaron also stood between,
With Esther, Judith, Holofernes, Haman.

God Amor also had his place hard by,
Phœbus, Apollo, Vulcan, Madam Venus,
Pluto, Proserpina, and Mercury,
God Bacchus, and Priapus, and Silenus.

Likewise was Balaam's ass omitted not, —
(The ass for speaking seem'd, in fact, created),
And Abraham's temptation too, and Lot,
Who by his daughters was intoxicated.

Herodias' daughter's dance was shown as well,
The Baptist's head was in the charger given;
The monster Satan too was there, and hell,
And Peter, with the heavy keys of heaven.

And next in order saw I sculptured there
The loves of Jove, with his vile actions blending;
How as a swan he ravish'd Leda fair,
And Danaë, in golden shower descending.

The wild hunt of Diana was display'd,
With her fleet dogs, and nymphs attired so trimly;
And Hercules, in woman's clothes array'd,
Distaff on arm, the spindle whirling nimbly.

And next was Sinai's mountain to be view'd,
And Israel near it, with his oxen lowing;
The Lord a child within the temple stood,
Disputing with the doctors proud and knowing.

But, strange to tell, when I had dreamily
These forms a while observed, in thought suspended,

I suddenly conceived myself to be
The corpse, in that fair marble tomb extended.

And at the head of this my grave there stood
A flower full fair, of strange configuration;
Its leaves were yellow-tinged and violet-hued,
The flower possess'd a wondrous fascination.

'Tis by the name of passion-flower well known,
On Golgotha, they say, 'twas first created
The day they crucified God's only Son,
And the Redeemer's body lacerated.

Bloodwitness doth this flower now bear, they say;
Each instrument of torture then invented
And used at His sad martyrdom that day,
Is in its calyx duly represented.

Yes! every passion-attribute adorns
The flower, each emblem of their cruel malice, —
For instance, scourge and rope and crown of thorns,
The hammer and the nails, the cross, the chalice.

Such was the flower which at my grave did stand,
And o'er my body bending with compassion,
As with a woman's sorrow, kiss'd my hand,
My eyes, and forehead, in sad silent fashion.

But O, my dream's strange magic! Wondrously
The passion-flower, the yellow-hued and rare one,
Changed to a woman's likeness, — ah! and she,
She was my loved one, she was mine own fair one!

Thou wert the flower, yes, thou, my darling child!
At once I knew thee by thy kisses yearning;
No lips of flowers so tender are and mild,
No tears of flowers so fiery are and burning.

Although mine eyes were closed, my spirit gazed
With steadiness upon thy face entrancing;
Thou look'dst at me with raptured look amazed,
Strangely illumined in the moonlight glancing.

No words we spake, and yet my heart could see
The thoughts that in thy mind in silence hover'd;
A word when spoken has no modesty,
By silence is love's modest blossoms cover'd.

Voiceless our converse! Wondrous doth it seem
How in our silent, tender conversation
The time pass'd in that summer night's fair dream,
When joy commingled was with consternation.

That which we spoke of then, ne'er seek to learn,
The glow-worm ask, why in the grass it gloweth,
The torrent, why it roareth in the burn,
The west wind, why it waileth as it bloweth.

Ask the carbuncle why it gleams so bright,
The rose and violet, why so sweetly scented;
But ask not what, beneath the moon's soft light,
The martyr-flower talk'd with her love lamented!

I cannot tell how long it was that I
Enjoy'd, as in the marble tomb I slumber'd,
That beauteous, happy dream. It fled by,
Too soon the moments of my rest were number'd.

Death with thy gravelike silence! Thou alone
Canst give us pleasure in a lasting fashion;
Vain barbarous life, for joy is ever known
To give us restless bliss, convulsive passion.

Alas, alas! my happiness soon fled,
For suddenly arose a noise exciting,

It was a savage conflict, fierce and dread —
Ah, my poor flower was scared by all this fighting!

Yes! there arose outside, with hideous yell,
A quarrelling, a yelping, and a scolding;
Methought that many a voice I knew full well, —
It was the bas-reliefs my tomb enfolding!

Is the stone haunted by those visions wan?
And are those marble phantoms all disputing?
The fearful clamour of the wood-god Pan,
Moses's fierce anathemas confuting.

Alas! this contest ne'er will ended be,
The True and Beautiful will wrangle ever!
Greeks and Barbarians in wild rivalry
The ranks of man are always doom'd to sever.

They cursed and raved. No end would there have been
To this long squabble, and their passion towering,
Had Balaam's ass not come upon the scene,
The voices of the gods and saints o'erpowering.

The stupid beast, with his disgusting brag,
That sobbing sound of sheer abomination,
Made me cry out in terrible dismay,
And I awoke at last in desperation.

THE END

ENDNOTES.

¹ I believe that a translation of one of Heine's works — his "Book of Songs" — was published in this country a few years ago, but I have not met with it. An American version of the "Pictures of Travel" also appeared in 1855.

² One of the finest in the collection, "The Grenadiers," which is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Béranger, was written as early as 1815, when Heine was not sixteen years old, and before Béranger

had written his analogous poems “Le Vieux Drapeau,” “Le Vieux Sergent,” &c.

³ The Arminius of Tacitus.

⁴ A suburb of Frankfort, on the further side of the Main.

⁵ German *litterateurs* of more or less note.

⁶ In the original, *Hell* and *Kind*, well-known writers. It is necessary to translate the names for the sake of the pun.

⁷ The word “Gimpel” in the original has the double meaning of “bullfinch” and “blockhead,” and the point of this verse is therefore lost in a translation.

⁸ See Heine’s Tragedy of that name.

⁹ The Hindoo god corresponding to Cupid.

¹⁰ Spring.

¹¹ The eminent Professor and Editor of Hegel’s works. He died in 1839.

¹² It is with real hesitation that I publish this lame and impotent conclusion to a legend the first two parts of which are in Heine’s best style.

¹³ The three following verses are extracted by Heine *verbatim* from Schiller’s well-known “Lament of Ceres.” The version of them here given is taken from the translation of Schiller’s Poems published by me in 1851.

¹⁴ Names for the three royal houses of Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria.

¹⁵ See the account of the old Drum-Major Le Grand contained in the prose section of Heine’s “Pictures of Travel,” entitled “Book Le Grand.”

¹⁶ A well-known republican poet and writer, born at Stuttgardt; at one time caressed, and afterwards banished, by the King of Prussia. He took an active part in the political troubles of 1848.

¹⁷ See Schiller’s Play of “Don Carlos.”

¹⁸ Evidently a satire on the King of Prussia.

¹⁹ A famous theological writer, who died in 1850, at the age of ninety. He was formerly Counsellor of the Consistory (*Kirchenrath*) at Würzburg, and for many years Professor of Church History, &c. at Heidelberg.

²⁰ A polite allusion to the late King of Bavaria and his Walhalla.

²¹ This refers to a poem of Freiligrath's, entitled "The Dead to the Living," for which he was prosecuted, but acquitted, in 1848.

²² A hill close to Berlin.

²³ I have here attempted to imitate a wretched pun in the original.

²⁴ A "blind passenger" means in German a person who travels without paying his fare.

²⁵ Berlin.

²⁶ It will be remembered that the sun is feminine in German.

²⁷ Edward Gans, a distinguished German professor, and pupil of Hegel, whose works he edited. He died in 1839.

²⁸ One section of the famous Bremen Cellar is called the Rose, and is said to contain hock of between two and three centuries old. Another part is called the Apostles' Cellar, and has in it twelve vats, known as the Twelve Apostles, also full of very old wine.

²⁹ See Freiligrath's Poems.

³⁰ Well-known German writers.

³¹ A race not unlike the *Crétins*.

³² Shakespear.

³³ Alluding to the large number of petty states into which Germany is divided.

³⁴ A well-known poet and physician, born in 1786, and founder of the so-called Modern Swabian School of Poetry.

³⁵ A voluminous writer, born at Stuttgardt in 1807. He attacked Heine's School of Poetry, and was repaid by Heine in the same coin.

³⁶ See Lessing's "Emilia Galotti."

³⁷ See the concluding words of the last scene but one of the above play.

³⁸ See the end of Schiller's "Gods of Greece."

³⁹ This refers to the time of Heine's residence in Berlin, when he was intimate with these and other well-known personages. See Sketch of his Life, *ante*.

⁴⁰ The slightly irregular metre of this fine poem is a close copy of the original.

⁴¹ A popular German poet, born in 1798, who was deprived of his professorship in the University of Breslau, in 1842, for publishing a volume entitled "Unpolitical Songs."

⁴² The last four verses were erased by the censors from the original edition.

⁴³ A famous theologian, poet, and orator, and one of Luther's chief followers. He died in 1523.

⁴⁴ A Dominican friar, who was one of Luther's first antagonists.

⁴⁵ The first edition ended with this verse, which was struck out by the censors, and replaced by the five following verses.

⁴⁶ The remains of John of Leyden and his two chief accomplices were exposed in these cages, which still remain in their old position.

⁴⁷ A youthful poet, who excited great enthusiasm in Germany by a poem, written in 1840 (when a war with France on the Eastern question seemed not unlikely), beginning, —

"They shall not have the German Rhine."

⁴⁸ The well-known French poet, who replied to the above poem of Becker's, by another commencing, —

“We have had your German Rhine.”

⁴⁹ A noted theologian, born in 1802, and one of the leaders of the orthodox party in Prussia.

⁵⁰ Called Arminius by the Romans.

⁵¹ The famous historian and professor of theology at Berlin. He died in 1850.

⁵² A well-known actress and voluminous dramatic author, born in 1800.

⁵³ The historian.

⁵⁴ A professor of gymnastics.

⁵⁵ A linguist and professor of languages and gymnastics jointly. In the latter science he was a pupil of Jahn.

⁵⁶ A monument has been recently erected in Dettmoldt to commemorate the victory of Arminius over Varus.

⁵⁷ A poetess of some reputation, who died in 1791. Her granddaughter, Helmine Chezy, born in 1783, was also well known as a poetess and romance writer.

⁵⁸ The great composer Mendelssohn was grandson to the famous philosopher of that name.

⁵⁹ The rest of this chapter was erased by the censors from the original edition.

⁶⁰ The great fire at Hamburg took place in May, 1842, or shortly before this poem was written.

⁶¹ A nickname of a relation of Heine's.

⁶² A leading publisher at Hamburg, employed by Heine to publish many of his works.

⁶³ A noted critic, poet, and historian, born in 1798. He had literary quarrels with both Heine and Börne.

⁶⁴ For the full particulars of this story see Herodotus, Book II. c. 121.

⁶⁵ The French author.

⁶⁶ Carnival masks.

⁶⁷ Or Valkyriors; a race of martial virgins, described in northern mythology as riding in the air and fighting under Odin.

⁶⁸ This poem was formerly suppressed by the censors.

⁶⁹ This poem was originally suppressed by the censors.

⁷⁰ Meaning the founder of the Teutonic race.

⁷¹ A noted brigand, executed in 1803.

⁷² A Polish term of endearment.

⁷³ This poem was originally suppressed by the censors.

⁷⁴ A poet and writer, born in 1816, and persecuted by the police for his liberal writings.

⁷⁵ An ancient Hebrew word for *Almighty*.

⁷⁶ A Hebrew word for *Lord*.

⁷⁷ Doubtless John Martin is here meant.

⁷⁸ A recent poet of no great reputation. He was the joint editor of the “Rhine Annual” with Freiligrath and Simrock.

⁷⁹ The famous philosopher, who at one time resided in Munich.

⁸⁰ The eminent painter, who decorated the Glyptothek and Pinacothek at Munich. He was afterwards Director of the Berlin Academy.

⁸¹ One of Hutten’s well-known works was entitled “*Epistolae Obscurorum Vivorum*.”

⁸² This poem recounts the untimely fate of a playmate, who was drowned when trying to save a kitten. See Heine's *Reisebilder*, chapter vi.

⁸³ A parody on the beginning of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy."

⁸⁴ See also this story in Book I. of the "Romancero," .

⁸⁵ Meyerbeer.

⁸⁶ The famous composer, whose real name was Beer.

⁸⁷ See Book II. of "Romancero."

⁸⁸ The tutelar goddess of Hamburg. See Heine's "Germany."

⁸⁹ Liszt.

⁹⁰ The hero of this story is the well-known Swabian poet George Herwegh.

⁹¹ Funken (or Sparks) was the name given to the soldiers of Cologne before the Revolution, who used to knit when on guard.

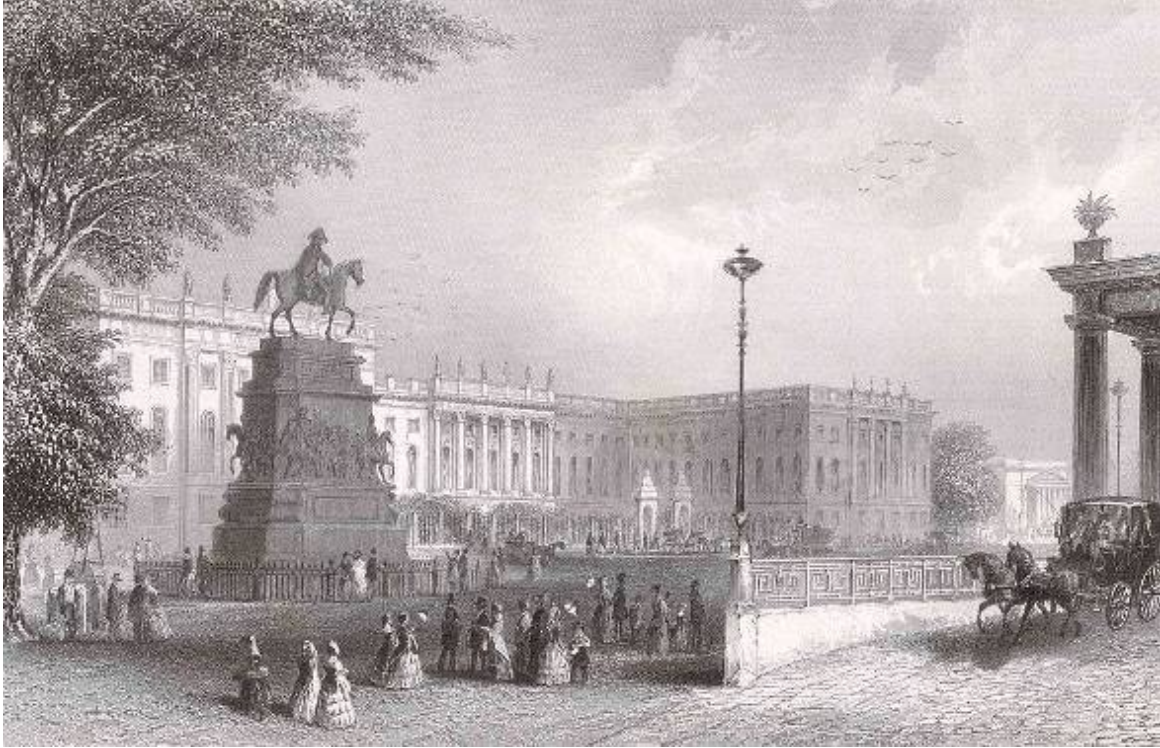
⁹² Drickes and Marizebill are popular masks at the Carnival at Cologne.

⁹³ These two poems were first published in the *Musenaumanach* for 1854.

⁹⁴ The national colours of Germany.

⁹⁵ This was the nickname of a young lady whose acquaintance Heine made towards the end of his life, who attended him in his last illness, and for whom he felt a strong affection. The present poem was the last composition of Heine, and was written only two or three weeks before his death. It is undoubtedly one of the finest of his works.

The Poems



The Berlin University, 1850 — Heine arrived in Berlin in March 1821. It was the largest and most cosmopolitan city he had ever visited. The university gave Heine access to notable cultural figures as lecturers: the Sanskritist Franz Bopp and the Homer critic F. A. Wolf, who inspired Heine's lifelong love of Aristophanes.



The university today



Franz Bopp (1791–1867)

LIST OF POEMS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER



EARLY POEMS.
SONGS OF LOVE.
LOVE'S SALUTATION.
LOVE'S LAMENT.
YEARNING.
THE WHITE FLOWER
PRESENTIMENT.
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SONNETS.
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———.
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THE TWO BROTHERS.
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THE GRENADIERS
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DON RAMIRO.
BELSHAZZAR.
THE MINNESINGERS.
LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW.
THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.
THE SEA-VOYAGE.
THE SONG OF REPENTANCE.
TO A SINGER, ON HER SINGING AN OLD ROMANCE.
THE SONG OF THE DUCATS.
DIALOGUE ON PADERBORN HEATH.
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QUITE TRUE.
SONNETS.
TO A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.
TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE, née VON GELDERN.
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LYRICAL INTERLUDE.
PROLOGUE.

THE GODS' TWILIGHT.
RATCLIFF.⁸
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THE DREAM.
NEW POEMS.
SERAPHINA.
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The Prose



'Louis-Phillipe going from the Palais Royal to the Hôtel de Ville, 31 July 1830' by Horace Vernet — in 1831 Heine left Germany for France, settling in Paris for his remaining twenty-five years. His move was prompted by the July Revolution of 1830, which had made Louis-Philippe the "Citizen King" of the French.

HEINE'S PROSE WORKS



Translated by Havelock Ellis and Charles Godfrey Leland

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Heine by Moritz Daniel Oppenheim, 1831

HEINE.

I.

HEINE gathers up and focuses for us in one vivid point all those influences of his own time which are the forces of to-day. He appears before us, to put it in his own way, as a youthful and militant Knight of the Holy Ghost, tilting against the spectres of the past and liberating the imprisoned energies of the human spirit. His interest from this point of view lies, largely, apart from his interest as a supreme lyric poet, the brother of Catullus and Villon and Burns; we here approach him on his prosaic — his relatively prosaic — side.

One hemisphere of Heine's brain was Greek, the other Hebrew. He was born when the genius of Goethe was at its height; his mother had absorbed the frank earthliness, the sane and massive Paganism, of the Roman elegies, and Heine's ideals in all things, whether he would or not, were always Hellenic — using that word in the large sense in which Heine himself used it — even while he was the first in rank and the last in time of the Romantic poets of Germany. He sought, even consciously, to mould the modern emotional spirit into classic forms. He wrought his art simply and lucidly, the aspirations that pervade it are everywhere sensuous, and yet it recalls oftener the turbulent temper of Catullus than any serener ancient spirit.

For Heine arose early in active rebellion against a merely passive classicism; just as fiercer and more ardent cries, as from the Orient, pierce through the songs of Catullus. The mischievous Hermes was irritated by the calm and quiet activities of the aged Zeus of Weimar. And then the earnest Hebrew nature within him, liberated by Hegel's favourite thought of the divinity of man, came into play with its large revolutionary thirsts. Thus it was that he appeared before the world as the most brilliant leader of a movement of national or even world-wide emancipation. The greater part of his prose works, from the youthful *Reisebilder* onwards, and a considerable portion of his poetic work, record the energy with which he played this part.

But whether the Greek or the Hebrew element happened to be most active in Heine, the ideal that he set up for life generally was the equal activity of both sides — in other words, the harmony of flesh and spirit. It is this thought which dominates *The History of Religion and Philosophy in*

Germany, his finest achievement in this kind. That book was written at the moment when Heine touched the highest point of his enthusiasm for freedom and his faith in the possibility of human progress. It is a sort of programme for the immediate future of the human spirit, in the form of a brief and bold outline of the spiritual history of Germany and Germany's great emancipators, Luther, Lessing, Kant, and the rest. It sets forth in a fresh and fascinating shape that Everlasting Gospel which, from the time of Joachim of Flora downwards, has always gleamed in dreams before the minds of men as the successor of Christianity. Heine's vision of a democracy of cakes and ale, founded on the heights of religious, philosophical, and political freedom, still spurs and thrills us — even now-a-days, when we have wearied of stately bills of fare for a sulky humanity that will not feed at our bidding, no, not on cakes and ale. Heine is wise enough to see, however imperfectly, that it is unreasonable to expect the speedy erection of any New Jerusalem; for, as he expresses it in his own way, the holy vampires of the middle ages have sucked away so much of our life-blood that the world has become a hospital. A sudden revolution of fever-stricken or hysterical invalids can effect little of permanent value; only a long and invigorating course of the tonics of life can make free from danger the open-air of nature. "Our first duty," he asserted in this book, "is to become healthy."

Heine confesses that he too was among the sick and decrepit souls. In reality he was at no period so full of life and health, so harmoniously inspired and upborne by a great enthusiasm. He laughs a little at Goethe; he fails to see that the Phidian Zeus, at whose confined position he jests, was the greatest liberator of them all; but for the most part his mocking sarcasm is here silent. It was not until ten years later, when the subtle seeds of disease had begun to appear, and when, too, he had perhaps gained a clearer insight into the possibilities of life, that Heine realised that the practical reforming movements of his time were not those for which his early enthusiasm had been aroused. And then he wrote *Atta Troll*.

With the slow steps of that consuming disease, and after the revolution of 1848, Heine ceased to recognise as of old any common root for his various activities, or to insist on the fundamental importance of religion. Everything in the world became the sport of his intelligence. The brain still functioned brilliantly in the atrophied body; the lightning-like wit still struck unerringly; it spared not even himself. The *Confessions* are full of

irony, covering all things with laughter that is half reverence, or with reverence that is more than half laughter — and woe to the reader who is not at every moment alert! In the romantic, satirical poem of *Atta Troll*, written at the commencement of this last period, this, his final altitude, is most completely revealed. It needs a little study to-day, even for a German, but it is well worth that study.

Atta Troll, the history of a dancing bear who escapes from servitude, is a protest against the radical party, with their narrow conceptions of progress, their tame ideal of *bourgeois* equality, their little watchwords, their solemnity, their indignation at the human creatures who smile “even in their enthusiasm.” All these serious concerns of the tribunes of the people are bathed in soft laughter as we listen to the delicious childlike monotonous melody in which the old bear, surrounded by his family, mumbles or mutters of the future. *Atta Troll* is not, as many have thought, a sneer at the most sacred ideals of men. It is, rather, the assertion of those ideals against the individuals who would narrow them down to their own petty scope. There are certain mirrors, Heine said, so constructed that they would present even Apollo as a caricature. But we laugh at the caricature, not at the god. It is well to show, even at the cost of some misunderstanding, that above and beyond the little ideals of our political progress, there is built a yet larger ideal city, of which also the human spirit claims citizenship. The defence of the inalienable rights of the spirit, Heine declares, had been the chief business of his life.

In the history of Germany it was her two great intellectual liberators, Luther and Lessing, to whom Heine looked up with the most unqualified love and reverence. By his later vindication of the rights of the spirit, not less than by his earlier fight for religious and political progress, he may be said to have earned for himself a place below, indeed, but not so very far below, those hearty and sound-cored iconoclasts.

II.

To reach the root of the man's nature we must glance at the chief facts of his life. He was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, then occupied by the French, probably on the 13th of December 1799. He came, by both parents, of that Jewish race which is, as he said once, the dough whereof gods are kneaded. The family of his mother, Betty van Geldern, had come from Holland a

century earlier; Betty herself received an excellent education; she shared the studies of her brother, who became a physician of repute; she spoke and read English and French; her favourite books were Rousseau's *Emile* and Goethe's elegies. Some letters written during her twenty-fourth year reveal a frank, brave and sweet nature; she was a bright, attractive little person, and had many wooers. In the summer of 1796 Samson Heine, bearing a letter of introduction, entered the house of the Van Gelderns. He was the son of a Jewish merchant settled in Hanover, and he had just made a campaign in Flanders and Brabant, in the capacity of commissary with the rank of officer, under Prince Ernest of Cumberland. He was a large and handsome man, with soft blond hair and beautiful hands; there was something about him, said his son, a little characterless and feminine. After a brief courtship he married Betty and settled at Düsseldorf as an agent for English velveteens. Harry (so he was named after an Englishman) was the first child. While from his rather weak and romantic father came whatever was loose and unbalanced in Heine's temperature, it was his mother, with her strong and healthy nature, well developed both intellectually and emotionally, who, as he himself said, played the chief part in the history of his evolution.

Harry was a quick child; his senses were keen, though he was not physically strong; he loved reading, and his favourite books were *Don Quixote* and *Gulliver's Travels*. He used to make rhymes with his only and much-loved sister Lotte, and at the age of ten he wrote a ghost-poem which his teachers considered a masterpiece. At the Lyceum he worked well, at night as well as by day. Only once, at the public ceremony at the end of a school year, he came to grief; he was reciting a poem, when his eyes fell on a beautiful, fair-haired girl in the audience; he hesitated, stammered, was silent, fell down fainting. So early he revealed the extreme cerebral irritability of a nature absorbed in dreams and taken captive by visions. It was not long after this, at the age of seventeen, when his rich uncle at Hamburg was trying in vain to set him forward on a commercial career, that Heine met the woman who aroused his first and last profound passion, always unsatisfied except in so far as it found exquisite embodiment in his poems. He never mentioned her name; it was not till after his death that the form standing behind this Maria, Zuleima, Evelina of so many sweet, strange, or melancholy songs was known to be that of his cousin, Amalie Heine.

With his uncle's help he studied law at Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin. At Berlin he fell under the dominant influence of Hegel, the vanquisher of the romantic school of which Schelling was the philosophic representative. Heine afterwards referred to this period as that in which he "herded swine with the Hegelians;" it is certain that Hegel exerted great and permanent influence over him. At Berlin, in 1821, appeared his first volume of poems, and then he began to take his true place.

At this period Heine is described as a good-natured and gentle youth, but reserved, not caring to show his emotions. He was of middle height and slender, with rather long light brown hair (in childhood it was red, and he was called "Rother Harry") framing the pale and beardless oval face, the bright blue short-sighted eyes, the Greek nose, the high cheek-bones, the large mouth, the full — half cynical, half sensual — lips. He was not a typical German; like Goethe, he never smoked; he disliked beer, and until he went to Paris he had never tasted *sauerkraut*.

For some years he continued, chiefly at Göttingen, to study law. But he had no liking and no capacity for jurisprudence, and his spasmodic fits of application at such moments as he realised that it was not good for him to depend on the generosity of his rich and kind-hearted uncle Solomon, failed to carry him far. A new idea, a sunny day, the opening of some flower-like *lied*, a pretty girl — and the Pandects were forgotten.

Shortly after he had at last received his doctor's diploma he went through the ceremony of baptism in hope of obtaining an appointment from the Prussian Government. It was a step which he immediately regretted, and which, far from placing him in a better position, excited the enmity both of Christians and Jews, although the Heine family had no very strong views on the matter; Heine's mother, it should be said, was a Deist, his father indifferent, but the Jewish rites were strictly kept up. He still talked of becoming an advocate, until, in 1826, the publication of the first volume of the *Reisebilder* gave him a reputation throughout Germany by its audacity, its charming and picturesque manner, its peculiarly original personality. The second volume, bolder and better than the first, was received with delight very much mixed with horror, and it was prohibited by Austria, Prussia, and many minor states. At this period Heine visited England; he was then disgusted with Germany and full of enthusiasm for the "land of freedom," an enthusiasm which naturally met with many rude shocks, and from that time dates the bitterness with which he usually speaks of England. He found

London — although, owing to a clever abuse of uncle Solomon's generosity, exceedingly well supplied with money— "frightfully damp and uncomfortable;" only the political life of England attracted him, and there were no bounds to his admiration of Canning. He then visited Italy, to spend there the happiest days of his life; and having at length realised that his efforts to obtain any government appointment in Germany would be fruitless, he emigrated to Paris. There, save for brief periods, he remained until his death.

This entry into the city which he had called the New Jerusalem was an important epoch in Heine's life. He was thirty-one years of age, still youthful, and eager to receive new impressions; he was apparently in robust health, notwithstanding constant headaches; Gautier describes him as in appearance a sort of German Apollo. He was still developing, as he continued to develop, even up to the end; the ethereal loveliness of the early poems vanished, it is true, but only to give place to a closer grasp of reality, a larger laughter, a keener cry of pain. He was now heartily welcomed by the extraordinarily brilliant group then living and working in Paris, including Victor Hugo, George Sand, Balzac, Michelet, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, Chopin, Louis Blanc, Dumas, Sainte-Beuve, Quinet, Berlioz, and many others, and he entered with eager delight into their manifold activities. For a time also he attached himself rather closely to the school of Saint-Simon, then headed by Enfantin; he was especially attracted by their religion of humanity, which seemed the realisation of his own dreams. Heine's book on *Religion and Philosophy in Germany* was written at Enfantin's suggestion, and the first edition dedicated to him; Enfantin's name was, he said, a sort of Shibboleth, indicating the most advanced party in the "liberation war of humanity." In 1855 he withdrew the dedication; it had become an anachronism; Enfantin was no longer ransacking the world in search of *la femme libre*; the martyrs of yesterday no longer bore a cross — unless it were, he added characteristically, the cross of the Legion of Honour.

A few years after his arrival in Paris Heine entered on a relationship which occupied a large place in his life. Mathilde Mirat, a lively grisette of sixteen, was the illegitimate daughter of a man of wealth and position in the provinces, and she had come up from Normandy to serve in her aunt's shoe-shop. Heine often passed this shop, and an acquaintance, at first carried on silently through the shop window, gradually ripened into a more intimate

relationship. Mathilde could neither read nor write; it was decided that she should go to school for a time; after that they established a little common household, one of those *ménages parisiens*, recognised as almost legitimate, for which Heine had always had a warm admiration, because, as he said, he meant by “marriage” something quite other than the legal coupling effected by parsons and bankers. As in the case of Goethe, it was not until some years later that he went through the religious ceremony, as a preliminary to a duel in which he had become involved by his remarks on Börne’s friend, Madame Strauss; he wished to give Mathilde an assured position in case of his death. After the ceremony at St. Sulpice he invited to dinner all those of his friends who had contracted similar relations, in order that they might be influenced by his example. That they were so influenced is not recorded.

It is not difficult to understand the strong and permanent attraction that drew the poet, who had so many intellectual and aristocratic women among his friends, to this pretty, laughter-loving grisette. It lay in her bright and wild humour, her childlike impulsiveness, not least in her charming ignorance. It was delightful to Heine that Mathilde had never read a line of his books, did not even know what a poet was, and loved him only for himself. He found in her a continual source of refreshment.

He had need of every source of refreshment. In the years that followed his formal marriage in 1841, the dark shadows, within and without, began to close round him. Although he was then producing his most mature work, chiefly in poetry — *Atta Troll*, *Romancero*, *Deutschland* — his income from literary sources remained small. Mathilde was not a good housekeeper; and even with the aid of a considerable allowance from his uncle Solomon, Heine was frequently in pecuniary difficulties, and was consequently induced to accept a small pension from the French government, which has sometimes been a matter of concern to those who care for his fame. As years passed, the enmities that he suffered from or cherished increased rather than diminished, and his bitterness found expression in his work. Even Mathilde was not an unalloyed source of joy; the charming child was becoming a middle-aged woman, and was still like a child. She could not enter into Heine’s interests; she delighted in theatres and circuses, to which he could not always accompany her; and he experienced the pangs of an unreasonable jealousy more keenly than he cared to admit. Then uncle Solomon died, and his son refused, until considerable pressure was brought to bear on him, to continue the

allowance which his father had intended Heine to receive. This was a severe blow, and the excitement it produced developed the latent seeds of his disease. It came on with alarming symptoms of paralysis, which even in a few months gave him, he says, the appearance of a dying man. During the next two years, although his brain remained clear, the long pathological tragedy was unfolded.

He went out for the last time in May 1848. Half blind and half lame, he slowly made his way out of the streets, filled with the noise of revolution, into the silent Louvre, to the shrine dedicated to “the goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo.” There he sat long at her feet; he was bidding farewell to his old gods; he had become reconciled to the religion of sorrow; tears streamed from his eyes, and she looked down at him, compassionate but helpless: “Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and cannot help thee?”

On eût dit un Apollon germanique — so Gautier said of the Heine of 1835; twenty years later an English visitor wrote of him— “He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet which covered him — his eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted ‘Ecce Homo’ ever painted by some old German painter.”

His sufferings were only relieved by ever larger doses of morphia; but although still more troubles came to him, and the failure of a bank robbed him of his small savings, his spirit remained unconquered. “He is a wonderful man,” said one of his doctors; “he has only two anxieties — to conceal his condition from his mother, and to assure his wife’s future.” His literary work, though it decreased in amount, never declined in power; only, in the words of his friend Berlioz, it seemed as though the poet was standing at the window of his tomb, looking around on the world in which he had no longer a part.

He saw a few friends, of whom Ferdinand Lassalle, with his exuberant power and enthusiasm, was the most interesting to him, as the representative of a new age and a new social faith; and the most loved, that girl-friend who sat for hours or days at a time by the “mattress-grave” in the Rue d’ Amsterdam, reading to him or writing his letters or correcting proofs. To the last the loud, bright voice of Mathilde, when he chanced to hear it, scolding the servants or in other active exercise, often made him stop speaking, while a smile of delight passed over his face. He died on the

16th of February 1856. He was buried, silently, in Montmartre, according to his wish; for, as he said, it is quiet there.

III.

Throughout and above all Heine was a poet. From first to last he was led by three angels who danced for ever in his brain, and guided him, singly or together, always. They were the same as in *Atta Troll* he saw in the moonlight from the casement of Uraka's hut — the Greek Diana, grown wanton, but with the noble marble limbs of old; Abunde, the blond and gay fairy of France; Herodias, the dark Jewess, like a palm of the oasis, and with all the fragrance of the East between her breasts: "O, you dead Jewess, I love you most, more than the Greek goddess, more than that fairy of the North."

Those genii of three ideal lands danced for ever in his brain, and that is but another way of indicating the opposition that lay at the root of his nature. From one point of view, it may well be, he continued the work of Luther and Lessing, though he was less great-hearted, less sound at core, though he had not that element of sane Philistinism which marks the Shakespeares and Goethes of the world. But he was, more than anything else, a poet, an artist, a dreamer, a perpetual child. The practical reformers among whom at one time he placed himself, the men of one idea, were naturally irritated and suspicious; there was a flavour of aristocracy in such idealism. In the poem called "Disputation" a Capuchin and a Rabbi argued before the King and Queen at Toledo concerning the respective merits of the Christian and Jewish religions. Both spoke at great length and with great fervour, and in the end the King appealed to the beautiful Queen by his side. She replied that she could not tell which of them was right, but that she did not like the smell of either; and Heine was generally of the Queen's mind. He sighed for the restoration of Barbarossa, the long-delayed German Empire, and his latest biographer asserts that he would have greeted the discovery of Barbarossa under the disguise of the King of Prussia, with Bismarckian insignia of blood and iron, as the realisation of all his dreams. It is doubtful, however, whether the meeting would be very cordial on either side. It would probably be the painful duty of the Emperor, as of the Emperor of the vision in *Deutschland*, to tell Heine, in very practical language, that he was wanting in respect, wanting in all sense of etiquette;

and Heine would certainly reply to the Emperor, as under the same circumstances he replied to the visionary Barbarossa, that that venerable gentleman had better go home again, that during his long absence Emperors had become unnecessary, and that, after all, sceptres and crowns made admirable playthings for monkeys.

“We are founding a democracy of gods,” he wrote in 1834, “all equally holy, blessed and glorious. You desire simple clothing, ascetic morals, and unseasoned enjoyments; we, on the contrary, desire nectar and ambrosia, purple mantles, costly perfumes, pleasure and splendour, dances of laughing nymphs, music and plays. — Do not be angry, you virtuous republicans; we answer all your reproaches in the words of one of Shakespeare’s fools: ‘Dost thou think that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?’” What could an austere republican, a Puritanic Liberal, who scorned the vision of roses and myrtles and sugar-plums all round, say to this? Börne answered, “I can be indulgent to the games of children, indulgent to the passions of a youth, but when on the bloody day of battle a boy who is chasing butterflies gets between my legs; when at the day of our greatest need, and we are calling aloud on God, the young coxcomb beside us in the church sees only the pretty girls, and winks and flirts — then, in spite of all our philosophy and humanity, we may well grow angry.... Heine, with his sybaritic nature, is so effeminate that the fall of a roseleaf disturbs his sleep; how, then, should he[Pgxix] rest comfortably on the knotty bed of freedom? Where is there any beauty without a fault? Where is there any good thing without its ridiculous side? Nature is seldom a poet and never rhymes; let him whom her rhymeless prose cannot please turn to poetry!” Börne was right; Heine was not the man to plan a successful revolution, or defend a barricade, or edit a popular democratic newspaper, or represent adequately a radical constituency — all this was true. Let us be thankful that it was true; Börnes are ever with us, and we are grateful: there is but one Heine.

The same complexity of nature that made Heine an artist made him a humorist. But it was a more complicated complexity now, a cosmic game between the real world and the ideal world; he could go no further. The young Catullus of 1825, with his fiery passions crushed in the wine-press of life and yielding such divine ambrosia, soon lost his faith in passion. The militant soldier in the liberation-war of humanity of 1835 soon ceased to flourish his sword. It was only with the full development of his humour,

when his spinal cord began to fail and he had taken up his position as a spectator of life, that Heine attained the only sort of unity possible to him — the unity that comes of a recognised and accepted lack of unity. In the lambent flames of this unequalled humour he bathed all the things he counted dearest; to its service he brought the secret of his poet's nature, the secret of speaking with a voice that every heart leaps up to answer. It is scarcely the humour of Aristophanes, though it is a greater force, even in moulding our political and social ideals, than Börne knew; it is oftener a modern development of the humour of the mad king and the fool in *Lear* — that humour which is the last concentrated word of the human organism under the lash of Fate.

And if it is still asked why Heine is so modern, it can only be said that these discords out of which his humour exhaled are those which we have nearly all of us known, and that he speaks with a voice that seems to arise from the depth of our own souls. He represents our period of transition; he gazed, from what[Pgxx] appeared the vulgar Pishgah of his day, behind on an Eden that was for ever closed, before on a promised land he should never enter. While with clear sight he announced things to come, the music of the past floated up to him; he brooded wistfully over the vision of the old Olympian gods, dying, amid faint music of cymbals and flutes, forsaken, in the mediæval wilderness; he heard strange sounds of psaltries and harps, the psalms of Israel, the voice of Princess Sabbath, sounding across the remote waters of Babylon. — In a few years this significance of Heine will be lost; that it is not yet lost the eagerness with which his books are read and translated sufficiently testifies.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

REISEBILDER.

IDEAS, OR THE BOOK LE GRAND.

[The *Ideas*, of which the chief portion is here presented, was published in 1826 in the second volume of the *Reisebilder*, or *Travel-Pictures*. The German title has been retained, as Heine himself retained it in the French translation. The translation here given is founded on Mr. Leland's; it has been carefully revised.]

CHAPTER I.

She was lovable, and he loved her. But he was not lovable, and she did not love him. — *Old Play*.

MADAME, do you know the old play? It is quite an extraordinary play, only a little too melancholy. I once played the leading part in it myself, so that all the ladies wept; only one did not weep, not even a single tear, and that was the point of the play, the whole catastrophe.

Oh, that single tear! it still torments my thoughts. When Satan wishes to ruin my soul, he hums in my ear a ballad of that unwept tear, a deadly song with a more deadly tune. Ah! such a tune is only heard in Hell!

You can readily form an idea, Madame, of what life is like in Heaven, the more readily as you are married. There people amuse themselves altogether superbly, every sort of entertainment is provided, and one lives in mere desire and delight. One eats from morning to night, and the cookery is as good as Jagor's; roast geese fly round with gravy-boats in their bills, and feel flattered if any one eats them; tarts gleaming with butter grow wild like sunflowers; everywhere there are brooks of *bouillon* and champagne, everywhere trees on which napkins flutter, and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to your stomach; you sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the dear, delicate little angels, or take a walk on the green Hallelujah-Meadow, and your white flowing garments fit very comfortably, and nothing disturbs the feeling of blessedness, no pain, no vexation — even when one accidentally treads on another's corns and exclaims, "*Excusez!*" he smiles as if enraptured, and assures, "Thy foot, brother, did not hurt in the least, quite *au contraire*, a deeper thrill of heavenly rapture shoots through my heart!"

But of Hell, Madame, you have no idea. Of all the devils you know, perhaps, only the little Amor, the pretty *Croupier* of Hell, Beelzebub, and you know him only from *Don Juan*, and doubtless think that for such a betrayer of innocence Hell can never be made hot enough, though our praiseworthy theatre directors spend upon him as much flame, fiery rain, powder, and colophonium as any Christian could desire in Hell.

But things in Hell look much worse than our theatre directors know, or they would not bring out so many bad plays. For in Hell it is infernally hot,

and when I was there, in the dog-days, it was past endurance. Madame, you can have no idea of Hell! We have very few official returns from that place. Still, it is rank calumny to say that down there all the poor souls are compelled to read, the whole day long, all the dull sermons that are printed on earth. Bad as Hell is, it has not come to that; Satan will never invent such refinements of torture. On the other hand, Dante's description is too mild on the whole, too poetic. Hell appeared to me like a great kitchen, with an endlessly long stove, on which stood three rows of iron pots, and in these sat the damned, and were cooked. In one row were placed Christian sinners, and, incredible as it may seem, their number was anything but small, and the devils poked the fire up under them with especial good-will. In the next row were Jews, who continually screamed and cried, and were occasionally mocked by the fiends, which sometimes seemed very amusing, as, for instance, when a fat, wheezy old pawnbroker complained of the heat, and a little devil poured several buckets of cold water on his head, that he might realise what a refreshing benefit baptism was. In the third row sat the heathen, who, like the Jews, could take no part in salvation, and must burn forever. I heard one of these, as a burly devil put fresh coals under his kettle, cry out from his pot, "Spare me! I was Socrates, the wisest of mortals. I taught Truth and Justice, and sacrificed my life for Virtue." But the stupid, burly devil went on with his work, and grumbled, "Oh, shut up, there! All heathens must burn, and we can't make an exception for the sake of a single man." I assure you, Madame, the heat was terrible, with such a screaming, sighing, groaning, quacking, grunting, squealing — and through all these terrible sounds rang distinctly the deadly tune of the song of the unwept tear.

CHAPTER II.

“She was lovable, and he loved her. But he was not lovable, and she did not love him.” — *Old Play*.

Madame! that old play is a tragedy, though the hero in it is neither killed nor commits suicide. The eyes of the heroine are beautiful — very beautiful — Madame, do you smell the perfume of violets? — very beautiful, and yet so piercing that they struck like poignards of glass through my heart and probably came out through my back — and yet I was not killed by those treacherous, murderous eyes. The voice of the heroine was also sweet — Madame, did you hear a nightingale just then? — a soft, silken voice, a sweet web of the sunniest tones, and my soul was entangled in it, and choked and tormented itself. I myself — it is the Count of Ganges who now speaks, and the story goes on in Venice — I myself soon had enough of these tortures, and had thoughts of putting an end to the play in the first act, and of shooting myself through the head, fool’s-cap and all. I went to a fancy shop in the Via Burstah, where I saw a pair of beautiful pistols in a case — I remember them perfectly well — near them stood many pleasant playthings of mother-of-pearl and gold, steel hearts on gilt chains, porcelain cups with delicate devices, and snuff-boxes with pretty pictures, such as the divine history of Susannah, the Swan Song of Leda, the Rape of the Sabines, Lucretia, a fat, virtuous creature, with naked bosom, in which she was lazily sticking a dagger; the late Bethmann, *la belle Ferronière* — all enrapturing faces — but I bought the pistols without much ado, and then I bought balls, then powder, and then I went to the restaurant of Signor Somebody, and ordered oysters and a glass of Hock.

I could eat nothing, and still less could I drink. The warm tears fell in the glass, and in that glass I saw my dear home, the holy, blue Ganges, the evergleaming Himalaya, the giant banyan woods, amid whose broad arcades calmly wandered wise elephants and white-robed pilgrims, strange dream-like flowers gazed on me with meaning glance, wondrous golden birds sang wildly, flashing sun-rays and the sweet, silly chatter of monkeys pleasantly mocked me, from far pagodas sounded the pious prayers of priests, and amid all rang the melting, wailing voice of the Sultana of Delhi — she ran impetuously around in her carpeted chamber, she tore her silver veil, with

her peacock fan she struck the black slave to the ground, she wept, she raged, she cried. I could not, however, hear what she said; the restaurant of Signor Somebody is three thousand miles distant from the Harem of Delhi, besides the fair Sultana had been dead three thousand years — and I quickly drank up the wine, the clear, joy-giving wine, and yet my soul grew darker and sadder — I was condemned to death.

As I left the restaurant I heard the “bell of poor sinners” ring, a crowd of people swept by me; but I placed myself at the corner of the Strada San Giovanni, and recited the following monologue: —

“In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,
And gay attendants gleam, and jessamine,
Myrtle, and roses spread their soft perfume —
And yet a single word of sad enchantment
Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught,
And there remain but ruins old and grey,
And screaming birds of night and foul morass.
Even so have I, with but a single word,
Enchanted Nature’s blooming loveliness.
There lies she now, lifeless and cold and pale,
Just like a monarch’s corse laid out in state,
The royal deathly cheeks fresh stained with rouge,
And in his hand the kingly sceptre laid,
Yet still his lips are yellow and most changed,
For they forgot to dye them, as they should,
And mice are jumping o’er the monarch’s nose,
And mock the golden sceptre in his grasp.”

It is everywhere agreed, Madame, that one should deliver a soliloquy before shooting himself. Most men, on such occasions, use Hamlet’s “To be, or not to be.” It is an excellent passage, and I would gladly have quoted it — but charity begins at home, and when a man has written tragedies himself, in which such farewell-to-life speeches occur, as, for instance, in my immortal *Almansor*, it is very natural that one should prefer his own words even to Shakespeare’s. At any rate, the delivery of such speeches is a very useful custom; one gains at least a little time. And so it came to pass

that I remained a rather long time standing at the corner of the Strada San Giovanni — and as I stood there like a condemned criminal awaiting death, I raised my eyes, and suddenly beheld *her*.

She wore her blue silk dress and rose-red hat, and her eyes looked at me so mildly, so death-conqueringly, so life-givingly — Madame, you well know, out of Roman history, that when the vestals in ancient Rome met on their way a malefactor led to death, they had the right to pardon him, and the poor rogue lived. With a single glance she saved me from death, and I stood before her revived, and dazzled by the sunbeams of her beauty, and she passed on — and left me alive.

CHAPTER III.

And she left me alive, and I live, which is the main point.

Others may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady-love adorn their graves with garlands and water them with the tears of fidelity. Oh, women! hate me, laugh at me, jilt me — but let me live! Life is all too laughably sweet, and the world too delightfully bewildered; it is the dream of an intoxicated god, who has taken French leave of the carousing multitude of immortals, and has laid himself down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he creates all that he dreams — and the dream images form themselves in such a mad variegated fashion, and often so harmoniously reasonable — the Iliad, Plato, the battle of Marathon, Moses, Medician Venus, Strasburg Cathedral, the French Revolution, Hegel, the steamboat, etc., etc., are single good thoughts in this divine dream — but it will not last long, and the god awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles — and our world has run to nothing — yes, has never been.

No matter! I live. If I am but a shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold, black, void annihilation of Death. Life is the greatest good and death the worst evil. Berlin lieutenants of the guard may sneer and call it cowardice, because the Prince of Homburg shudders when he beholds his open grave. Henry Kleist had, however, as much courage as his high-breasted, tightly-laced colleagues, and has, alas! proved it. But all strong men love life. Goethe's Egmont does not part willingly from "the cheerful wont of being and working." Immermann's Edwin clings to life "like a little child to its mother's breast," and though he finds it hard to live by stranger mercy, he still begs for mercy: "For life and breath is still the highest."

When Odysseus in the under-world sees Achilles as the leader of dead heroes, and extols his renown among the living, and his glory even among the dead, Achilles answers: —

"No more discourse of death, consolingly, noble Odysseus!
Rather would I in the field as daily labourer be toiling,
Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking possessions,
Than mid the infinite host of long-vanished mortals be ruler."

Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols and said to him, "If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog;" the latter replied, "I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion!" and he was right. I have fought often enough, Madame, to dare to say this — God be praised! I live! Red life pulses in my veins, earth yields beneath my feet, in the glow of love I embrace trees and statues, and they live in my embrace. Every woman is to me the gift of a world. I revel in the melody of her countenance, and with a single glance of my eye I can enjoy more than others with their every limb through all their lives. Every instant is to me an eternity. I do not measure time with the ell of Brabant or of Hamburg, and I need no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live enough in this life, when I live backwards in the life of those who have gone before me, and win myself an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast, and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousand-fold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring has sent them to awaken Earth from her morning slumber, and Earth trembles with ecstasy; her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun — the sun moves far too slowly; I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly. But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great passionate eyes, oh! then true pleasure first thrills through me, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of men.

CHAPTER IV.

But a day will come when the fire in my veins will be quenched, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snow flakes will whiten my locks, and his mists will dim my eyes. Then my friends will lie in their lonely graves, and I alone shall remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race will have sprung up with new desires and new ideas; full of wonder I shall hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names will be forgotten, and I myself forgotten, perhaps still honoured by a few, scorned by many and loved by none! And then the rosy-cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say, laughing, "You have been long silent, you greybeard; sing us again songs of your youthful dreams!"

Then I will grasp the harp, and my old joys and sorrows will awake, tears will again spring from my dead eyes; there will be Spring again in my breast, sweet tones of sorrow will tremble on the harpstrings, I shall see again the blue stream and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of women and girls — and I will sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

It will be my last song; the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound from afar, my sleep-drunken eyes will close, my soul will echo with the notes of my harp; I shall smell the flowers of Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and on summer evenings lovers will sit there and caress; the green-finch, who rocks himself on the branches, will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle tenderly over the heads of the happy ones, who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when later the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh, and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone, and read the inscription— "He loved the flowers of Brenta."

CHAPTER V.

Madame! I have deceived you. I am not the Count of the Ganges. Never in my life have I seen the holy stream, nor the lotus flowers which are mirrored in its sacred waves. Never did I lie dreaming under Indian palms, nor in prayer before the Diamond Deity Juggernaut, who with his diamonds might have easily aided me out of my difficulties. I have no more been in Calcutta than the turkey, of which I ate yesterday at dinner, had ever been in the realms of the Grand Turk. Yet my ancestors came from Hindostan, and therefore I feel so much at my ease in the great forest of song of Valmiki. The heroic sorrows of the divine Ramo move my heart like familiar griefs; from the flower lays of Kalidasa the sweetest memories bloom; and when a few years ago a gentle lady in Berlin showed me the beautiful pictures which her father, who had been Governor in India, had brought from thence, the delicately-painted, holy, calm faces seemed as familiar to me as though I were gazing at my own family gallery.

Franz Bopp — Madame, you have of course read his *Nalus* and his System of Sanscrit Conjugations — gave me much information relative to my ancestry, and I now know with certainty that I am descended from Brahma's head, and not from his corns. I have also good reason to believe that the entire *Mahabarata*, with its two hundred thousand verses, is merely an allegorical love-letter which my first fore-father wrote to my first fore-mother. Oh! they loved dearly, their souls kissed, they kissed with their eyes, they were both but one single kiss.

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough in the silent sea, and sings a song of the love of my ancestors; the pearls gaze eagerly from their shells, the wonderful water-flowers tremble with sorrow, the cunning sea-snails, bearing on their backs many-coloured porcelain towers, come creeping onwards, the ocean-roses blush with shame, the yellow, sharp-pointed starfish, and the thousand-hued glassy jelly-fish quiver and stretch, and all swarm and listen.

Unfortunately, Madame, this nightingale song is far too long to be set down here; it is as long as the world itself, even its dedication to Anangas, the God of Love, is as long as all Scott's novels, and there is a passage referring to it in Aristophanes, which in German reads thus: —

“Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
Totototo totototo tototinx.”
(Voss’s *Translation*.)

No, I was not born in India. I first beheld the light of the world on the shores of that beautiful stream, in whose green hills folly grows and is plucked in Autumn, laid away in cellars, poured into barrels, and exported to foreign lands. In fact, only yesterday I heard some one speaking a piece of folly which, in the year 1811, was imprisoned in a bunch of grapes, which I myself then saw growing on the Johannisburg. But much folly is also consumed at home, and men are the same there as everywhere: they are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, slander each other, are greatly troubled about the propagation of their race, try to seem what they are not and to do what they cannot, never shave until they have a beard, and often have beards before they get discretion, and when they at last have discretion, they drink it away in white and red folly.

Mon dieu! if I had faith, so that I could remove mountains — the Johannisburg would be just the mountain which I would carry with me everywhere. But as my faith is not strong enough, imagination must aid me, and she quickly sets me by the beautiful Rhine.

Oh, that is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. In the blue stream are mirrored the mountain shores, with their ruined towers, and woods, and ancient towns. There, before the house-door, sit the good townspeople, of a summer evening, and drink out of great cans, and gossip confidentially about how the wine — the Lord be praised! — thrives, and how justice should be free from all secrecy, and how Marie Antoinette’s being guillotined is none of our business, and how dear the tobacco tax makes tobacco, and how all mankind are equal, and what a glorious fellow Gørres is.

I have never troubled myself about such conversation, and sat rather with the maidens in the arched window, and laughed at their laughter, and let them throw flowers in my face, and pretended to be ill-natured until they told me their secrets, or some other important stories. Fair Gertrude was half wild with delight when I sat by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose, and once, as she fell on my neck, I thought that she would burn away into perfume in my arms. Fair Katharine flamed into sweet music when she talked with me, and her eyes were of a pure, internal blue, which I have

never seen in men or animals, and very seldom in flowers — one gazed so gladly into them, and could then think such sweet things. But the beautiful Hedwig loved me, for when I came to her she bowed her head till her black curls fell down over her blushing face, and her bright eyes shone like stars from the dark heaven. Her bashful lips spoke not a word, and I too could say nothing to her. I coughed and she trembled. She often begged me, through her sisters, not to climb the rocks so rashly, or to bathe in the Rhine when I was hot with running or drinking wine. Once I overheard her pious prayer before the Virgin Mary, which she had adorned with gold leaf and illuminated with a lamp, and which stood in a corner at the entrance. I plainly heard her pray to the Mother of God to keep him from climbing, drinking, and bathing. I should certainly have been desperately in love with her if she had been indifferent to me, and I was indifferent to her because I knew that she loved me. — Madame, to win my love, I must be treated *en canaille*.

Johanna was the cousin of the three sisters, and I was glad to be with her. She knew the most beautiful old legends, and when she pointed with her white hand through the window out to the mountains where all had happened which she narrated, I became enchanted; the old knights rose visibly from the ruined castles and hewed away at each other's iron clothes, the Lorely sat again on the mountain summit, singing a-down her sweet, seductive song, and the Rhine rippled so reasonably soothing — and yet so mockingly horrible — and the fair Johanna looked at me so strangely, with such enigmatic tenderness, that she seemed herself one with the legend that she told. She was a slender, pale girl, sickly and musing, her eyes were clear as truth itself, her lips piously arched, in her face lay a great story — was it a love legend? I know not, and I never had the courage to ask. When I looked at her long, I grew calm and cheerful — it seemed to me as though it was Sunday in my heart and the angels held service there.

In such happy hours I told her tales of my childhood, and she listened earnestly, and, strangely, when I could not think of the names she remembered them. When I then asked her with wonder how she knew the names, she would answer with a smile that she had learned it of the birds that had built a nest on the sill of her window — and she tried to make me believe that these were the same birds which I once bought with my pocket-money from a hard-hearted peasant boy, and then let fly away. But I believed that she knew everything because she was so pale, and really soon

died. She knew, too, when she would die, and wished that I would leave Andernach the day before. When I bade her farewell she gave me both her hands — they were white, sweet hands, and pure as the Host — and she said, You are very good, and when you are not, think of the little dead Veronica.

Did the chattering birds also tell her this name? Often in hours of remembrance I had wearied my brain in trying to think of that dear name, but could not.

And now that I have it again, my earliest infancy shall bloom into memory again — and I am again a child, and play with other children in the Castle Court at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI.

Yes, Madame, there was I born, and I am particular in calling attention to the fact, lest after my death seven cities — those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt — should contend for the honour of being my birthplace. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand people live there, and many hundred thousands besides are buried there. And among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive — for example, my grand-father and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern, and the young Herr von Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved the lives of so many men, and yet must both die themselves. And pious Ursula, who carried me as a child in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave — she loved rose-perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose-perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old Canonikus also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there — and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, “William, do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!” and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook, and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was cold and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home*, I mean the Volkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it, that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled distinguished English ladies will give the servant when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk. Ah

me! should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my fame still slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not yet spread its perfume through the wide world, and when the green-veiled distinguished English ladies visit Düsseldorf, they leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go direct to the Market Place, and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armour and a long, hanging wig. When a boy, I was told that the artist who made this statue observed with terror while it was being cast that he had not metal enough, and then all the citizens of the town came running with all their silver spoons, and threw them in to fill the mould; and I often stood for hours before the statue puzzling my head as to how many spoons were sticking in it, and how many apple-tarts all that silver would buy. Apple-tarts were then my passion — now it is love, truth, freedom, and crab-soup — and not far from the statue of the Prince Elector, at the theatre corner, generally stood a curiously constructed sabre-legged rascal with a white apron, and a basket girt around him full of smoking apple-tarts, which he knew how to praise with an irresistible treble voice. “Apple tarts! quite fresh! so delicious!” Truly, whenever in my later years the Evil One sought to win me, he always cried in just such an enticing treble, and I should certainly have never remained twelve hours by the Signora Giulietta, if she had not thrilled me with her sweet, fragrant, apple-tart-tones. And, in fact, the apple-tarts would never have so enticed me, if the crooked Hermann had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white apron — and it is aprons, you know, which — but I wander from the subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in its body and no soup, and which represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm.

He must have been a brave gentleman, very fond of art, and skilful himself. He founded the picture gallery in Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there they show a very artistic piece of woodwork, which he, himself, had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are; the crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their night-caps over it and slept peacefully, and their people slumbered

peacefully at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and he replied, "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this. One morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf and would say, "Good morning, father!" the father had travelled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently to the market and read the long paper on the door of the Town Hall. It was bad weather, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in his nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and his blue woollen stockings hung down so that his little bare legs peeped out in a troubled way, and his thin lips quivered as he murmured the placard. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it rather louder, and at some words a clear tear ran down his white honourable old moustache. I stood near him, crying too, and asked why we were crying? And he replied "The Prince Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words, "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when an old man, in faded uniform, and scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely Electoral coat of arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as anxiously dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The town councillors went about at an abdicating, wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals with foolish grimaces, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *ça ira! ça ira!*

But I went home crying and lamenting, "The Prince Elector has abdicated." My mother might do what she would, I knew what I knew, and went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end — the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled away like carpets from the floor, the beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker — a few stars glimmered on high, and even these fell down like yellow leaves in autumn, men gradually vanished, and I, poor child, wandered in anguish around, until before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house I saw a man digging

up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head, but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave — and behind me stood the Palatine soldier sobbing, and spelling, “The Prince Elector has abdicated.”

When I awoke the sun shone as usual through the window, there was a sound of drums in the street, and as I entered our sitting-room and wished my father — who sat in his white dressing-gown — good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town Hall to the Arch Duke Joachim. I heard, too, that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man, that he wore his beautiful black hair in curls, that he would shortly enter the town, and would certainly please all the ladies. Meanwhile, the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching, those joyous and famous people who swept over the world, singing and playing, the merry, serious faces of the grenadiers, the bearskin shakoes, the tri-coloured cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of vivacity and *point d’honneur*, and the giant-like silver-laced Tambour Major, who cast his *bâton* with the gilded head as high as the first storey, and his eyes to the second, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house — my mother was not glad — and I hastened to the market-place. There everything looked changed; it was as though the world had been new whitewashed. A new coat of arms was placed on the Town Hall, its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery, French grenadiers stood as sentinels, the old town councillors had put on new faces and Sunday coats, and looked at each other French fashion, and said, “*Bon jour!*” ladies peeped from every window, inquisitive citizens and soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the shining Prince Elector’s great bronze horse, and looked down on the motley crowd.

Neighbour Peter and Long Conrad nearly broke their necks on this occasion, and that would have been well, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence, while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pockets, became a working member of a public tread-mill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of

wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Long Conrad told us there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time till this was over. At last the balcony of the Council House was filled with gay gentlemen, flags and trumpets, and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like India rubber, or like a night-cap into which one has thrown a stone — only that it was not the stone of wisdom — and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases, for instance, that “we are now to be made happy” — and at the last words the trumpets and drums sounded, and the flags waved, and the people cried Hurrah! — and as I myself cried Hurrah! I held fast to the old Prince Elector. And that was necessary, for I began to grow giddy; it seemed to me that the people were standing on their heads while the world whizzed around, and the Prince Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, “Hold fast to me!” — and not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climbed slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home I saw crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and crooked Gumpertz was rolling in the gutter drunk, and growling *ça ira, ça ira* — and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and so there was no school to-day.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before — the Roman kings, chronology — the *nomina in im*, the *verba irregularia* — Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic — Lord! my head is still giddy with it! — all must be learnt by heart. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learnt the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learnt chronology, how could I ever, in later years, have found out anyone in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water, or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head. Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met an acquaintance. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the Battle of Marathon; if I saw the well-dressed banker, Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the University Judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. — Ach, *lieber Himmel!* the poor creature is dead now, our tears are dry, and we may say of her, with Hamlet, “Take her for all in all, she was a hag — we oft shall look upon her like again!” As I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are, moreover, regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with dates! — and it went even worse with arithmetic. I understood *subtraction* best, and for this I had a very practical rule— “Four from three won’t go, I must borrow one” — but I advise everyone, in such a case, to borrow a few extra shillings, for one never knows.

But as for the Latin, Madame, you can really have no idea how muddled it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin. Those happy people knew in their cradles the nouns with an accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn

them by heart, in the sweat of my brow, but still it is well that I knew them. For if, for example, when I publicly disputed in Latin, in the College Hall of Göttingen, on the 20th of July 1825 — Madame, it was well worth while to hear it — if, I say, I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the blunder would have been evident to the Freshmen, and an endless shame for me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis* — these words, which have attracted so much attention in the world, effected this, because they belonged to a determined class, and yet were exceptions; on that account I value them highly, and the fact that I have them ready at my finger's ends when I perhaps need them in a hurry affords me in many dark hours of life much internal tranquillity and consolation. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia* — they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that in learning them one gets more whippings — are terribly difficult. In the damp arches of the Franciscan cloister near our school-room there hung a large crucified Christ of grey wood, a dismal image, that even yet at times marches through my dreams and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes — before this image I often stood and prayed, “Oh thou poor and equally tormented God, if it be possible for thee, see that I get by heart the irregular verbs!”

I will say nothing of Greek; I should irritate myself too much. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very much in the wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the Devil. Lord knows what I suffered through it. It went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they to this very hour have crucified my good name; but I never could get so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had an intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits — for instance, it would not go on Saturday — and learned the holy language, and was subsequently occupied with its grammar, for often when sleepless in the night I have to my amazement heard it industriously repeating: *katal, katalta, katalki* — *kittel, kittalta, kittalti* — *pokat, pokadeti* — *pikat* — *pik* — *pik*.

Meanwhile I learned much more German, and that is not such child's play. For we poor Germans, who have already been sufficiently plagued with soldiers quartered on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other exactions, must needs, over and above all this, torment each other with accusatives and datives. I learned much German from the old Rector Schallmeyer, a brave, clerical gentleman, whose protégé I was from

childhood. Something of the matter I also learned from Professor Schramm, a man who had written a book on Eternal Peace, and in whose class my school-fellows fought with especial vigour.

And while thus dashing on in a breath, and thinking of everything, I have unexpectedly found myself back among old school stories, and I avail myself of this opportunity to show you, Madame, that it was not my fault if I learned so little geography, that later in life I could not make my way in the world. For in those days the French had deranged all boundaries, every day countries were recoloured; those which were once blue suddenly became green, many even blood-red; the old established rules were so confused and confounded that no Devil would recognise them. The products of the country also changed, chickory and beets now grew where only hares and hunters running after them were once to be seen; even the characters of different races changed — the Germans became pliant, the French paid compliments no longer, the English ceased making ducks and drakes of their money, and the Venetians were not subtle enough; there was promotion among princes, old kings obtained new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes, many potentates, on the other hand, were chased from house and home, and had to find some new way of earning their bread, while others went at once at a trade, and manufactured, for instance, sealing-wax, or — Madame, this sentence must be brought to an end, or I shall be out of breath — in short, it is impossible in such times to advance far in geography.

I succeeded better in natural history, for there we find fewer changes, and we always have standard engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, etc. And having many such pictures in my memory, it often happens that at first sight many mortals appear to me like old acquaintances.

I did well in mythology; I took real delight in the mob of gods and goddesses who ruled the world in joyous nakedness. I do not believe that there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the chief articles of his catechism — that is, the loves of Venus — better than I. To tell the truth, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them from the first, and we have not perhaps made so much out of our New Roman Trinity or even our Jewish monotheism. Perhaps that mythology was not in reality so immoral as we imagine, and it was, for

example, a very decent thought of Homer's to give the much-loved Venus a husband.

But I succeeded best of all in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré* who had written a number of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about very nervously when he recited his *Art poétique*, and his *Histoire Allemande*. He was the only one in the whole gymnasium who taught German history. Still French has its difficulties, and to learn it there must be much quartering of troops, much drumming in, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all, no one should be a *bête allemande*. Thus many bitter words came in. I remember still, as though it happened yesterday, the scrapes I got into through *la religion*. Six times came the question:—"Henry, what is the French for 'the faith?'" And six times, ever more tearfully, I replied, "It is called *le crédit*." And at the seventh question, with a deep cherry-red face, my furious examiner cried, "It is called *la religion*" — and there was a rain of blows, and all my school-fellows laughed. Madame! — since that day I can never hear the word *religion* but my back turns pale with terror, and my cheeks red with shame. And to speak truly, *le crédit* has during my life stood me in better stead than *la religion*. It occurs to me at this moment that I still owe the landlord of the Lion, in Bologna, five thalers. And I pledge you my word of honour that I would owe him five thalers more if I could only be certain that I should never again hear that unlucky word, *la religion*.

Parbleu, Madame! I have succeeded well in French! I understand not only *patois*, but even aristocratic nurse-maid French. Not long ago, when in noble society, I understood full one-half of the conversation of two German countesses, each of whom could count at least sixty-four years, and as many ancestors. Yes, in the *Café Royal*, at Berlin, I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens talking French, and understood every word, though there was no understanding in it. We must know the spirit of a language, and this is best learned by drumming. *Parbleu!* how much do I not owe to the French Drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like a Devil, and yet had the heart of an angel, and who drummed so excellently.

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black moustache, beneath which the red lips turned suddenly outwards, while his fiery eyes glanced around.

I, a youngster, stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to rub his military buttons like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest — for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well — and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade — in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment — *les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand knew only a little broken German, only the chief expressions— “Bread,” “Kiss,” “Honour” — but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I did not know what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the *Marseillaise* — and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march, “*Ca ira, ... les aristocrats à la lanterne!*” and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also declares, have drummed in Champagne — and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word *l’Allemagne*, and he drummed the all too simple primeval melody, which on market days is played to dancing dogs — namely, *dum — dum — dum*. I was vexed, but I understood him.

In the same way he taught me modern history. I did not understand the words, it is true, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I knew what he meant. At bottom this is the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastille, of the Tuilleries, and the like, we understand first when we know how the drumming was done. In our school compendiums of history we merely read: “Their excellencies, the Baron and Count, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded. Their highnesses the Dukes, and Princes, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded. His Majesty the King, with his most sublime spouse, the Queen, was beheaded.” But when you hear the red guillotine march drummed, you understand it correctly, for the first time, and you know the how and the why. Madame, that is indeed a wonderful march! It thrilled through marrow and bone when I first heard it, and I was glad that I forgot it. One forgets so much as one grows older, and a young man has now-a-days so much other knowledge to keep in his head — whist, Boston, genealogical tables, parliamentary data, dramaturgy, the liturgy, carving — and yet, notwithstanding all jogging up of my brain, I could not for a long time recall that tremendous tune! But, only think, Madame! not long ago I sat at table with a whole menagerie of Counts, Princes, Princesses, Chamberlains, Court-marshallesses, Seneschals, Upper Court Mistresses, Court-keepers-of-the-royal-plate, Court-hunters’ wives, and whatever else these

aristocratic domestics are termed, and their under-domestics ran about behind their chairs and shoved full plates before their mouths — but I, who was passed by and neglected, sat without the least occupation for my jaws, and I kneaded little bread-balls, and drummed for *ennui* with my fingers — and, to my astonishment, I suddenly drummed the red, long-forgotten guillotine march!

“And what happened?” Madame, the good people were not disturbed in their eating, nor did they know that other people, when they have nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and that, too, very queer marches, which people thought long forgotten.

Is drumming, now, an inborn talent, or was it early developed in me? — enough, it lies in my limbs, in my hands, in my feet, and often manifests itself involuntarily. I once sat at Berlin in the lecture-room of the Privy Councillor Schmaltz, a man who had saved the state by his book on the “Red and Black Coat Danger.” — You remember, perhaps, Madame, out of Pausanias, that by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from Livy, or from Becker’s *History of the World*, that geese once saved the capitol, and you must certainly know from Sallust that a loquacious *putain*, the Lady Livia, brought the terrible conspiracy of Cataline to light. But to return to the mutton aforesaid. I listened to international law in the lecture-room of the Herr Privy Councillor Schmaltz, and it was a sleepy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench and heard less and less — my head had gone to sleep — when all at once I was wakened by the noise of my own feet, which had stayed awake, and had probably observed that the exact opposite of international law and constitutional tendencies was being preached, and my feet which, with the little eyes of their corns, had seen more of how things go in the world than the Privy Councillor with his Juno-eyes — these poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their immeasurable meaning by words, strove to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly, that I thereby nearly came to grief.

Cursed, unreflecting feet! They once played me a similar trick, when I on a time in Göttingen sponged without subscribing on the lectures of Professor Saalfeld, and as, with his angular activity, he jumped about here and there in his pulpit, and heated himself in order to curse the Emperor Napoleon in regular set style, — no, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming then; indeed, I would not have blamed you if in your dumb

naïveté you had expressed yourselves by still more energetic movements. How could I, the scholar of Le Grand, hear the Emperor cursed? The Emperor! the Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, my thoughts again grow summer-green and golden; a long avenue of lindens rises blooming around, on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the water-fall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads — I was once wondrously intimate with them; the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me, the nervous sick lilies nodded with melancholy tenderness, the drunken red roses laughed at me from afar, the night-violets sighed — with the myrtles and laurels I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the mignonette, with whom I now stand so badly, was very intimate. I am speaking of the court garden of Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the bank, and piously listened while Monsieur Le Grand told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon — the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and avalanches thundered in the distance — I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi — I saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo — I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids — naught around save powder-smoke and Mamelukes — I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz — ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road! — I saw, I heard the battle of Jena — *dum, dum, dum*. — I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram — ah, I could hardly bear it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that the drums of my ears nearly burst.

CHAPTER VIII.

But what were my feelings when I saw with my own highly-graced eyes himself? Hosannah! the Emperor!

It was in that very avenue of the Court Garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the “general march” — yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation, that no one should dare ride through the avenue under penalty of a fine of five thalers. And the Emperor with his retinue rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sunbeams quivered, frightened, yet curious, through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white steed, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly — had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that steed. Carelessly, almost lazily, sat the Emperor, holding his rein with one hand, and with the other good-naturedly patting the horse’s neck. It was a sunny, marble hand, a mighty hand — one of those two hands which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and ordered the war of races — and it good-naturedly patted the horse’s neck. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble of Greek and Roman busts; the traits were as nobly cut as in the antique, and on that face was written, “Thou shalt have no Gods before me.” A smile, which warmed and soothed every heart, flitted over the lips — and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle — *et la Prusse n’existait plus* — those lips needed but to whistle — and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing — those lips needed but to whistle — and the entire holy Roman empire would have danced. And those lips smiled and the eye smiled too. It was an eye clear as Heaven; it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a glance all the things of this world, while we others see them only one by one and by their coloured shadows. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there; there was a quiver which swept over that brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boot thoughts, wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world — and I believe

that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write, all the days of his life.

The Emperor rode quietly straight through the avenue. No policeman opposed him; proudly, on snorting horses and laden with gold and jewels, rode his retinue; the drums were beating, the trumpets were sounding; close to me the wild Aloysius was muttering his general's name; not far away the drunken Gumpertz was grumbling, and the people shouted with a thousand voices, "Long live the Emperor!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Atlantic ocean is his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow lies quietly under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with a just pen, has written thereon, invisible words, which will resound, like spirit-tones, through thousands of years.

Britannia! the sea is thine. But the sea has not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that Mighty One has covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson — no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves. — And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until far ages the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the *Bellerophon*, and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the Channel, the cheeks of every honourable Briton will blush. Some day, however, this song will ring thither, and Britannia will be no more; the people of pride will be humbled to the earth, Westminster's monuments will be broken, and the royal dust which they enclosed forgotten. — And St. Helena is the Holy Grave, whither the races of the East and of the West will make their pilgrimage in ships with flags of many a colour, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly Saviour, who suffered and died under Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the evangelists, Las Cases, O'Meara, and Autommarchi.

Strange! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still Professor in Göttingen.

CHAPTER X.

On a clear, frosty autumn morning, a young man of student-like appearance slowly loitered through the avenue of the Düsseldorf Court Garden, often, with childlike pleasure, kicking aside the leaves which covered the ground, and often sorrowfully gazing towards the bare trees, on which a few golden-hued leaves still hung. As he thus gazed up, he thought on the words of Glaucus —

“Like the leaves in the forests, so are the races of mortals;
Leaves are blown down to the earth by the wind, while others are shooting
Again in the green budding wood, when fresh up-liveth the spring-tide;
So are the races of man — this grows and the other departeth.”

In earlier days the youth had gazed with far different eyes on the same trees. He was then a boy, and sought birds' nests or summer insects, which delighted him as they merrily hummed around, and were glad in the beautiful world, and contented with a sap-green leaf and a drop of water, with a warm sunbeam and the sweet perfumes of the grass. In those times the boy's heart was as gay as the fluttering insects. But now his heart had grown older, its little sunbeams were quenched, all its flowers had faded, even its beautiful dream of love had grown dim; in that poor heart was nothing but pride and care, and, saddest of all, it was my heart.

I had returned that day to my old father-town, but I would not remain there over night, and I longed for Godesberg, that I might sit at the feet of my girl-friend and tell of the little Veronica. I had visited the dear graves. Of all my living friends I had found but an uncle and an aunt. Even when I met once known forms in the street they knew me no more, and the town itself gazed on me with strange glances. Many houses were coloured anew, strange faces gazed on me through the window-panes, worn-out old sparrows hopped on the old chimneys, everything looked dead and yet fresh, like a salad growing in a graveyard; where French was once spoken I now heard Prussian; even a little Prussian court had taken up its retired dwelling there, and the people bore court titles. My mother's old hair dresser had now become the Court Hair dresser, and there were Court-Tailors, Court-Shoemakers, Court-Bed-Bug-Destroyers, Court-Grog-Shops

— the whole town seemed to be a Court-Asylum for Court-lunatics. Only the old Prince Elector knew me, he still stood in the same old place; but he seemed to have grown thinner. For just because he stood in the Market Place, he had had a full view of all the miseries of the time, and people seldom grow fat on such sights. I was in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hastened out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon. I missed many a tree in the Court Garden, and many had grown crooked with age, and the four great poplars, which once seemed to me like green giants, had become smaller. Pretty girls were walking here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little buds; for ah! they were the neighbours' children with whom I had once played "Princes in the Tower." But the fair maidens, whom I had once known as blooming roses, were now faded roses, and in many a high brow whose pride had once thrilled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe. And now for the first time, and alas! too late, I understood what those glances meant, which they had once cast on the adolescent boy; for I had meanwhile in other lands fathomed the meaning of similar glances in other lovely eyes. I was deeply moved by the humble bow of a man whom I had once known as wealthy and respectable, and who had since become a beggar. Everywhere in the world we see that men when they once begin to fall, do so according to Newton's law, ever faster and faster as they descend to misery. One, however, who did not seem to be in the least changed was the little baron, who tripped merrily as of old through the Court Garden, holding with one hand his left coat-skirt on high, and with the other swinging hither and thither his light cane; — he still had the same genial face as of old, its rosy bloom now somewhat concentrated towards the nose, but he had the same comical hat and the same old queue behind, only that the hairs which peeped from it were now white instead of black. But merry as the old baron seemed, it was still evident that he had suffered much sorrow — his face would fain conceal it, but the white hairs of his queue betrayed him behind his back. Yet the queue itself seemed striving to lie, so merrily did it shake.

I was not weary, but a fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench, on which I had once carved the name of my love. I could hardly discover it there, so many new names were cut around. Ah! once I slept upon this bench, and dreamed of happiness and love. "Dreams are foam." And the old games of childhood came again to my memory, and with them

old and beautiful stories; but a new treacherous game, and a new terrible tale ever resounded through them, and it was the story of two poor souls who were untrue to each other, and went so far in their untruth, that they were at last untrue to the dear God himself. It is a sad story, and when one has nothing better to do, one can weep over it. Oh, Lord! once the world was so beautiful, and the birds sang thy eternal praise, and little Veronica looked at me with silent eyes, and we sat by the marble statue before the castle court; on one side lies an old ruined castle, wherein ghosts wander, and at night a headless lady in long, trailing black-silken garments sweeps around, and on the other side is a high, white dwelling, in whose upper rooms gay pictures gleamed beautifully in their golden frames, while below stood thousands of mighty books, which Veronica and I beheld with longing when the good Ursula lifted us up to the window. In later years, when I had become a great boy, I climbed every day to the very top of the library ladder, and brought down the topmost books, and read in them so long, that finally I feared nothing — least of all ladies without heads — and became so wise that I forgot all the old games and stories and pictures and little Veronica, even her name.

But while I sat upon the old bench in the Court Garden, and dreamed my way back into the past, there was a sound behind me of the confused voices of men lamenting the ill-fortune of the poor French soldiers, who, having been taken prisoners in the Russian war and sent to Siberia, had there been kept prisoners for many a long year, though peace had been re-established, and who now were returning home. As I looked up, I beheld in reality these orphan children of Fame. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery, deep sorrowing eyes were couched in their desolate faces, and though mangled, weary, and mostly lame, something of the military manner was still visible in their mien. Singularly enough, they were preceded by a drummer who tottered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of soldiers, who had fallen in battle, and who by night rising again from their graves on the battle-field, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city. And of them the old ballad sings thus —

“He beat on the drum with might and main,
To their old night-quarters they go again;
Through the lighted street they come;

Trallerie — trallerei — trallera,
They march before Sweetheart's home.

And their bones lie there at break of day,
As white as tombstones in cold array,
And the drummer he goes before;
Trallerie — trallerei — trallera,
And we see them come no more.”

Truly the poor French drummer seemed to have risen but half repaired from the grave. He was but a little shadow in a dirty patched grey capote, a dead yellow countenance, with a great moustache which hung down sorrowfully over his faded lips, his eyes were like burnt-out tinder, in which but a few sparks still gleamed, and yet by one of those sparks I recognised Monsieur Le Grand.

He too recognised me and drew me to the turf, and we sat down together as of old, when he taught me French and Modern History on the drum. He had still the well-known old drum, and I could not sufficiently wonder how he had preserved it from Russian plunderers. And he drummed again as of old, but without speaking a word. But though his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes spoke all the more, flashing fiercely and victoriously as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled, as he again thundered forth the red guillotine march. And he drummed as before the old war of freedom, the old battles, the deeds of the Emperor, and it seemed as though the drum itself were a living creature which rejoiced to speak out its inner soul. I heard once more the thunder of cannon, the whistling of balls, the riot of battle; I saw once more the death rage of the Guards, — the waving flags, again, the Emperor on his steed — but little by little there fell a sad tone in amid the most stirring confusion, sounds rang from the drum, in which the wildest hurrahs and the most fearful grief were mysteriously mingled; it seemed a march of victory and a march of death. Le Grand's eyes opened spirit-like and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a broad white field of ice covered with corpses — it was the battle of Moscow.

I had never thought that the hard old drum could give forth such wailing sounds as Monsieur Le Grand had drawn from it. They were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever softer and softer, and, like a troubled echo, deep sighs broke from Le Grand's breast. And he became ever more

languid and ghost-like, his dry hands trembled, as if from frost, he sat as in a dream, and stirred with his drum-stick nothing but the air, and seemed listening to voices far away, and at last he gazed on me with a deep, entreating glance — I understood him — and then his head sank down on the drum.

In this life Monsieur Le Grand never drummed more. And his drum never gave forth another sound; it was not destined to serve the enemies of liberty for their servile roll calls. I had well understood Le Grand's last entreating glance, and at once drew the sword from my cane, and pierced the drum.

CHAPTER XI.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!

But life is in reality so terribly serious, that it would be insupportable without such union of the pathetic and the comic; as our poets well know. The most harrowing forms of human madness Aristophanes exhibits only in the laughing mirror of wit; Goethe only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggerel of a puppet show; and Shakespeare puts the most deadly lamentation over the misery of the world into the mouth of a fool, who rattles his cap and bells in agony.

They have all learned from the great First Poet, who, in his World Tragedy in thousands of acts, knows how to carry humour to the highest point, as we see every day. After the departure of the heroes, the clowns and *graciosos* enter with their baubles and wooden swords, and after the bloody scenes of the Revolution there came waddling on the stage the fat Bourbons, with their stale jokes and tender “legitimate” *bon mots*, and the old noblesse with their starved laughter hopped merrily before them, while behind all swept the pious Capuchins with candles, cross, and banners of the Church. Yes, even in the highest pathos of the World Tragedy, bits of fun slip in. The desperate republican, who, like Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, perhaps smelt it first to see whether some one had not split a herring with it — and on this great stage of the world all passes exactly the same as on our beggarly boards. On it, too, there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their part, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompters’ voices sounding above everything, danseuses who create astonishing effects with the poetry of their legs, and costumes which are the main thing. And high in Heaven, in the first row of the boxes, sit the dear little angels, and keep their *lorgnettes* on us comedians here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his great box, and, perhaps, finds it dull, or calculates that this theatre cannot be kept up much longer because this one gets too high a salary, and that one too little, and that they all play much too badly.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame! As I ended the last chapter, narrating to you how Monsieur Le Grand died, and how I conscientiously executed the *testamentum militaire* which lay in his last

glance, some one knocked at my door, and there entered a poor old lady, who asked if I were not a Doctor. And as I assented, she kindly asked me to go home with her and cut her husband's corns.

LAST WORDS (*Reisebilder*).

Written 29th November 1830.

It was a depressed, an arrested time in Germany when I wrote the second volume of the *Reisebilder*, and had it printed as I wrote. But before it appeared something was whispered about it; it was said that my book would awaken and encourage the cowed spirit of freedom, and that measures were being taken to suppress it. When such rumours were afloat, it was advisable to advance the book as quickly as possible, and drive it through the press. As it was necessary, too, that it should contain a certain number of leaves, to escape the requisitions of the estimable censorship, I followed the example of Benvenuto Cellini, who, in founding his Perseus, was short of bronze, and to fill up the mould threw into the molten metal all the tin plates he could lay his hands on. It was certainly easy to distinguish between the tin — especially the tin termination of the book — and the better bronze; anyone, however, who understands the craft will not betray the workman.

But as everything in this world is liable to turn up again, so it came to pass that, in this very volume, I found myself again in the same scrape, and I have been obliged to again throw some tin into the mould — let me hope that this renewed melting of baser metal will simply be attributed to the pressure of the times.

Alas! the whole book sprang from the pressure of the times, as well as the earlier writings of similar tendency. The more intimate friends of the writer, who are acquainted with his private circumstances, know well how little his own vanity forced him to the tribune, and how great were the sacrifices which he was obliged to make for every independent word which he has spoken since then and — if God will! — which he still means to speak. Now-a-days, a word is a deed whose consequences cannot be measured, and no one knows whether he may not in the end appear as witness to his words in blood.

For many years I have waited in vain for the words of those bold orators, who once in the meetings of the German Burschenschaft so often claimed a hearing, who so often overwhelmed me with their rhetorical talent, and spoke a language spoken so oft before; they were then so forward in noise — they are now so backward in silence. How they then reviled the French

and the foreign Babel, and the un-German frivolous betrayers of the Fatherland, who praised French-dom. That praise verified itself in the great week!

Ah, the great week of Paris! The spirit of freedom, which was wafted thence over Germany, has certainly upset the night-lamps here and there, so that the red curtains of several thrones took fire, and golden crowns grew hot under blazing night-caps; but the old catch-polls, in whom the royal police trusted, are already bringing out the fire-buckets, and now scent around all the more suspiciously, and forge all the more firmly their secret chains, and I mark well that a still thicker prison vault is being invisibly arched over the German people.

Poor imprisoned people! be not cast down in your need. Oh, that I could speak catapults! Oh, that I could shoot falarica from my heart!

The distinguished ice-rind of reserve melts from my heart, a strange sorrow steals over me — is it love, and love for the German people? Or is it sickness? — my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is an unfortunate occurrence for a writer, who should command his material, and remain charmingly objective, as the art school requires, and as Goethe has done — he has grown to be eighty years old in so doing, and a minister, and portly — poor German people! that is thy greatest man!

I still have a few octavo pages to fill, and I will therefore tell a story — it has been floating in my head since yesterday — a story from the life of Charles the Fifth. But it is now a long time since I heard it, and I no longer remember its details exactly. Such things are easily forgotten, if one does not receive a regular salary for reading them every half-year from his lecture books. But what does it matter if places and dates are forgotten, so long as one holds their significance, their moral meaning, in his memory. It is this which stirs my soul and moves me even to tears. I fear I am getting ill.

The poor emperor was taken prisoner by his enemies, and lay in stern imprisonment. I believe it was in Tyrol. There he sat in solitary sorrow, forsaken by all his knights and courtiers, and no one came to his help. I know not if he had even in those days that cheese-yellow complexion with which Holbein painted him. But the misanthropic under-lip certainly protruded, even more than in his portraits. He must have despised the people who fawned around him in the sunshine of prosperity, and who left him alone in his bitter need. Suddenly the prison door opened, and there

entered a man wrapped in a cloak, and as he cast it aside, the emperor recognised his trusty Kunz von der Rosen, the court-fool. One brought him consolation and counsel — and it was the court-fool.

O, German Fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Kunz von der Rosen. The man whose real office was pastime, and who should only make thee merry in happy days, forces his way into thy prison, in time of need; here, beneath my mantle, I bring thee thy strong sceptre and the beautiful crown — dost thou not remember me, my emperor? If I cannot free thee, I will at least console thee, and thou shalt have some one by thee who will talk with thee about thy most pressing oppressions, and will speak courage to thee, and who loves thee, and whose best jokes and best blood are ever at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true emperor, the true lord of the land — thy will is sovereign and more legitimate than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, which grounds itself upon divine right, without any better guarantee than the quackery of shaven jugglers — thy will, my people, is the only righteous source of all power. Even though thou liest down there in fetters, thy good right will arise in the end, the day of freedom draws near, a new time begins — my emperor, the night is over, and the dawn shines outside.

“Kunz von der Rosen, my Fool, thou errest. Thou hast perhaps mistaken a bright axe for the sun, and the dawn is nothing but blood.”

“No, my Emperor, it is the sun, though it rises in the west — for six thousand years men have always seen it rise in the east — it is high time that it for once made a change in its course.”

“Kunz von der Rosen, my Fool, thou hast lost the bells from thy red cap, and it now has such a strange look, that red cap!”

“Ah, my Emperor, I have shaken my head in such mad earnest over your distress that the fool’s bell fell from my cap; but it is none the worse for that!”

“Kunz von der Rosen, my Fool, what is that breaking and cracking outside there?”

“Hush! it is the saw and the carpenter’s axe; the doors of your prison will soon be broken in, and you will be free, my Emperor!”

“Am I then really Emperor? Alas! it is only the Fool who tells me so!”

“Oh, do not sigh, my dear lord, it is the air of the dungeon which so dispirits you; when you have once regained your power, you will feel the bold imperial blood in your veins, and you will be proud as an emperor, and

arrogant, and gracious, and unjust, and smiling, and ungrateful as princes are.”

“Kunz von der Rosen, my Fool, when I am free again, what wilt thou be doing?”

“I will sew new bells on my cap.”

“And how shall I reward thy fidelity?”

“Ah! dear master — do not let me be put to death!”

ENGLISH FRAGMENTS.

[The *English Fragments*, from which three chapters have been selected for this volume, were published in 1828 in a German magazine of which Heine was one of the editors. They were collected and published with important additions (including the following chapters) in 1831. Mr. Leland's translation, revised throughout, has been here used.]

LONDON.

I HAVE seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit; I have seen it, and am more astonished then ever — and still there remains fixed in my memory that stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces, of living human faces, with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hate — I am speaking of London.

Send a philosopher to London, but no poet! Send a philosopher there, and stand him at a corner of Cheapside, he will learn more there than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the human waves roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him, he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly — for, if London is the right hand of the world — its active, mighty right hand — then we may regard that that which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street is the world's radial artery.

But send no poet to London! This downright earnestness of all things, this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this moroseness even in pleasure, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart. And should you ever send a German poet thither — a dreamer, who stands staring at every single phenomenon, even a ragged beggar-woman, or a shining jeweller's shop — why, then he will find things going badly with him, and he will be hustled about on every side, or even be knocked over with a mild "*God damn!*" *God damn!* — the damned pushing! I soon saw that these people have much to do. They live on a large scale, and though food and clothes are dearer with them than with us, they must still be better fed and clothed than we are — as gentility requires. Moreover, they have enormous debts, yet occasionally in a vain-glorious mood they make ducks and drakes of their guineas, pay other nations to fight for their pleasure, give their respective kings a handsome *douceur* into the bargain — and, therefore, John Bull must work day and night to get the money for such expenses; by day and by night he must tax his brain to discover new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and runs and rushes without looking about much from the Docks to the Exchange, and

from the Exchange to the Strand, and, therefore, it is quite pardonable if, when a poor German poet, gazing into a print-shop window, stands in his way at the corner of Cheapside, he should knock him aside with a rather rough "God damn!"

But the picture at which I was gazing as I stood at the corner of Cheapside, was that of the passage of the French across the Beresina.

And when, jolted out of my gazing, I looked again on the raging street, where a parti-coloured coil of men, women, and children, horses, stage-coaches, and with them a funeral, whirled groaning and creaking along, it seemed to me as though all London were such a Beresina Bridge, where every one presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of life, where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian, where every one who falls is lost forever; where the best friends rush, without feeling, over each other's corpses, and where thousands, weak and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and slide down into the ice-pit of death.

How much more pleasant and homelike it is in our dear Germany! How dreamily comfortable, how Sabbatically quiet all things glide along here! Calmly the sentinels are changed, uniforms and houses shine in the quiet sunshine, swallows flit over the flag-stones, fat court-councillors smile from the windows, while along the echoing streets there is room enough for the dogs to sniff at each other, and for men to stand at ease and chat about the theatre, and bow low — oh, how low! — when some small aristocratic scamp or vice-scamp, with coloured ribbons on his shabby coat, or some powdered and gilded court-marshal struts by, graciously returning salutations!

I had made up my mind not to be astonished at that immensity of London of which I had heard so much. But it happened to me as to the poor school-boy, who had made up his mind not to feel the whipping he was to receive. The facts of the case were, that he expected to get the usual blows with the usual stick in the usual way on the back, whereas he received a most unusually severe thrashing on an unusual place with a slender switch. I anticipated great palaces, and saw nothing but mere small houses. But their very uniformity and their limitless extent are wonderfully impressive.

These houses of brick, owing to the damp atmosphere and coal smoke, become uniform in colour, that is to say, of a brown olive green; they are all of the same style of building, generally two or three windows wide, three storeys high, and adorned above with small red tiles, which remind one of

newly-extracted bleeding teeth; so that the broad and accurately-squared streets seem to be bordered by endlessly long barracks. This has its reason in the fact that every English family, though it consist of only two persons, must still have a house to itself for its own castle, and rich speculators, to meet the demand, build wholesale entire streets of these dwellings, which they retail singly. In the principal streets of the city, where the business of London is most at home, where old-fashioned buildings are mingled with the new, and where the fronts of the houses are covered with names and signs, yards in length, generally gilt, and in relief, this characteristic uniformity is less striking — the less so, indeed, because the eye of the stranger is incessantly caught by the new and brilliant articles exposed for sale in the windows. And these articles do not merely produce an effect because the Englishman completes so perfectly everything which he manufactures, and because every article of luxury, every astral lamp and every boot, every tea kettle and every woman's dress, shines out so invitingly and so "finished;" there is a peculiar charm in the art of arrangement, in the contrast of colours, and in the variety of the English shops; even the most commonplace necessities of life appear in a startling magic light through this artistic power of setting forth everything to advantage. Ordinary articles of food attract us by the new light in which they are placed, even uncooked fish lie so delightfully dressed that the rainbow gleam of their scales attracts us; raw meat lies, as if painted, on neat and many-coloured porcelain plates, garlanded about with parsley — yes, everything seems painted, reminding us of the brilliant, yet modest pictures of Franz Mieris. Only the people are not so cheerful as in the Dutch paintings; they sell the most delightful playthings with the most serious faces, and the cut and colour of their clothes is as uniform as that of their houses.

At the opposite side of the town, which they call the West End, where the more aristocratic and less-occupied world lives, this uniformity is still more dominant; yet here there are very long and very broad streets, where all the houses are large as palaces, though outwardly anything but distinguished, unless we except the fact that in these, as in all the better class of houses in London, the windows of the first storey are adorned with iron-barred balconies, and also on the ground floor there is a black railing protecting the entrance to certain cellar apartments buried in the earth. In this part of the city there are also great squares, where rows of houses, like those already

described, form a quadrangle, in whose centre there is a garden enclosed by a black iron railing, and containing some statue or other. In all of these squares and streets the eye is never shocked by the dilapidated huts of misery. Everywhere we are stared down on by wealth and respectability, while crammed away in retired lanes and dark, damp alleys poverty dwells with her rags and her tears.

The stranger who wanders through the great streets of London, and does not chance right into the regular quarters of the people, sees little or nothing of the misery there. Only here and there, at the mouth of some dark alley, stands a ragged woman with a suckling babe at her wasted breast, and begs with her eyes. Perhaps if those eyes are still beautiful, one glances into them and shrinks back at the world of wretchedness within them. The common beggars are old people, generally blacks, who stand at the corners of the streets cleaning pathways — a very necessary thing in muddy London — and ask for “coppers” in reward. It is in the dusky twilight that Poverty with her mates, Vice and Crime, glide forth from their lairs. They shun daylight the more anxiously, the more cruelly their wretchedness contrasts with the pride of wealth which glitters everywhere; only Hunger sometimes drives them at noonday from their dens, and then they stand with silent, speaking eyes, staring beseechingly at the rich merchant who hurries along, busy and jingling gold, or at the lazy lord who, like a surfeited god, rides by on his high horse, casting now and then an aristocratically indifferent glance at the mob below, as though they were swarming ants, or, at all events, a mass of baser beings, whose joys and sorrows have nothing in common with his feelings. Yes, over the vulgar multitude which sticks fast to the soil, soar, like beings of a higher nature, England’s nobility, who regard their little island as only a temporary resting-place, Italy as their summer garden, Paris as their social saloon, and the whole world as their inheritance. They sweep along, knowing nothing of sorrow or suffering, and their gold is a talisman which conjures into fulfilment their wildest wish.

Poor Poverty! how agonising must thy hunger be where others swell in scornful superfluity! And when some one casts with indifferent hand a crust into thy lap, how bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moistenest it! Thou poisonest thyself with thine own tears. Well art thou in the right when thou alliest thyself to Vice and Crime. Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than those cold, blameless citizens of virtue, in whose white hearts the power of evil is quenched; but also the power of

good. I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted, and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity. I have seen women — I would I saw them again! ——

WELLINGTON.

This man has the bad fortune to meet with good fortune wherever the greatest men in the world were unfortunate, and that angers us, and makes him hateful. We see in him only the victory of stupidity over genius — Arthur Wellington triumphant where Napoleon Bonaparte was overwhelmed! Never was a man more ironically gifted by Fortune, and it seems as though she would exhibit his empty littleness by raising him high on the shield of victory. Fortune is a woman, and perhaps, in womanly wise, she cherishes a secret grudge against the man who overthrew her former darling, though the very overthrow came from her own will. Now she lets him conquer again on the Catholic Emancipation question — yes, in the very fight in which George Canning was overwhelmed. It is possible that he might have been loved had the wretched Londonderry been his predecessor in the ministry; but he is the successor of the noble Canning, of the much-wept, adored, great Canning — and he conquers where Canning was overwhelmed. Without so unlucky a luck, Wellington would perhaps pass for a great man; people would not hate him, would not measure him too accurately, at least not with the heroic measure with which a Napoleon and a Canning is measured, and consequently it would never have been discovered how small a man he is.

He is a small man, and less than small. The French could say nothing more sarcastic of Polignac than that he was a Wellington without celebrity. In fact, what remains when we strip from a Wellington the field-marshal's uniform of celebrity?

I have here given the best apology for Lord Wellington — in the English sense of the word. My readers will be astonished, however, when I honourably confess that I once clapped on all sail in praise of this hero. It is a good story, and I will tell it here.

My barber in London was a radical named Mr. White, a poor little man in a shabby black dress, worn until it almost shone white; he was so lean that even his full face looked like a profile, and the sighs in his bosom were visible before they rose. These sighs were caused by the misfortunes of Old England, and by the impossibility of paying the National Debt.

“Ah!” I often heard him sigh, “why need the English people trouble themselves as to who reigns in France, and what the French are doing at

home? But the nobility, sir, and the Church were afraid of the principles of liberty of the French Revolution, and, to keep down these principles, John Bull must give his gold and his blood, and make debts into the bargain. We've got all we wanted out of the war — the revolution has been put down, the French eagles of liberty have had their wings cut, and the Church may be quite sure that none of them will come flying over the Channel; and now the nobility and the Church ought to pay for the debts which were made for their own good, and not for any good of the poor people. Ah! — the poor people!”

Whenever Mr. White came to the “poor people,” he always sighed more deeply than ever, and the refrain then was, that bread and beer were so dear that the poor people must starve to feed fat lords, stag-hounds, and priests, and that there was only one remedy. At these words he was wont to whet his razor, and as he drew it murderously up and down the strop, he muttered grimly to himself, “Lords, priests, hounds.”

But his radical rage boiled most fiercely against the Duke of Wellington; he spat gall and poison whenever he alluded to him, and as he lathered me, he himself foamed with rage. Once I was fairly frightened, when he, while barbering just at my neck, burst out against Wellington, murmuring all the while, “If I only had him so under my razor, I'd save him the trouble of cutting his own throat, as his brother in office and fellow-countryman, Londonderry, did, who killed himself that way at North Cray, in Kent — God damn him!”

I felt already that the man's hand trembled, and fearing lest he might imagine in his excitement that I really was the Duke of Wellington, I endeavoured to allay his violence, and in an underhanded manner, to soothe him, I called up his national pride, I represented to him that the Duke of Wellington had advanced the glory of the English, that he had always been an innocent tool in the hands of others, that he was fond of beefsteak, and that he — but the Lord only knows what fine things I said of Wellington as that razor tickled my throat.

What vexes me most is the reflection that Arthur Wellington will be as immortal as Napoleon Bonaparte. It is true that in like manner the name of Pontius Pilate is as little likely to be forgotten as that of Christ. Wellington and Napoleon! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can at the same time think of both these names. There can be no greater contrast than these two, even in their external appearance. Wellington, the dull

ghost, with an ashy grey soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile on his freezing face — and by the side one thinks of the figure of Napoleon, every inch a god!

That figure never disappears from my memory. I still see him, high on his horse, with eternal eyes in his marble, imperial face, gazing down calm as destiny on the Guards defiling past — he was then sending them to Russia, and the old grenadiers glanced up at him, so terribly devoted, so consciously serious, so proud in death —

“Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant!”

There often steals over me a secret doubt whether I ever really saw him, if we were really his contemporaries, and then it seems to me as if his portrait, torn from the little frame of the present, vanished away more proudly and imperiously in the twilight of the past. His name even now sounds to us like a word of the early world, as antique and heroic as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It has become a rallying word among races, and when the East and the West meet, they fraternise through that single name.

How significant and magical that name can sound I once felt in the deepest manner in the harbour of London, at the India Docks, as I stood on board an East Indiaman just arrived from Bengal. It was a giant-like ship, fully manned with Hindoos. The grotesque forms and groups, the singularly variegated dresses, the enigmatical expressions, the strange gestures, the wild and foreign ring of their language, their shouts of joy and their laughter, and the seriousness ever rising and falling on certain soft, yellow faces, their eyes like black flowers which looked at me as with melancholy woe — all this awoke in me a feeling like that of enchantment; I was suddenly as if transported into Scheherezade’s story, and I thought that broad-leaved palms, and long-necked camels, and gold-covered elephants, and other fable-like trees and animals, must forthwith appear. The supercargo who was on the vessel, and who understood as little of the language as I myself, could not, in his genuine English narrowness, narrate to me enough of what a ridiculous race they were, nearly all Mahometans collected from every land of Asia, from the limits of China to the Arabian sea, even jet black, woolly-haired Africans.

To one whose whole soul was weary of the spiritless West, and who was as sick of Europe as I then was, this fragment of the East which moved cheerfully and changingly before my eyes was a refreshing solace, my heart enjoyed at least a few drops of that draught which I had so often longed for

in gloomy Hanoverian or Prussian winter nights, and it is very possible that the foreigners saw how agreeable the sight of them was to me, and how gladly I would have spoken a kind word to them. It was also plain from the depths of their eyes that I pleased them well, and they would also have willingly said something pleasant to me, and it was a vexation that neither understood the other's language. At length a means occurred to me of expressing to them with a single word my friendly feelings, and stretching forth my hands reverently, as if in loving greeting, I cried the name, "Mahomed!" Joy suddenly flashed over the dark faces of the foreigners; they folded their arms reverently in turn, and greeted me back with the exclamation, "Bonaparte!"

THE LIBERATION.

SHOULD the time for leisurely research ever return to me, I will prove in the most tiresomely fundamental manner that it was not India, but Egypt which originated that system of castes which has for two thousand years disguised itself in the garb of every country, and has deceived every age in its own language, which is now perhaps dead, yet which, counterfeiting the appearance of life, wanders about among us evil-eyed and mischief-making, poisoning our blooming life with its corpse vapour — yes, like a vampire of the Middle Ages, sucking the blood and the light from the heart of nations. From the mud of the Nile sprang not merely crocodiles which well could weep, but also priests who understand it far better, and that privileged hereditary race of warriors, who in their lust of murder and ravenous appetites far surpass any crocodiles.

Two deeply-thinking men of the German nation discovered the soundest counter-charm to the worst of all Egyptian plagues, and by the black art — by gunpowder and the art of printing — they broke the force of that spiritual and worldly hierarchy which had formed itself from the union of the priesthood and the warrior caste — that is to say, from the so-called Catholic Church, and from the feudal nobility, which enslaved all Europe, body and spirit. The printing-press burst asunder the dogma-structure in which the archpriest of Rome had imprisoned souls, and Northern Europe again breathed free, delivered from the nightmare of that clergy which had indeed abandoned the form of Egyptian inheritance of rank, but which remained all the truer to the Egyptian priestly spirit, since it presented itself, with greater sternness and asperity, as a corporation of old bachelors, continued not by natural propagation, but unnaturally by a Mameluke system of recruiting. In like manner we see how the warlike caste has lost its power since the old routine of the business is worth nothing in the modern methods of war. For the strongest castles are now thrown down by the trumpet-tones of the cannon as of old the walls of Jericho; the iron harness of the knight is no better protection against the leaden rain than the linen blouse of the peasant; powder makes men equal; a citizen's musket goes off just as well as a nobleman's — the people rise.

The earlier efforts of which we read in the history of the Lombard and Tuscan republics, of the Spanish communes, and of the free cities in

Germany and other countries, do not deserve the honour of being classed as movements on the part of the people; they were not efforts to attain liberty, but merely liberties; not battles for right, but for municipal rights; corporations fought for privileges, and all remained fixed in the bonds of guilds and trades unions.

Not until the days of the Reformation did the battle assume general and spiritual proportions, and then liberty was demanded, not as an imported, but as an aboriginal right; not as inherited, but as inborn. Principles were brought forward instead of old parchments; and the peasants in Germany, and the Puritans in England, fell back on the gospel whose texts then were of as high authority as the reason, even higher, since they were regarded as the revealed reason of God. There it stood legibly written that men are of equal birth, that the pride which exalts itself will be damned, that wealth is a sin, and that the poor are summoned to enjoyment in the beautiful garden of God, the common Father.

With the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, the peasants swept over South Germany, and announced to the insolent burghers of high-towered Nuremberg, that in future no house should be left standing which was not a peasant's house. So truly and so deeply had they comprehended equality. Even at the present day in Franconia and in Suabia we see traces of this doctrine of equality, and a shuddering reverence of the Holy Spirit creeps over the wanderer when he sees in the moonshine the dark ruins of the days of the Peasant's War. It is well for him, who, in sober, waking mood, sees naught besides; but if one is a "Sunday child" — and every one familiar with history is that — he will also see the high hunt in which the German nobility, the rudest and sternest in the world, pursued their victims. He will see how unarmed men were slaughtered by thousands: racked, speared, and martyred; and from the waving corn-fields one will see the bloody peasant-heads nodding mysteriously, and above one hears a terrible lark whistling, piping revenge, like the Piper of Helfenstein.

The brothers in England and Scotland were rather more fortunate; their defeat was not so disgraceful and so unproductive, and even now we see there the results of their rule. But they did not obtain a firm foundation for their principles, the dainty cavaliers ruled again just as before, and amused themselves with merry tales of the stiff old Roundheads, which a friendly bard had written so prettily to entertain their leisure hours. No social overthrow took place in Great Britain, the framework of civil and political

institutions remained undisturbed, the tyranny of castes and of corporations has remained there till the present day, and though drunken with the light and warmth of modern civilisation, England is still congealed in a mediæval condition, or rather in the condition of a fashionable Middle Age. The concessions which have there been made to liberal ideas, have been with difficulty wrested from this mediæval rigidity, and all modern improvements have there proceeded, not from a principle, but from actual necessity, and they all bear the curse of that halfness system which inevitably makes necessary new exertion and new conflicts to the death, with all their attendant dangers. The religious reformation in England is consequently but half completed, and one finds himself much worse off between the four bare prison walls of the Episcopal Anglican Church than in the large, beautifully-painted, and softly-cushioned spiritual dungeon of Catholicism. Nor has the political reformation succeeded much better; popular representation is in England as faulty as possible, and if ranks are no longer distinguished by their coats, they are at least divided by differences in legal standing, patronage, rights of court presentation, prerogatives, customary privileges, and similar misfortunes; and if the rights of person and property depend no longer upon aristocratic caprice, but upon laws, still these laws are nothing but another sort of teeth with which the aristocratic brood seizes its prey, and another sort of daggers wherewith it assassinates people. For in reality, no tyrant upon the Continent squeezes, by his own arbitrary will, so many taxes out of his subjects as the English people are obliged to pay by law; and no tyrant was ever so cruel as England's Criminal Law, which daily commits murder for the amount of one shilling, and that with the coldest formality. Although many improvements have recently been made in this melancholy state of affairs in England; although limits have been placed to temporal and clerical avarice, and though the great falsehood of a popular representation is, to a certain degree, occasionally modified by transferring the perverted electoral voice of a rotten borough to a great manufacturing town; and although the harshest intolerance is here and there softened by giving certain rights to other sects, still it is all a miserable patching up which cannot last long, and the stupidest tailor in England can foresee that, sooner or later, the old garment of state will be rent asunder into wretched rags.

“No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment; else the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse.

And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred; but new wine must be put into new bottles.”

The deepest truth blooms only out of the deepest love, and hence comes the harmony of the views of the elder Preacher in the Mount, who spoke against the aristocracy of Jerusalem; and those later preachers of the mountain, who, from the summit of the Convention in Paris, preached a tri-coloured gospel, according to which, not merely the form of the State, but all social life should be, not patched, but formed anew, newly founded; yes, born again.

I speak of the French Revolution, that epoch of the world in which the doctrines of freedom and of equality rose so triumphantly from those universal sources of knowledge which we call reason, and which must, as an unceasing revelation which repeats itself in every human head, and founds a distinct branch of knowledge, be far preferable to that transmitted revelation which makes itself known only in a few elect, and which, by the multitude, can only be *believed*. The privileged aristocracy, the caste-system with their peculiar rights, were never able to combat this last-mentioned sort of revelation (which is itself of an aristocratic nature) so safely and surely as reason, which is democratic by nature, now does. The history of the Revolution is the military history of this strife, in which we have all taken a greater or lesser part; it is the death-struggle with Egyptianism.

Though the swords of the enemies grow duller day by day, and though we have already conquered the best positions, still we cannot raise the song of victory until the work is perfected. We can only during the night, when there are armistices, go forth with the lantern on the field of death to bury the dead. Little avails the short burial service! Calumny, the vile insolent spectre, sits upon the noblest graves.

Oh, that the battle were only with those hereditary foes of truth who so treacherously poison the good name of their enemies, and who even humiliated that first Preacher of the Mount, the purest hero of freedom; for as they could no longer deny that he was the greatest of men, they made of him the least of gods. He who fights with priests may make up his mind to have his poor good name torn and befouled by the most infamous lies and the most cutting slanders. But as those flags which are most rent by shot, or blackened by powder-smoke, are more highly honoured than the whitest and soundest recruiting banners, and as they are at last laid up as national

relics in cathedrals, so at some future day the names of our heroes, the more they are torn and blackened, will be all the more enthusiastically honoured in the holy St. Geneviève of Freedom.

The Revolution itself has been slandered, like its heroes, and represented as a terror to princes, and as a popular scare-crow, in libels of every description. All the so-called “horrors of the Revolution” have been learned by heart by children in the schools, and at one time nothing was seen in the public fairs but harshly-coloured pictures of the guillotine. It cannot be denied that this machine, which was invented by a French physician, a great world orthopædist, Monsieur Guillotin, and with which stupid heads are easily separated from evil hearts, this wholesome machine has indeed been applied rather frequently, but still only in incurable diseases, in such cases, for example, as treachery, falsehood, and weakness, and the patients were not long tortured, not racked and broken on the wheel as thousands upon thousands of *roturiers* and *vilains*, citizens and peasants were tortured, racked, and broken on the wheel in the good old time. It is, of course, terrible that the French, with this machine, once even amputated the head of their State, and no one knows whether they ought to be accused, on that account, of parricide or of suicide; but on more thorough reflection, we find that Louis of France was less a sacrifice to passion than to circumstances, and that those men who forced the people on to such a sacrifice, and who have themselves, in every age, poured forth princely blood far more abundantly, should not appear solely as accusers. Only two kings, both of them rather kings of the nobility than of the people, were sacrificed by the people, and that not in a time of peace, or to subserve petty interests, but in the extremest needs of war, when they saw themselves betrayed, and when they least spared their own blood. But certainly more than a thousand princes were treacherously slain, on account of avarice or frivolous interests, by the dagger, by the sword, and by the poison of nobility and priests. It really seems as though these castes regarded regicide as one of their privileges, and therefore bewail the more selfishly the death of Louis the XVI. and of Charles I. Oh! that kings at last would perceive that they could live more safely as kings of the people, and protected by the law, than under the guard of their noble body-murderers.

But not only have the heroes of our revolution and the revolution itself been slandered, but even our entire age has been parodied with unheard-of wickedness; and if one hears or reads our vile traducers and scorers, then

he will learn that the people are the *canaille* — the vile mob — that freedom is insolence, and with heaven-bent eyes and pious sighs, our enemies complain and bewail that we were frivolous and had, alas! no religion. Hypocritical, sneaking souls, who creep about bent down beneath the burden of their secret vices, dare to vilify an age which is, perhaps, holier than any of its predecessors or successors, an age that sacrifices itself for the sins of the past and for the happiness of the future, a Messiah among centuries, which could hardly endure its bloody crown of thorns and heavy cross, did it not now and then trill a merry vaudeville, and crack a joke at the modern Pharisees and Sadducees. Its colossal pains would be intolerable without such jesting and persiflage! Seriousness shows itself more majestically when laughter leads the way. And the age in this shows itself exactly like its children among the French, who have written very terribly wanton books, and yet have been very strong and serious when strength and seriousness were necessary, as, for instance, Laclos, and even Louvet de Couvray, who both fought for freedom with the self-sacrifice and boldness of martyrs, and yet who wrote in a very frivolous and indecent way, and, alas! had no religion!

As if freedom were not as good a religion as any other! And since it is ours, we may, meeting with the same measure, declare its contemners to be themselves frivolous and irreligious.

Yes, I repeat the words with which I began these pages: freedom is a new religion, the religion of our age. If Christ is not the God of this religion, he is still one of its high-priests, and his name shines consolingly in the hearts of its children. But the French are the chosen people of the new religion, the first gospels and dogmas were penned in their language. Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which separates the land of Freedom from the land of the Philistines.

JAN STEEN.

[This fragment — newly translated — is taken from the *Memoiren des Herrn von Schnabelwopski*, which was written in 1831, and published in 1834, in the first volume of the *Salon*. The *Memoirs of Schnabelwopski* consist simply of the hero's light sketches of Hamburg, Amsterdam, and Leyden, and his experiences in those towns; they have generally excited the anger of Heine's German critics and biographers, who appear to detect a tone of irreverent levity about them, which they attribute to Parisian influences. Wagner obtained the story of his *Flying Dutchman* from a chapter of *Schnabelwopski's Memoirs*.]

IN the house I lodged at in Leyden there once lived Jan Steen, the great Jan Steen, whom I hold to be as great as Raphael. Even as a sacred painter Jan was as great, and that will be clearly seen when the religion of sorrow has passed away, and the religion of joy has torn off the thick veil that covers the rose-bushes of the earth, and the nightingales dare at last to sing joyously out their long-concealed raptures.

But no nightingale will ever sing so joyously as Jan Steen painted. No one has understood so profoundly as he that there shall be an eternal festival on the earth; he comprehended that our life is only the pictured kiss of God, and he felt that the Holy Ghost is revealed most gloriously in light and in laughter.

His eye laughed into the light, and the light mirrored itself in his laughing eye. And Jan remained always a dear, good child. The stern old Pastor of Leyden sat near him by the hearth, and delivered a lengthy discourse concerning his jovial life, his laughing, unchristian conduct, his love of drinking, his disorderly domestic affairs, his obdurate gaiety; and Jan listened quietly for two long hours, and betrayed not the slightest impatience at the lengthy sermon; only once he broke in with the words—“Yes, Domine, that light is far better; yes, Domine, I beg of you to draw your stool a little nearer to the fire, so that the flame may cast its red gleam over your whole face, and leave the rest of the figure in shade — —”

The Domine stood up wrathful and departed. But Jan seized his palette and painted the stern old man, just as in that sermon on vice he had unconsciously furnished a model. The picture is excellent, and hung in my bed-room at Leyden.

Now that I have seen so many of Jan Steen's pictures in Holland, I seem to know the whole life of the man. I know all his relations, his wife, his children, his mother, all his cousins, his enemies, his various connections — yes, I know them all by sight. These faces greet us out of all his pictures, and a collection of them would be a biography of the painter. He has often with a single stroke revealed the deepest secrets of his soul. As I think, his wife reproached him far too often about drinking too much. For in the picture which represents the bean-feast, where Jan and his family are sitting at table, we see his wife with a large jug of wine in her hand, and eyes beaming like a Bacchante's. I am convinced, however, that the good lady never indulged in too much wine; only the rogue wanted us to believe that it was his wife, and not he, who was too fond of drinking. That is why he laughs so joyously out of the picture. He is happy; he sits in the midst of his family; his little son is bean-king, and, with his tinsel crown, stands upon a stool; his old mother, with the happiest smirk of satisfaction in the wrinkles of her countenance, carries the youngest grandchild upon her arm; the musicians play their maddest dance melodies; and the frugal, sulky housewife is painted in, an object of suspicion to all posterity, as though she were inebriated.

How often, during my stay at Leyden, did I think myself back for whole hours into the household scenes in which the excellent Jan must have lived and suffered. Many a time I thought I saw him bodily, sitting at his easel, now and then grasping the great jug, "reflecting and therewith drinking, and then again drinking without reflecting." It was no gloomy Catholic spectre that I saw, but a modern bright spirit of joy, who after death still visited his old work-room to paint merry pictures and to drink. Only such ghosts will our children sometimes see, in the light of day, while the sun shines through the windows, and from the spire no black, hollow bells, but red, exulting trumpet tones, announce the pleasant hour of noon.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

[*The Romantic School*, one of Heine's chief works, of which the most interesting portions are here given, was published in 1833. It was first written in French, as a counterblast to Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*, forming a series of articles in the *Europe Littéraire*. Notwithstanding many errors of detail, and some occasional injustice, it remains by far the best account of the most important aspect of German literature. Indirectly Heine wished to lay down the programme of the future, for he regarded himself as the last of the Romantic poets, and the inaugurator of a new school. The following translation is Mr. Fleishman's; it has been carefully revised.]

MADAME de Staël's work, *De l'Allemagne*, is the only comprehensive account of the intellectual life of Germany which has been accessible to the French; and yet since her book appeared a considerable period has elapsed, and an entirely new school of literature has arisen in Germany. Is it only a transitional literature? Has it already reached its zenith? Has it already begun to decline? Opinions are divided concerning it. The majority believe that with the death of Goethe a new literary era begins in Germany; that with him the old Germany also descended to its grave; that the aristocratic period of literature was ended, and the democratic just beginning; or, as a French journal recently phrased it, "The intellectual dominion of the individual has ceased, — the intellectual rule of the many has commenced."

So far as I am concerned, I do not venture to pass so decided an opinion as to the future evolutions of German intellect. I had already prophesied many years in advance the end of the Goethean art-period, by which name I was the first to designate that era. I could safely venture the prophecy, for I knew very well the ways and the means of those malcontents who sought to overthrow the Goethean art-empire, and it is even claimed that I took part in those seditious outbreaks against Goethe. Now that Goethe is dead, the thought of it fills me with an overpowering sorrow.

While I announce this book as a sequel to Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*, and extol her work very highly as being replete with information, I must yet recommend a certain caution in the acceptance of the views enunciated in that book, which I am compelled to characterise as a coterie-book. Madame de Staël, of glorious memory, here opened, in the form of a book, a salon in which she received German authors and gave

them an opportunity to make themselves known to the civilised world of France. But above the din of the most diverse voices, confusedly discoursing therein, the most audible is the delicate treble of Herr A. W. Schlegel. Where the large-hearted woman is wholly herself, — where she is uninfluenced by others, and expresses the thoughts of her own radiant soul, displaying all her intellectual fireworks and brilliant follies, — there the book is good, even excellent. But as soon as she yields to foreign influences, as soon as she begins to glorify a school whose spirit is wholly unfamiliar and incomprehensible to her, as soon as through the commendation of this school she furthers certain Ultramontane tendencies which are in direct opposition to her own Protestant clearness, just so soon her book becomes wretched and unenjoyable. To this unconscious partisanship she adds the evident purpose, through praise of the intellectual activity, the idealism, of Germany, to rebuke the realism then existing among the French, and the materialistic splendours of the Empire. Her book *De l'Allemagne* resembles in this respect the *Germania* of Tacitus, who perhaps likewise designed his eulogy of the Germans as an indirect satire against his countrymen. In referring to the school which Madame de Staël glorified, and whose tendencies she furthered, I mean the Romantic School. That this was in Germany something quite different from that which was designated by the same name in France, that its tendencies were totally diverse from those of the French Romanticists, will be made clear in the following pages.

But what was the Romantic School in Germany?

It was nothing else than the reawakening of the poetry of the middle ages as it manifested itself in the poems, paintings, and sculptures, in the art and life of those times. This poetry, however, had been developed out of Christianity; it was a passion-flower which had blossomed from the blood of Christ. I know not if the melancholy flower which in Germany we call the passion-flower is known by the same name in France, and if the popular tradition has ascribed to it the same mystical origin. It is that motley-hued, melancholic flower in whose calyx one may behold a counterfeit presentment of the tools used at the crucifixion of Christ — namely, hammer, pincers, and nails. This flower is by no means unsightly, but only spectral: its aspect fills our souls with a dread pleasure, like those convulsive, sweet emotions that arise from grief. In this respect the passion-

flower would be the fittest symbol of Christianity itself, whose most awe-inspiring charm consists in the voluptuousness of pain.

Although in France Christianity and Roman Catholicism are synonymous terms, yet I desire to emphasise the fact, that I here refer to the latter only. I refer to that religion whose earliest dogmas contained a condemnation of all flesh, and not only admitted the supremacy of the spirit over the flesh, but sought to mortify the latter in order thereby to glorify the former. I refer to that religion through whose unnatural mission vice and hypocrisy came into the world, for through the odium which it cast on the flesh the most innocent gratification of the senses were accounted sins; and, as it was impossible to be entirely spiritual, the growth of hypocrisy was inevitable. I refer to that religion which, by teaching the renunciation of all earthly pleasures, and by inculcating abject humility and angelic patience, became the most efficacious support of despotism. Men now recognise the nature of that religion, and will no longer be put off with promises of a Heaven hereafter; they know that the material world has also its good, and is not wholly given over to Satan, and now they vindicate the pleasures of the world, this beautiful garden of the gods, our inalienable heritage. Just because we now comprehend so fully all the consequences of that absolute spirituality, we are warranted in believing that the Christian-Catholic theories of the universe are at an end; for every epoch is a sphinx which plunges into the abyss as soon as its problem is solved.

We by no means deny the benefits which the Christian-Catholic theories effected in Europe. They were needed as a wholesome reaction against the terrible colossal materialism which was developed in the Roman Empire, and threatened the annihilation of all the intellectual grandeur of mankind. Just as the licentious memoirs of the last century form the *pièces justificatives* of the French Revolution; just as the reign of terror seems a necessary medicine when one is familiar with the confessions of the French nobility since the regency; so the wholesomeness of ascetic spirituality becomes manifest when we read Petronius or Apuleius, books which may be considered as *pièces justificatives* of Christianity. The flesh had become so insolent in this Roman world that Christian discipline was needed to chasten it. After the banquet of a Trimalkion, a hunger-cure, such as Christianity, was required.

Or did, perhaps, the hoary sensualists seek by scourgings to stimulate the cloyed flesh to renewed capacity for enjoyment? Did aging Rome submit to

monkish flagellations in order to discover exquisite pleasure in torture itself, voluptuous bliss in pain?

Unfortunate excess! it robbed the Roman body-politic of its last energies. Rome was not destroyed by the division into two empires. On the Bosphorus as on the Tiber, Rome was eaten up by the same Judaic spiritualism, and in both Roman history became the record of a slow dying-away, a death agony that lasted for centuries. Did perhaps murdered Judea, by bequeathing its spiritualism to the Romans, seek to avenge itself on the victorious foe, as did the dying centaur, who so cunningly wheedled the son of Jupiter into wearing the deadly vestment poisoned with his own blood? In truth, Rome, the Hercules among nations, was so effectually consumed by the Judaic poison that helm and armour fell from its decaying limbs, and its imperious battle tones degenerated into the prayers of snivelling priests and the trilling of eunuchs.

But that which enfeebles the aged strengthens the young. That spiritualism had a wholesome effect on the over-robust races of the north; the ruddy barbarians became spiritualised through Christianity; European civilisation began. This is a praiseworthy and sacred phase of Christianity. The Catholic Church earned in this regard the highest title to our respect and admiration. Through grand, genial institutions it controlled the bestiality of the barbarian hordes of the North, and tamed their brutal materialism.

The works of art in the middle ages give evidence of this mastery of matter by the spirit; and that is often their whole purpose. The epic poems of that time may be easily classified according to the degree in which they show that mastery. Of lyric and dramatic poems nothing is here to be said; for the latter do not exist, and the former are comparatively as much alike in all ages as are the songs of the nightingales in each succeeding spring.

Although the epic poetry of the middle ages was divided into sacred and secular, yet both classes were purely Christian in their nature; for if the sacred poetry related exclusively to the Jewish people and its history, which alone was considered sacred; if its themes were the heroes of the Old and the New Testaments, and their legends — in brief, the Church — still all the Christian views and aims of that period were mirrored in the secular poetry. The flower of the German sacred poetry of the middle ages is, perhaps, *Barlaam and Josaphat*, a poem in which the dogma of self-denial, of continence, of renunciation, of the scorn of all worldly pleasures, is most

consistently expressed. Next in order of merit I would rank *Lobgesang auf den Heiligen Anno*, but the latter poem already evinces a marked tendency towards secular themes. It differs in general from the former somewhat as a Byzantine image of a saint differs from an old German representation. Just as in these Byzantine pictures, so also do we find in *Barlaam and Josaphat* the greatest simplicity; there is no perspective, and the long, lean, statue-like forms, and the grave, ideal countenances, stand severely outlined, as though in bold relief against a background of pale gold. In the *Lobgesang auf den Heiligen Anno*, as in the old German pictures, the accessories seem almost more prominent than the subject; and, notwithstanding the bold outlines, every detail is most minutely executed, and one knows not which to admire most, the giant-like conception or the dwarf-like patience of execution. Ottfried's *Evangeliengedicht*, which is generally praised as the masterpiece of this sacred poetry, is far inferior to both of these poems.

In the secular poetry we find, as intimated above, first, the cycle of legends called the *Nibelungenlied*, and the *Book of Heroes*. In these poems all the ante-Christian modes of thought and feelings are dominant; brute force is not yet moderated into chivalry; the sturdy warriors of the North stand like statues of stone, and the soft light and moral atmosphere of Christianity have not yet penetrated their iron armour. But dawn is gradually breaking over the old German forests, the ancient Druid oaks are being felled, and in the open arena Christianity and Paganism are battling: all this is portrayed in the cycle of traditions of Charlemagne; even the Crusades with their religious tendencies are mirrored therein. But now from this Christianised, spiritualised brute force is developed the peculiar feature of the middle ages, chivalry, which finally becomes exalted into a religious knighthood. The earlier knighthood is most felicitously portrayed in the legends of King Arthur, which are full of the most charming gallantry, the most finished courtesy, and the most daring bravery. From the midst of the pleasing, though bizarre, arabesques, and the fantastic, flowery mazes of these tales, we are greeted by the gentle Gawain, the worthy Lancelot of the Lake, by the valiant, gallant, and honest, but somewhat tedious, Wigalois. By the side of this cycle of legends we find the kindred and connected legends of the Holy Grail, in which the religious knighthood is glorified, and in which are to be found the three grandest poems of the middle ages, *Titarel*, *Parcival*, and *Lohengrin*. In these poems we stand face to face, as it were, with the muse of romantic poetry; we look deep into her large, sad

eyes, and ere we are aware she has ensnared us in her network of scholasticism, and drawn us down into the weird depths of mediæval mysticism. But further on in this period we find poems which do not unconditionally bow down to Christian spirituality; poems in which it is even attacked, and in which the poet, breaking loose from the fetters of an abstract Christian morality, complacently plunges into the delightful realm of glorious sensuousness. Nor is it an inferior poet who has left us *Tristan and Isolde*, the masterpiece of this class. Verily, I must confess that Gottfried von Strasburg, the author of this, the most exquisite poem of the middle ages, is perhaps also the loftiest poet of that period. He surpasses even the grandeur of Wolfram von Eschilbach, whose *Parcival*, and fragments of *Titurel*, are so much admired. At present, it is perhaps permissible to praise Meister Gottfried without stint, but in his own time his book and similar poems, to which even *Lancelot* belonged, were considered Godless and dangerous. Francesca da Polenta and her handsome friend paid dearly for reading together such a book; — the greater danger, it is true, lay in the fact that they suddenly stopped reading.

All the poetry of the middle ages has a certain definite character, through which it differs from the poetry of the Greeks and Romans. In reference to this difference the former is called Romantic, the latter Classic. These names, however, are misleading, and have hitherto caused the most vexatious confusion, which is even increased when we call the antique poetry plastic as well as classic. In this, particularly, lay the germ of misunderstandings; for artists ought always to treat their subject-matter plastically. Whether it be Christian or pagan, the subject ought to be portrayed in clear contours. In short, plastic configuration should be the main requisite in the modern romantic as well as in antique art. And, in fact, are not the figures in Dante's *Divine Comedy* or in the paintings of Raphael just as plastic as those in Virgil or on the walls of Herculaneum?

The difference consists in this, — that the plastic figures in antique art are identical with the thing represented, with the idea which the artist seeks to communicate. Thus, for example, the wanderings of the Odyssey mean nothing else than the wanderings of the man who was a son of Laertes and the husband of Penelope, and was called Ulysses. Thus, again, the Bacchus which is to be seen in the Louvre is nothing more than the charming son of Semele, with a daring melancholy look in his eyes, and an inspired voluptuousness on the soft arched lips. It is otherwise in romantic art: here

the wanderings of a knight have an esoteric signification; they typify, perhaps, the mazes of life in general. The dragon that is vanquished is sin; the almond-tree, that from afar so encouragingly wafts its fragrance to the hero, is the Trinity, the God-Father, God-Son, and God-Holy-Ghost, who together constitute one, just as shell, fibre, and kernel together constitute the almond. When Homer describes the armour of a hero, it is naught else than a good armour, which is worth so many oxen; but when a monk of the middle ages describes in his poem the garments of the Mother of God, you may depend upon it, that by each fold of those garments he typifies some special virtue, and that a peculiar meaning lies hidden in the sacred robes of the immaculate Virgin Mary; as her Son is the kernel of the almond, she is quite appropriately described in the poem as an almond-blossom. Such is the character of that poesy of the middle ages which we designate *romantic*.

Classic art had to portray only the finite, and its forms could be identical with the artist's idea. Romantic art had to represent, or rather to typify, the infinite and the spiritual, and therefore was compelled to have recourse to a system of traditional, or rather parabolic, symbols, just as Christ himself had endeavoured to explain and make clear his spiritual meaning through beautiful parables. Hence the mystic, enigmatical, miraculous, and transcendental character of the art-productions of the middle ages. Fancy strives frantically to portray through concrete images that which is purely spiritual, and in the vain endeavour invents the most colossal absurdities; it piles Ossa on Pelion, Parcival on Titirel, to reach heaven.

Similar monstrous abortions of imagination have been produced by the Scandinavians, the Hindoos, and the other races which likewise strive through poetry to represent the infinite; among them also do we find poems which may be regarded as romantic.

Concerning the music of the middle ages little can be said. All records are wanting. It was not until late in the sixteenth century that the masterpieces of Catholic Church music came into existence, and, of their kind, they cannot be too highly prized, for they are the purest expression of Christian spirituality. The recitative arts, being spiritual in their nature, quite appropriately flourished in Christendom. But this religion was less propitious for the plastic arts, for as the latter were to represent the victory of spirit over matter, and were nevertheless compelled to use matter as a means to carry out this representation, they had to accomplish an unnatural task. Hence sculpture and painting abounded with such revolting subjects as

martyrdoms, crucifixions, dying saints, and physical sufferings in general. The treatment of such subjects must have been torture for the artists themselves; and when I look at those distorted images, with pious heads awry, long, thin arms, meagre legs, and graceless drapery, which are intended to represent Christian abstinence and ethereality, I am filled with an unspeakable compassion for the artists of that period. It is true the painters were somewhat more favoured, for colour, the material of their representation, in its intangibility, in its varied lights and shades, was not so completely at variance with spirituality as the material of the sculptors; But even they, the painters, were compelled to disfigure the patient canvas with the most revolting representations of physical suffering. In truth, when we view certain picture galleries, and behold nothing but scenes of blood, scourgings, and executions, we are fain to believe that the old masters painted these pictures for the gallery of an executioner.

But human genius can transfigure deformity itself, and many painters succeeded in accomplishing the unnatural task beautifully and sublimely. The Italians, in particular, glorified beauty, — it is true, somewhat at the expense of spirituality, — and raised themselves aloft to an ideality which reached its perfection in the many representations of the Madonna. Where it concerned the Madonna, the Catholic clergy always made some concessions to sensuality. This image of an immaculate beauty, transfigured by motherly love and sorrow, was privileged to receive the homage of poet and painter, and to be decked with all the charms that could allure the senses. For this image was a magnet, which was to draw the great masses into the pale of Christianity. Madonna Maria was the pretty *dame du comptoir* of the Catholic Church, whose customers, especially the barbarians of the North, she attracted and held fast by her celestial smiles.

During the middle ages architecture was of the same character as the other arts; for, indeed, at that period all manifestations of life harmonised most wonderfully. In architecture, as in poetry, this parabolising tendency was evident. Now, when we enter an old cathedral, we have scarcely a hint of the esoteric meaning of its stony symbolism. Only the general impression forces itself on our mind. We feel the exaltation of the spirit and the abasement of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is a hollow cross, and we walk here amid the instruments of martyrdom itself. The variegated windows cast on us their red and green lights, like drops of blood and ichor; requiems for the dead resound through the aisles; under our feet are

gravestones and decay; in harmony with the colossal pillars, the soul soars aloft, painfully tearing itself away from the body, which sinks to the ground like a cast-off garment. When one views from without these Gothic cathedrals, these immense structures, that are built so airily, so delicately, so daintily, as transparent as if carved, like Brabant laces made of marble, then only does one realise the might of that art which could achieve a mastery over stone, so that even this stubborn substance should appear spectrally etherealised, and be an exponent of Christian spiritualism.

But the arts are only the mirror of life; and when Catholicism disappeared from daily life, so also it faded and vanished out of the arts. At the time of the Reformation Catholic poetry was gradually dying out in Europe, and in its place we behold the long-buried Grecian style of poetry again reviving. It was, in sooth, only an artificial spring, the work of the gardener and not of the sun; the trees and flowers were stuck in narrow pots, and a glass sky protected them from the wind and cold weather.

In the world's history every event is not the direct consequence of another, but all events mutually act and react on one another. It was not alone through the Greek scholars who, after the conquest of Constantinople, immigrated over to us, that the love for Grecian art, and the striving to imitate it, became universal among us; but in art as in life, there was stirring a contemporary Protestantism. Leo X., the magnificent Medici, was just as zealous a Protestant as Luther; and as in Wittenburg protest was offered in Latin prose, so in Rome the protest was made in stone, colours, and *ottava rime*. For do not the vigorous marble statues of Michael Angelo, Giulio Romano's laughing nymph-faces, and the life-intoxicated merriment in the verses of Master Ludovico, offer a protesting contrast to the old, gloomy, withered Catholicism? The painters of Italy combated priesthood more effectively, perhaps, than did the Saxon theologians. The glowing flesh in the paintings of Titian, — all that is simple Protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are much more fundamental theses than those which the German monk nailed to the church door of Wittenburg. Mankind felt itself suddenly liberated, as it were, from the thralldom of a thousand years; the artists, in particular, breathed freely again when the Alp-like burden of Christianity was rolled from off their breasts; they plunged enthusiastically into the sea of Grecian mirthfulness, from whose foam the goddess of beauty again rose to meet them; again did the painters depict the ambrosial joys of Olympus; again did the sculptors, with the olden love, chisel the heroes of antiquity

from out the marble blocks; again did the poets sing of the house of Atreus and of Laïos; a new era of classic poetry arose.

In France, under Louis XIV., this neo-classic poetry exhibited a polished perfection, and, to a certain extent, even originality. Through the political influence of the *grand monarque* this new classic poetry spread over the rest of Europe. In Italy, where it was already at home, it received a French colouring; the Anjous brought with them to Spain the heroes of French tragedy; it accompanied Madame Henriette to England; and, as a matter of course, we Germans modelled our clumsy temple of art after the bepowdered Olympus of Versailles. The most famous high priest of this temple was Gottsched, that old periwigged pate, whom our dear Goethe has so felicitously described in his memoirs.

Lessing was the literary Arminius who emancipated our theatre from that foreign rule. He showed us the vapidness, the ridiculousness, the tastelessness, of those apings of the French stage, which itself was but an imitation of the Greek. But not only by his criticism, but also through his own works of art, did he become the founder of modern German original literature. All the paths of the intellect, all the phases of life, did this man pursue with disinterested enthusiasm. Art, theology, antiquarianism, poetry, dramatic criticism, history, — he studied these all with the same zeal and with the same aim. In all his works breathes the same grand social idea, the same progressive humanity, the same religion of reason, whose John he was, and whose Messiah we still await. This religion he preached always, but alas! often quite alone and in the desert. Moreover, he lacked the skill to transmute stones into bread. The greater portion of his life was spent in poverty and misery — a curse which rests on almost all the great minds of Germany, and which probably will only be overcome by the political emancipation. Lessing was more deeply interested in political questions than was imagined, — a characteristic which we entirely miss in his contemporaries. Only now do we comprehend what he had in view by his description of the petty despotisms in *Emilia Galotti*. At that time he was considered merely a champion of intellectual liberty and an opponent of clerical intolerance; his theological writings were better understood. The fragments “Concerning the Education of the Human race,” which have been translated into French by Eugene Rodrigue, will perhaps suffice to give the French an idea of the wide scope of Lessing’s genius. His two critical works which have had the most influence on art are his *Hamburger Dramaturgie*

and his *Laocoön, or Concerning the Limits of Painting and Poetry*. His best dramatic works are *Emilia Galotti*, *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *Nathan the Wise*.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born January 22nd, 1729, at Kamenz, in Upper Lusatia, and died February 15th, 1781, at Brunswick. He was a whole man, who; while with his polemics waging destructive battle against the old, at the same time created something newer and better. "He resembled," says a German author, "those pious Jews, who, at the second building of the temple, were often disturbed by the attacks of their enemies, and with one hand would fight against the foe, while with the other hand they continued to work at the house of God." This is not the place to discuss Lessing more fully, but I cannot refrain from saying that, in the whole range of literary history, he is the author whom I most love.

I desire here to call attention to another author, who worked in the same spirit and with the same aim, and who may be regarded as Lessing's most legitimate successor. It is true, a criticism of this author would be out of place here, for he occupies a peculiarly isolated place in the history of literature, and his relation to his epoch and contemporaries cannot even now be definitely pronounced. I refer to Johann Gottfried Herder, born in 1744, at Morungen, in East Prussia; died in 1803, at Weimar, in Saxony.

The history of literature is a great morgue, wherein each seeks the dead who are near or dear to him. And when, among the corpses of so many petty men, I behold the noble features of a Lessing or a Herder, my heart throbs with emotion. How could I pass you without pressing a hasty kiss on your pale lips?

But if Lessing effectually put an end to the servile apings of Franco-Grecian art, yet, by directing attention to the true art-works of Grecian antiquity, to a certain extent he gave an impetus to a new and equally silly species of imitation. Through his warfare against religious superstition he even advanced a certain narrow-minded *jejune* enlightenment, which at that time vaunted itself in Berlin; the sainted Nicolai was its principal mouthpiece, and the German Encyclopædia its arsenal. The most wretched mediocrity began again to raise its head, more disgustingly than ever. Imbecility, vapidness, and the commonplace distended themselves like the frog in the fable.

It is an error to believe that Goethe, who at that time had already appeared upon the scene, had met with general recognition. His *Goetz von*

Berlichingen and his *Werther* were received with enthusiasm, but the works of the most ordinary bungler not less so, and Goethe occupied but a small niche in the temple of literature. It is true, as said before, that the public welcomed Goetz and Werther with delight, but more on account of the subject matter than their artistic merits, which few were able to appreciate. Of these masterpieces, *Goetz von Berlichingen* was a dramatised romance of chivalry, which was the popular style at that time. In *Werther* the public saw only an embellished account of an episode in real life — namely, the story of young Jerusalem, a youth who shot himself from disappointed love, thereby creating quite a commotion in that dead-calm period. Tears were shed over his pathetic letters, and it was shrewdly observed that the manner in which Werther had been ostracised from the society of the nobility must have increased his weariness of life. The discussion concerning suicide brought the book still more into notice; a few fools hit upon the idea of shooting themselves in imitation of Werther, and thus the book made a marked sensation. But the romances of August Lafontaine were in equal demand, and as the latter was a voluminous writer, it followed that he was more famous than Wolfgang Goethe. Wieland was the great poet of that period, and his only rival was Herr Ramler of Berlin. Wieland was worshipped idolatrously, more than Goethe ever was. Iffland, with his lachrymose domestic dramas, and Kotzebue's farces, with their stale witticisms, ruled the stage.

It was against this literature that, in the closing years of the last century, there arose in Germany a new school, which we have designated the Romantic School. At the head of this school stand the brothers August William and Frederic Schlegel. Jena, where these two brothers, together with many kindred spirits, were wont to come and go, was the central point from which the new æsthetic dogma radiated. I advisedly say dogma, for this school began with a criticism of the art productions of the past, and with recipes for the art works of the future. In both of these fields the Schlegelian school has rendered good service to æsthetic criticism. In criticising the art works of the past, either their defects and imperfections were set forth, or their merits and beauties illustrated. In their polemics, in their exposure of artistic shortcomings and imperfections, the Schlegels were entirely imitators of Lessing; they seized upon his great battle-sword, but the arm of August William Schlegel was far too feeble, and the sight of his brother Frederic too much obscured by mystic clouds; the former could

not strike so strong, nor the latter so sure and telling a blow as Lessing. In reproductive criticism, however, where the beauties of a work of art were to be brought out clearly; where a delicate perception of individualities was required; and where these were to be made intelligible, the Schlegels are far superior to Lessing. But what shall I say concerning their recipes for producing masterpieces? Here the Schlegels reveal the same impotency that we seem to discover in Lessing. The latter also, strong as he is in negation, is equally weak in affirmation; seldom can he lay down any fundamental principle, and even more rarely, a correct one. He lacks the firm foundation of a philosophy, or a synthetic system. In this respect the Schlegels are still more woefully lacking. Many fables are rife concerning the influence of Fichtean idealism and Schelling's philosophy of nature upon the romantic school, and it is even asserted that the latter is entirely the result of the former. I can, however, at the most discover the traces of only a few stray thoughts of Fichte and Schelling, but by no means the impress of a system of philosophy. It is true that Schelling, who at that time was delivering lectures at Jena, had personally a great influence upon the romantic school. Schelling is also somewhat of a poet, a fact not generally known in France, and it is said that he is still in doubt whether he shall not publish his entire philosophical works in poetical, yes, even in metrical form. This doubt is characteristic of the man.

But if the Schlegels could give no definite, reliable theory for the masterpieces which they bespoke of the poets of their school, they atoned for these shortcomings by commending as models the best works of art of the past, and by making them accessible to their disciples. These were chiefly the Christian-Catholic productions of the middle ages. The translation of Shakespeare, who stands at the frontier of this art and with Protestant clearness smiles over into our modern era, was solely intended for polemical purposes, the present discussion of which space forbids. It was undertaken by A. W. Schlegel at a time when the enthusiasm for the middle ages had not yet reached its most extravagant height. Later, when this did occur, Calderon was translated and ranked far above Shakespeare. For the works of Calderon bear most distinctly the impress of the poetry of the middle ages — particularly of the two principal epochs of knight-errantry and monasticism. The pious comedies of the Castilian priest-poet, whose poetical flowers had been besprinkled with holy water and canonical perfumes, with all their pious *grandezza*, with all their sacerdotal splendour,

with all their sanctimonious balderdash, were now set up as models, and Germany swarmed with fantastically-pious, insanely-profound poems, over which it was the fashion to work one's self into a mystic ecstasy of admiration, as in *The Devotion to the Cross*, or to fight in honour of the Madonna, as in *The Constant Prince*. Zacharias Werner carried the nonsense as far as it might be safely done without being imprisoned by the authorities in a lunatic asylum.

Our poetry, said the Schlegels, is superannuated; our muse is an old and wrinkled hag; our Cupid is no fair youth, but a shrunken, grey-haired dwarf. Our emotions are withered; our imagination is dried up: we must re-invigorate ourselves. We must seek again the choked-up springs of the naïve, simple poetry of the middle ages, where bubbles the elixir of youth. When the parched, thirsty multitude heard this, they did not long delay. They were eager to be again young and blooming, and, hastening to those miraculous waters, quaffed and gulped with intemperate greediness. But the same fate befell them as happened to the aged waiting-maid who noticed that her mistress possessed a magic elixir which restored youth. During her lady's absence she took from the toilet drawer the small flagon which contained the elixir, but, instead of drinking only a few drops, she took a long deep draught, so that through the power of the rejuvenating beverage she became not only young again, but even a puny, puling babe. In sooth, so was it with our excellent Ludwig Tieck, one of the best poets of this school; he drank so deeply of the mediæval folk tales and ballads that he became almost as a child again, and dropped into that childlike lisping which it cost Madame de Staël so much painstaking to admire. She confesses that she found it rather strange to have one of the characters in a drama make his *début* with a monologue, which begins with the words:— "I am the brave Bonifacius, and I come to tell you," etc.

By his romance, *Sternbald's Wanderungen*, and through his publication of the *Herzensergies sungen eines Kunstliebenden Klosterbruders*, written by a certain Wackenroder, Ludwig Tieck sought to set up the naïve, crude beginnings of art as models. The piety and childishness of these works, which are revealed in their technical awkwardness, were recommended for imitation. Raphael was to be ignored entirely; his teacher, Perugino, fared almost as badly, although rated somewhat higher, for it was claimed that he showed some traces of those beauties which were to be found in their full bloom in the immortal masterpieces of Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole,

and were so devoutly admired. If the reader wishes to form an idea of the taste of the art-enthusiasts of that period, let him go to the Louvre, where the best pictures of those masters, who were then worshipped without bounds, are still on exhibition; and if the reader wishes to form an idea of the great mass of poets who at that time, in all possible varieties of verse, imitated the poetry of the middle ages, let him visit the lunatic asylum at Charenton.

I believe, however, that those pictures in the first salon of the Louvre are still too graceful to give the observer a correct idea of the art ideals of that period. The pictures of the old Italian school must be imagined translated into the old German, for the works of the old German painters were considered more artless and childlike, and therefore more worthy of imitation than the old Italian. It was claimed that we Germans, with our *Gemüth*, a word for which the French language has no equivalent, have been able to form a more profound conception of Christianity than other nations, and Frederic Schlegel, and his friend, Joseph Görres, rummaged among the ancient Rhine cities for the remains of old German pictures and statuary, which were superstitiously worshipped as holy relics.

I have just likened the German Parnassus of that period to Charenton. Even that, however, is too mild a comparison. A French madness falls far short of a German lunacy in violence, for in the latter, as Polonius would say, there is method. With a pedantry without its equal, with an intense conscientiousness, with a profundity of which a superficial French fool can form no conception, this German folly was pursued.

The political condition of Germany was particularly favourable to those Christian old German tendencies. "Need teaches prayer," says the proverb; and truly never was the need greater in Germany. Hence the masses were more than ever inclined to prayer, to religion, to Christianity. No people is more loyally attached to its rulers than are the Germans. And more even than the sorrowful condition to which the country was reduced through war and foreign rule did the mournful spectacle of their vanquished princes, creeping at the feet of Napoleon, afflict and grieve the Germans. The whole nation resembled those faithful old servants in once great but now reduced families, who feel more keenly than even their masters all the humiliations to which the latter are exposed, and who in secret weep most bitterly when the family silver is to be sold, and who clandestinely contribute their pitiful savings, so that patrician wax candles and not plebeian tallow dips shall

grace the family table — just as we see it so touchingly depicted in the old plays. The universal sadness found consolation in religion, and there ensued a pious resignation to the will of God, from whom alone help could come. And, in fact, against Napoleon none could help but God Himself. No reliance could be placed on the earthly legions; hence all eyes were religiously turned to Heaven.

We would have submitted to Napoleon quietly enough, but our princes, while they hoped for deliverance through Heaven, were at the same time not unfriendly to the thought, that the united strength of their subjects might be very useful in effecting their purpose. Hence they sought to awaken in the German people a sense of homogeneity, and even the most exalted personages now spoke of a German nationality, of a common German fatherland, of a union of the Christian-Germanic races, of the unity of Germany. We were commanded to be patriotic, and straightway we became patriots, — for we always obey when our princes command.

But it must not be supposed that the word “patriotism” means the same in Germany as in France. The patriotism of the French consists in this: the heart warms; through this warmth it expands; it enlarges so as to encompass, with its all-embracing love, not only the nearest and dearest, but all France, all civilisation. The patriotism of the Germans, on the contrary, consists in narrowing and contracting the heart, just as leather contracts in the cold; in hating foreigners; in ceasing to be European and cosmopolitan, and in adopting a narrow-minded and exclusive Germanism. We beheld this ideal empire of churlishness organised into a system by Herr Jahn; with it began the crusade of the vulgar, the coarse, the great unwashed — against the grandest and holiest idea ever brought forth in Germany, the idea of humanitarianism; the idea of the universal brotherhood of mankind, of cosmopolitanism — an idea to which our great minds, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, and all people of culture in Germany, have ever paid homage.

With the events that speedily followed you are only too familiar. After God, the snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed the best portion of Napoleon’s forces, we Germans received the command from those highest in authority to free ourselves from the foreign yoke, and we straightway flamed with manly wrath at the bondage too long endured; and we let ourselves be excited to enthusiasm by the fine melodies, but bad verses, of

Köerner's ballads, and we fought until we won our freedom — for we always do what our princes command.

At a period when the crusade against Napoleon was forming, a school which was inimical to everything French, and which exalted everything in art and life that was Teutonic, could not help achieving great popularity. The Romantic School at that time went hand in hand with the machinations of the government and the secret societies, and A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine with the same aim that Minister Stein plotted against Napoleon. This school of literature floated with the stream of the times; that is to say, with the stream that flowed backwards to its source. When finally German patriotism and nationality were victorious, the popular Teutonic-Christian-romantic school, "the new-German-religious-patriotic art-school," triumphed also. Napoleon, the great classic, who was as classic as Alexander or Cæsar, was overthrown, and August William and Frederic Schlegel, the petty romanticists, who were as romantic as Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots, strutted about as victors.

But the reaction which always follows excess was in this case not long in coming. As the spiritualism of Christianity was a reaction against the brutal rule of imperial Roman materialism; as the revival of the love for Grecian art and science was a reaction against the extravagances of Christian spiritualism; as the romanticism of the middle ages may also be considered as a reaction against the vapid apings of antique classic art; so also do we now behold a reaction against the re-introduction of that catholic, feudal mode of thought, of that knight-errantry and priesthood, which were being inculcated through literature and the pictorial arts, under bewildering circumstances. For when the artists of the middle ages were recommended as models, and were so highly praised and admired, the only explanation of their superiority that could be given was that these men believed in that which they depicted, and that, therefore, with their artless conceptions they could accomplish more than the later sceptical artists, notwithstanding that the latter excelled in technical skill. In short, it was claimed that faith worked wonders, and, in truth, how else could the transcendent merits of a Fra Angelico da Fiesole or the poems of Brother Ottfried be explained? Hence the artists who were honest in their devotion to art, and who sought to imitate the pious distortions of those miraculous pictures, the sacred uncouthness of those marvel-abounding poems, and the inexplicable mysticisms of those olden works — these artists determined to wander to

the same hippocrene whence the old masters had derived their supernatural inspiration. They made a pilgrimage to Rome, where the vicegerent of Christ was to re-invigorate consumptive German art with asses' milk. In brief, they betook themselves to the lap of the Roman-Catholic-Apostolic Church, where alone, according to their doctrine, salvation was to be secured. Many of the adherents of the romantic school — for instance, Joseph Görres and Clemens Brentano — were Catholics by birth, and required no formal ceremony to mark their re-adhesion to the Catholic faith; they merely renounced their former free-thinking views. Others, however, such as Frederic Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Novalis, Werner, Schütz, Carové, Adam Müller, etc., were born and bred Protestants, and their conversion to Catholicism required a public ceremony. The above list of names includes only authors; the number of painters, who in swarms simultaneously abjured Protestantism and reason, was much larger.

When it was seen how these young people made obeisance, as it were, to the Roman Catholic Church, and pressed their way into ancient prisons of the mind, from which their fathers had so valiantly liberated themselves, much misgiving was felt in Germany. But when it was discovered that this propaganda was the work of priests and aristocrats, who had conspired against the religious and political liberties of Europe; when it was seen that it was Jesuitism itself which was seeking, with the dulcet tones of Romanticism, to lure the youth of Germany to their ruin, after the manner of the mythical rat-catcher of Hamelin; when all this became known, there was great excitement and indignation in Germany among the friends of Protestantism and intellectual freedom.

I have mentioned intellectual freedom and Protestantism together; although, in Germany, I profess the Protestant religion, yet I trust no one will accuse me of a prejudice in its favour. It is entirely without partiality that I have named Protestantism and free-thought together, for in Germany they really stand on a friendly footing towards one another. At all events they are akin, and that as mother and daughter. Even if the Protestant Church may be charged with a certain odious narrow-mindedness, yet to its immortal honour be it said, that by allowing the right of free investigation in the Christian religion, and by liberating the minds of men from the yoke of authority, it made it possible for free-thought to strike root in Germany, and for science to develop an independent existence. Although German philosophy now proudly takes its stand by the side of the Protestant Church;

yes, even assumes an air of superiority; yet it is only the daughter of the latter, and as such owes her filial respect and consideration; and when threatened by Jesuitism, the common foe of them both, the bonds of kindred demanded that they should combine for mutual defence. All the friends of intellectual freedom and the Protestant Church, sceptics as well as orthodox, simultaneously arose against the restoration of Catholicism, and, as a matter of course, the Liberals, who were not specially concerned either for the welfare of the Protestant Church or of philosophy, but for the interests of civil liberty, also joined the ranks of this opposition. In Germany, however, the Liberals had always, up to the present time, been students both of philosophy and theology, and the idea of liberty for which they fought was always the same, whether the subject under discussion was exclusively political, philosophical, or theological. This is most clearly manifest in the life of the man, who, at the very outset of the romantic school in Germany, undermined its foundation, and contributed the most to its overthrow. I refer to Johann Heinrich Voss.

This writer is altogether unknown in France, and yet there are few to whom the German people are more indebted for their intellectual development. After Lessing, he is probably the greatest citizen in German literature. He certainly was a great man, and deserves more than a mere passing mention.

The biography of this man is that of nearly all German authors of the old school. He was the son of poor parents, and was born at Mecklenberg in 1751. He studied theology, but did not pursue it as a career. When, however, he became acquainted with poetry and Greek, he devoted himself zealously to both. In order not to starve he took to teaching, and became schoolmaster at Otterndorf, in Hadeln. He translated the ancients, and lived to the age of seventy-five, poor, frugal, and industrious. He enjoyed an excellent reputation among the poets of the old school, but the poets of the new romantic school were continually plucking at his laurels, and they scoffed not a little at the honest, old-fashioned Voss, who, however, went on in his straight-forward way, picturing the life on the lower Elbe, sometimes even writing in the Platt-Deutsch dialect. He selected no mediæval knights or madonnas as the heroes and heroines of his works, but chose for his theme the life of a simple Protestant parson and his virtuous family. Voss was so thoroughly wholesome, so bourgeois, so natural; while they, the new troubadours, were so morbid and somnambulistic, so high-flown and

aristocratic, and altogether so unnatural. To Frederic Schlegel, the intoxicated poet of the dissolute, romantic Lucinde, the staid and sober Voss, with his "chaste Louise" and his "aged and venerable parson of Grunau," must have been very obnoxious. August Wilhelm Schlegel, who never was so sincere as his brother in his glorification of profligacy and of Catholicism, harmonised much better with old Voss, and between the two there existed only the rivalry of translators, a rivalry which has been very beneficial for German literature. Even before the rise of the new school, Voss had translated Homer; now, with an unprecedented industry, he translated the other heathen poets of antiquity, while August Wilhelm Schlegel translated the Christian poets of the romantic-Catholic period. Secret polemical motives inspired them both. Voss aimed to advance classic poetry and modes of thought through his translations, while A. W. Schlegel sought, through good translations, to make the Christian-romantic poets accessible to the public for imitation and culture. In sooth, this antagonism manifested itself even in the forms of speech used by the two translators. While Schlegel became ever more fastidious and finical in his style, Voss grew more brusque and rugged. The language in the latter's later translations is as rough as a file, and at times almost unpronounceable. If one is liable to slip on the smooth, highly-polished, mahogany-like surface of Schlegel's poems, there is equal danger of stumbling over Voss's versified blocks of granite. In a spirit of rivalry, Voss finally attempted a translation of Shakespeare, a work which Schlegel had accomplished so successfully in his earlier years. In this undertaking Voss fared very badly, and his publisher still worse; the translation was a total failure. If Schlegel's translation, perhaps, reads too smoothly; if his verses sometimes give the impression of whipped cream, and leave the reader in doubt whether it is to be eaten or be drunk; — Voss's, on the other hand, is as hard as stone, and reading his verses aloud makes one fear a dislocation of the jaw-bone. But that which especially distinguished Voss was the energy with which he battled against all difficulties; he not only wrestled with the German language, but also with that aristocratic Jesuitic monster, which at that period raised its unsightly head from amidst the dark forest depths of German literature: and Voss dealt the monster a telling blow.

Herr Wolfgang Menzel, a German author, who is known as one of the bitterest opponents of Voss, dubs him "a Saxon boor." Notwithstanding the unfriendly sense in which this epithet is applied, it is nevertheless very

fitting. In truth, Voss is “a Saxon boor,” just as Luther was one: he lacks all that is chivalrous, courteous, and gracious; he was every inch one of that rude, rough, sturdy race, to whom Christianity could be preached only by fire and sword, and who only submitted to that religion after losing three battles, but who in their customs and ways still retain much of the old Norse pagan doggedness, and in their material and intellectual combats show themselves as valiant and as stubborn as their ancient gods. When I contemplate Johann Heinrich Voss in his polemics and in his whole manner, I seem to see before me the ancient one-eyed Odin himself, who has left Asgard and has become a school-teacher in the province of Hadeln, and there teaches Latin declination and the Christian catechism to the little flaxen-haired Holsteiners; in his leisure hours he translates the Greek poets into German, and borrows from Thor his great hammer to beat the verses into shape; but after a while, becoming tired of the tedious work, he takes the hammer and cracks poor Fritz Stolberg on the head.

That was a famous affair. Frederick, Count of Stolberg, was a poet of the old school, and was remarkably popular in Germany, not, perhaps, so much on account of his poetic talents as for his title of count, which at that time counted for more in German literature than it does now. Fritz Stolberg, however, was a liberal man and had a noble heart, and he was a friend of those less patrician youths, who in Göttingen were seeking to found a poetic school. I recommend French literary men to read the preface to the poems of Hölty, in which Johann Heinrich Voss describes the idyllic life of the band of poets of which he and Fritz Stolberg were members. Time passed, and these two only were left of all that galaxy of youthful poets. When Fritz Stolberg, with great *éclat*, joined the Catholic Church, abjuring reason and the love of freedom, becoming a promoter of intellectual darkness, and by his aristocratic example drawing many weaklings after him — then Johann Heinrich Voss, the venerable man of three-score and ten, publicly entered the lists against the friend of his youth, and wrote the little book, *Wie Ward Fritz Stolberg ein Unfreier?* In it he analysed Stolberg’s whole life, and showed how the aristocratic tendency in the nature of his old comrade had always existed, and that after the events of the French Revolution that tendency had steadily become more pronounced; that Stolberg had secretly joined an association of the nobility, which had for its purpose to counteract the French ideas of liberty; that these nobles entered into a league with the Jesuits; that they sought, through the re-establishment of Catholicism, to

advance also the interests of the nobility: he exposed in general the ways and means by which the reactionists were seeking to bring about the restoration of the Christian-Catholic-feudal middle ages, and the destruction of Protestant intellectual freedom and the political rights of the commonalty. Once, ere the era of revolutions, good fellowship existed between German democracy and German aristocracy; the former hoped for nothing, the latter feared nothing; but now as grey-beards, they faced each other, and fought a duel for life or death.

That portion of the German public which did not comprehend the significance and terrible necessity of this struggle blamed poor Voss for the ruthless revelation of confidential relations and private affairs, which, however, taken as a whole, conclusively proved the correctness of his charges. Then certain so-called æsthetic souls, far too exalted and refined for such petty gossip, raised an outcry, and accused poor Voss of being a scandal-monger. Other good citizens, who feared that the curtain might be drawn from them, and their own miserable shortcomings be exposed, waxed indignant over the violation of the established rules of literary polemics, which strictly forbid all personalities and disclosures of private affairs. It so happened that Fritz Stolberg died soon after, and his death was attributed to grief; and when, immediately after his death, his *Liebesbüchlein* was published, in which he assumes the true Jesuitic tone, and speaks of his poor deluded friend in terms of pious Christian forgiveness — then the tears of German compassion fell thick and fast, and the German Michel assumed his most lugubrious expression, and all this flood of sentimentality was turned into wrath against poor Voss; and most of the abuse heaped upon him came from the very ones for whose intellectual and material welfare he had battled.

When one gets soundly thrashed in Germany one can always count on the pity and tears of the multitude. In this respect the Germans resemble those old crones who never miss an opportunity of witnessing an execution, and who eagerly press to the front of the curious spectators, setting up a bitter lamentation at sight of the poor wretch, and even taking his part. The snivelling old women who attend literary executions, and put on such grief-stricken airs, would nevertheless be very much disappointed if the poor sinner was suddenly to receive a pardon, and they be sent trudging homeward without beholding the anticipated flogging. Their worst fury would then be directed against the one who had balked their expectation.

Meanwhile Voss's polemical writings exerted a powerful influence upon the masses, and turned the current of public opinion against that predilection for mediævalism which had been all the fashion. His writings aroused Germany; many declared for Voss personally; a greater portion supported his cause alone. The controversy waxed fiercer and fiercer; attacks and rejoinders followed in quick succession, and the last days of the old man were embittered by these quarrels. He had to deal with the most dangerous opponents, the priesthood, who attacked him under the most-varied guises. Not only the Crypto-Catholic, but also the Pietists, the Quietists, the Lutheran Mystics; in brief, all the supernaturalistic sects of the Protestant church, no matter how decidedly they differed from one another in their creeds, yet they all agreed in their great hatred of Johann Heinrich Voss, the rationalist. This name is in Germany applied to those who hold that the claims of reason should not be put aside in matters of religion, in opposition to the supernaturalists, who to a greater or less degree discard reason in religion. The latter, in their furious hate of the poor rationalists, resemble the inmates of a lunatic asylum, who, although they will not believe in each other's hallucinations, yet in a measure tolerate one another. But with all the fiercer hate do they turn against the man whom they consider their common enemy, who is no other than the physician who seeks to restore their reason.

While the romantic school was severely damaged in public opinion by the discovery of its Catholic tendencies, about the same time it received an utterly crushing blow in its own temple, and that, too, from one of those gods whom itself had enshrined there. For it was Wolfgang Goethe who descended from his pedestal to pronounce the doom of the Schlegels, the same high-priests who had offered him so much incense. That voice annihilated the whole pack of hobgoblins; the spectres of the middle ages fled; the owls crept again into their obscure castle-ruins, and the ravens fluttered back to their old church-steeple. Frederic Schlegel went to Vienna, where he attended mass daily and ate broiled fowl; A. W. Schlegel withdrew into the pagoda of Brahma.

Frankly confessed, Goethe at that time played a very ambiguous rôle, and cannot be unconditionally praised. It is true, the Schlegels never were sincere with him; perhaps they built him an altar, and offered him incense, and taught the multitude to kneel before him, only because, in their warfare against the old school, they needed a living poet to set up as a model, and

found none more suited for their purpose than Goethe; and, perhaps, also, because they expected some literary favours from him. Moreover, he was at such an easy distance from them. The road from Jena to Weimar leads through an avenue of fine plum trees, and the luscious fruit is very acceptable to the wayfarer when parched with the summer heat. The Schlegels often travelled this road, and in Weimar they had many an interview with Herr Geheimrath von Goethe, who was always a finished diplomat. He listened quietly to what the Schlegels had to say, smiled approvingly, occasionally dined them, showed them various favours, etc. They also approached Schiller, but the latter was an honest, straight-forward man, and would have nothing to do with them. The correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, which was published three years ago, throws considerable light on the relations between these two poets and the Schlegels. Goethe, haughtily and contemptuously, mocks at them; Schiller is angry at their impertinent scandal-mongering, and at their passion for notoriety, and he calls them “puppies.”

But although Goethe assumed such haughty airs towards them, it is nevertheless true that he was indebted to the Schlegels for the greater portion of his fame, for it was they who introduced and promoted the study of his writings. The contemptuous and insulting manner with which he eventually cast them off has a very strong flavour of ingratitude. Perhaps Goethe, with his clear insight, was vexed that the Schlegels should seek to use him as an instrument to accomplish their projects. Perhaps those projects threatened to compromise him as the minister of a Protestant state. Perhaps it was the ancient pagan godlike wrath that awoke in him at sight of the mouldy Catholic follies. For as Voss resembled the stalwart one-eyed Odin, so did Goethe, in form and figure, resemble great Jupiter. The former was compelled to pound long and vigorously with his Thor's hammer; the latter needed but angrily to shake his majestic head, with its ambrosial locks, and the Schlegels trembled and crept out of sight. A public statement of Goethe's opposition to the romantic school appeared in his journal, *Kunst und Alterthum*, and bore the title, *Concerning the Christian-Patriotic-New-German School of Art*. With this article Goethe made his eighteenth brumaire in German literature, for by chasing the Schlegels so summarily out of the temple, and attaching to himself so many of their young and zealous disciples, and being hailed with acclamations by the public, to whom the Schlegelian directory had long been obnoxious, he established

his autocratic sovereignty in German literature. From that hour nothing more was heard of the Schlegels. Only now and then their names were mentioned, just as one sometimes casually speaks of Barras or of Gohier. Neither romantic nor classic poetry was henceforth spoken of; everywhere it was nothing but Goethe. It is true that several other poets arose in the meantime, who, in power and imagination, were but little inferior to Goethe. But out of courtesy they acknowledged him as their chief; they paid homage to him, they kissed his hand, they knelt before him. These grandees of Parnassus differed from the common multitude in being permitted to wear their laurel-wreaths in Goethe's presence. Sometimes they even attacked him; but they were always vexed when one of the lesser ones ventured to assail him. No matter how angry aristocrats are with their sovereign, they are always displeased when plebeians also dare to revolt. And, in truth, the aristocrats of intellect had, during the last twenty years, very good reasons to be irritated against Goethe. As I myself unreservedly remarked at the time, not without bitterness, "Goethe resembled Louis XI. of France, who abased the powerful nobility and exalted the *tiers état*."

That was despicable. Goethe feared every writer of independence and originality, but glorified and praised all the petty authorlings. He carried this so far, that to be praised by Goethe came at last to be considered a brevet of mediocrity.

Later I shall speak of the new poets who grew up during the Goethean imperialism. They constitute a forest of young trees, whose true magnitude has become perceptible only since the fall of that century-old oak by whose branches they had been so completely overtopped and overshadowed. As already stated, there was not lacking a bitter and zealous opposition against Goethe, that giant oak. Men of the most diverse opinions were banded together in this opposition. The orthodox were vexed that in the trunk of this great tree there was no niche provided for the statuettes of the saints, but that, on the contrary, even the nude dryads of heathendom were permitted to carry on their witchery beneath it. The pietists would gladly have imitated Saint Boniface, and with consecrated axe have felled this magic oak. The liberals, on the other hand, were indignant that they could not use it as a liberty tree and as a barricade. But, in truth, the tree was too lofty to have a red cap placed on its top, or a carmagnole danced beneath it. But the public at large honoured it just because it was so stately and independent; because it filled the whole world with its delicious fragrance;

because its branches towered majestically to the heavens, so that the stars seemed to be merely the golden fruit of the great and wonderful tree.

It is true, the opposition against Goethe began with the appearance of the so-called pseudo *Wanderjahre*, which was published by Gottfried Basse of Quedlinburg, under the title of *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*, in 1821; that is, soon after the downfall of the Schlegels. Goethe had announced a sequel to his *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, under this title, and very strangely it appeared simultaneously with its literary double, in which not only was Goethe's style imitated, but the hero of Goethe's original novel was represented as the leading personage. This parody evinced much talent, and still greater tact, for as the author managed to maintain his anonymity for a considerable period, baffling all endeavours to discover his personality, public interest was artificially stimulated. Finally it transpired that the author was a hitherto unknown village parson, by the name of Pustkuchen, which translated into French would be *omelette soufflée*, a name which aptly describes the very essence of his book. It was nothing else than the old, stale, sour dough of the pietists, æsthetically kneaded over. In this book it was cast up to Goethe, as a reproach, that his poems had no moral aim; that he could create no lofty characters, but only low, vulgar creatures; that Schiller, on the contrary, had produced the most ideal and exalted conceptions, and that therefore the latter was a greater poet.

That Schiller was a greater poet than Goethe was the special point which Pustkuchen's book sought to establish, and for which it was written. It became the fashion to institute comparisons between the writings of the two poets, and the public divided into partisan camps. The admirers of Schiller enthusiastically praised the purity and nobility of a Max Piccolomini, of a Thekla, of Posa, and other of Schiller's dramatic heroes; on the other hand, they stigmatised Goethe's Philine, Käthchen, Clärchen, and the like pretty creatures, as immoral jades. Goethe's adherents would smilingly admit that neither Goethe's heroes nor his heroines could be called moral, but they claimed that the promotion of morality in nowise came within the province of art. In art, asserted they, as in the universe itself, there is no ulterior purpose; it is only man who introduces the conceptions of end and means. Art, like the universe, said they, exists for itself alone. Although the opinions of mankind concerning the universe are continually changing, the universe itself remains ever the same; so also must art remain uninfluenced by the temporary views of mankind. Art must be kept especially

independent of systems of morality, for these change on earth as often as a new religion arises, and supersedes an older faith. In fact, as after the lapse of a number of centuries a new religion always makes its appearance, influences the customs, and thus makes itself felt as a new system of morality, so in every period the art works of the past would be branded as heretical and immoral, were they to be judged by the temporary standard of morality. We have, in truth, lived to see good Christians, who condemn the flesh as of Satan, experience a feeling of anger at sight of the Greek mythological statues. Chaste monks have put an apron on the antique Venus; the ridiculous custom of bestowing a fig leaf on nude figures has continued even up to the present. A pious Quaker went so far as to sacrifice his whole fortune in buying up and burning Giulio Romano's most beautiful mythological paintings; truly he deserves for his pains to reach heaven, and there to be flogged daily. A religion which should recognise God in matter only, and should regard the flesh only as divine, would, when it had impressed itself upon the customs of men, give rise to a system of morality, according to which those works of art which glorify the flesh would be alone deemed worthy of praise; and on the contrary, those Christian art works which depict the nothingness of the flesh would be considered as immoral. The works of art which are accepted as moral in one land would be considered immoral in another country, where a different religion had generated different customs. Thus, our pictorial arts awaken the disgust of a strict Mahometan, while much that in the harems of the Orient is regarded as quite innocent would be an abomination in the eyes of Christians. In India the occupation of a Bayadere is not regarded as dishonourable; hence, the drama of "Vasantasena," the heroine of which is a courtesan, is there not at all considered immoral. If, however, the Théâtre Français ventured to produce this play, the whole pit would raise the cry of "immorality" — the same pit that witnesses with delight plays whose plots are amorous intrigues, and whose heroines are young widows who remarry at the end of the play, instead of having themselves burned to death on their deceased husband's funeral pyre, as required by Hindoo morality.

Starting with this idea, the Goetheans viewed art as a separate, independent world, which they would rank so high, that all the changing and changeable doings of mankind, their religions and systems of morality, should surge far below it. I cannot unconditionally endorse this view; but the Goetheans were led so far astray by it as to proclaim art in and of itself

as the highest good. Thus they were induced to hold themselves aloof from the claims of the world of reality, which, after all, is entitled to precedence.

Schiller united himself to the world of reality much more decidedly than did Goethe; and he deserves praise for this. The living spirit of the times thrilled through Frederic Schiller; it wrestled with him; it vanquished him; he followed it to battle; he bore its banner, and, lo! it was the same banner under which the conflict was being enthusiastically waged across the Rhine, and for which we are always ready to shed our heart's best blood. Schiller wrote for the grand ideas of the Revolution; he razed the bastilles of the intellect; he helped to erect the temple of freedom, that colossal temple which shelters all nations like a single congregation of brothers: in brief, he was a cosmopolitan. He began his career with that hate of the past which we behold in *The Robbers*. In this work he resembles a diminutive Titan who has run away from school, got tipsy with schnapps, and throws stones at Jupiter's windows. He ended with that love for the future which already in his *Don Carlos* blossoms forth like a field of flowers. Schiller is himself that Marquis Posa who is simultaneously prophet and soldier, and battles for that which he foretells. Under that Spanish cloak throbs the noblest heart that ever loved and suffered in Germany.

The poet is, on a small scale, but the imitator of the Creator, and also resembles God in creating his characters after his own image. If, therefore, Carl Moor and the Marquis Posa are wholly Schiller himself, so in like manner does Goethe resemble his Werther, his Wilhelm Meister, and his Faust, in whom the different phases of his intellect can be studied. While Schiller devotes himself to the history of the race, and becomes an enthusiast for the social progress of mankind, Goethe, on the other hand, applies himself to the study of the individual, to nature and to art. The physical sciences must of necessity have finally become a leading branch of study with Goethe, the pantheist, and in his poems, as well as in his scientific works, he gave us the result of his researches. His indifferentism was to a certain extent the result of his pantheistic views. Alas! we must confess that pantheism has often led men into indifferentism. They reasoned thus: if everything is God; if everything is divine, then it is indifferent whether man occupies himself with clouds or ancient gems; with folk-songs or the anatomy of apes; with real human beings or play-actors. But that is just the mistake. Everything is not God, but God is everything. He does not manifest himself equally in all things, but He shows himself in different

degrees according to the various matters. Everything bears within itself an impulse to strive after a higher degree of divinity, and that is the great law of progress throughout all nature. The recognition of this law, which has been most profoundly revealed by the disciples of St. Simon, now makes pantheism a cosmic, universal theory, which not only does not lead to indifferentism, but, on the contrary, induces the most self-sacrificing endeavours. No, God does not manifest himself in all things equally, as Wolfgang Goethe believed, who through such a belief became an indifferentist, and, instead of devoting himself to the highest interests of humanity, occupied himself with art, anatomy, theories of colour, botanical studies, and observations of the clouds. No, God is manifest in some things to a greater degree than in others. He lives in motion, in action, in time. His holy breath is wafted through the pages of history, which is God's true book of record. Frederic Schiller felt this, and became an historian, a "prophet of the past," and wrote the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, the *Thirty Years' War*, the *Maid of Orleans*, and *William Tell*.

It is true Goethe also depicted a few of the great struggles of freedom, but he portrayed them as an artist. Christian zeal was odious to him, and he angrily turned from it; and the enthusiasm for philosophy, which is characteristic of our epoch, he either could not understand or purposely avoided understanding, for fear of ruffling his customary tranquillity of mind; so he treated all enthusiasm objectively and historically; as a datum, as a subject to be written about. In his hands the living spirit became dead matter, and he invested it with a lovely and pleasing form. He became thus the greatest artist of our literature, and all that he wrote was a finished work of art.

The example of the master misled the disciples, and there arose in Germany that literary epoch which I once designated as the "art period," and which, as I then showed, had a most disastrous influence on the political development of the German people. At the same time, I by no means deny the intrinsic worth of the Goethean masterpieces. They adorn our beloved fatherland just as beautiful statues embellish a garden; but they are only statues after all. One may fall in love with them, but they are barren. Goethe's poems do not, like Schiller's, beget deeds. Deeds are the offspring of words; but Goethe's pretty words are childless. That is the curse of all that which has originated in mere art. The statue which Pygmalion wrought was a beautiful woman, and even the sculptor himself

fell in love with her. His kisses warmed her into life, but, so far as we know, she never bore children. I believe a similar idea has been suggested by Charles Nodier, and this thought came into my mind while wandering through the Louvre, as my glance alighted on the statues of the ancient gods. There they stood, with their white, expressionless eyes, a mysterious melancholy in their stony smiles. Perhaps they are haunted by sad memories of Egypt, that land of the dead from which they came; or perhaps it is a mournful longing for the life from which other divinities have expelled them, or a grieving over their immortality of death. They seem to be awaiting the word that shall liberate them from their cold, motionless rigidity and bring them back to life. How strange that these antique statues should remind me of the Goethean creations, which are likewise so perfect, so beautiful, so motionless, and which also seem oppressed with a dumb grieving that their rigidity and coldness separate them from our present warm, restless life — that they cannot speak and rejoice with us, and that they are not human beings, but unhappy mixtures of divinity and stone.

These few hints will explain the publicly-expressed opposition of the various parties in Germany to Goethe. The orthodox were highly incensed against the great heathen, as Goethe was generally called in Germany; they feared his influence upon the people, whom he indoctrinated with his manner of viewing the world through merry verses, even through the simplest and most unpretentious ballads. They saw in him the most dangerous foe of the Cross, which, as he expressed himself, was as odious to him as vermin, garlic, and tobacco; at least, that is about the purport of the *Xenie* which Goethe dared to publish in Germany, the very country where vermin, garlic, tobacco, and the Cross form a holy alliance, and are supreme over all. But it was not this that displeased us, the party of action. As previously stated, we found fault with Goethe for the barrenness of his writings; for the engrossing devotion to art, which through him was diffused over Germany; for his influence in creating among the German youth an apathy which was a hindrance to the political regeneration of our fatherland. Hence the indifferentist and pantheist was assailed from the most diverse sides. To use an illustration from French parliamentary life, the extreme right and the extreme left formed an alliance against him. While the cassocked priests brandished the crucifix over him, furious *sans-culottes* simultaneously assaulted him with the pike.

Wolfgang Menzel, who had carried on the war against Goethe with a display of talent worthy of a better cause, evinced in his polemics that he was not merely a one-sided spiritualistic Christian, or a discontented patriot; he rather based a portion of his attacks on the latest remark of Frederic Schlegel, who, after his fall, from the recesses of his Catholic cathedral, gave utterance to his woe concerning Goethe; Goethe, “whose poetry lacked a central point.” Menzel went still further, and showed that Goethe was not a man of genius, but only of talent; Schiller, however, was a genius, etc. This was some time before the July Revolution; Menzel was at that time a great admirer of the middle ages, of mediæval art as well as of institutions; he was incessantly attacking Johann Heinrich Voss, and praising Joseph Görres with an enthusiasm hitherto unheard of. These facts prove that Menzel was sincere in his hatred of Goethe, and that he did not write against him merely to make himself conspicuous, as many thought. Although I, myself, was at that time an opponent of Goethe, yet I was displeased at the harshness with which Menzel criticised him, and I complained of this want of respect. I said, Goethe is nevertheless the king of our literature, and in applying the knife of criticism to such a one, it always behoves us to show a proper courtesy, just as the executioner who was to behead Charles I., before performing the duties of his office, knelt before the king and begged his royal forgiveness.

Among the opponents of Goethe was the famous Hofrath Müllner, and his only remaining friend, Professor Schütz. There were several others of less celebrity — Herr Spann, for instance, who had been imprisoned for a long time on account of political offences — belonged to the public adversaries of Goethe. In confidence, dear reader, it was a very motley crowd. The ostensible reasons I have sufficiently indicated, but it is more difficult to guess what special motive influenced each individual to give publicity to his anti-Goethean sentiments. I know the secret motives of only one of these persons, and as that one is myself, I will frankly confess that I was envious of Goethe. To my credit I must say that I assailed in Goethe only the man, never the poet. Unlike those critics who, with their finely-polished glasses, claim to have also detected spots upon the moon, I could never discern blemishes in Goethe’s works. What these sharp-sighted people consider spots are blooming forests, silvery streams, lofty mountains, and smiling valleys.

Nothing is more foolish than to depreciate Goethe in order thereby to exalt Schiller, whom it was always customary to praise in order to disparage Goethe. Do such critics really not know that those highly-extolled, highly-idealised figures, those sacred pictures of virtue and morality which Schiller produced, were much easier to construct than those frail, worldly beings of whom Goethe gives us a glimpse in his works? Do they not know that mediocre painters generally select sacred subjects, which they daub in life-size on the canvas? But it requires a great master to paint with lifelike fidelity and technical perfection a Spanish beggar-boy scratching himself, or a Netherlandish peasant having a tooth extracted, or some hideous old woman such as we see in Dutch cabinet pictures. In art it is much easier to picture large tragic subjects than those which are small and droll. The Egyptian sorcerers could imitate Moses in many of his tragic feats: they could make serpents, and blood, and frogs; but when Moses created vermin, which would seemingly be less difficult to copy, then they confessed their impotence, and said, "It is the finger of God." Rail as you will at the coarseness of certain portions of Faust, at the scenes on the Brocken and in Auerbach's cellar, inveigh against the licentiousness in *Wilhelm Meister*, it is nevertheless more than you can do; it is the finger of Goethe! But I hear you say, with disgust, "We do not wish to create such things. We are no sorcerers; we are good Christians." I know quite well that you are no sorcerers.

Goethe's greatest merit consists in the perfection of all his works. Here are no portions that are strong while others are weak; here no one part is painted in detail while another is merely sketched; here is no confusion, nor any of the customary padding, nor any undue partiality for certain special characters. Goethe treats every person that appears in his romances and dramas as if he or she were the leading character. So it is with Homer, so with Shakespeare. In the works of all great poets there are, in fact, no minor characters at all; every character in its place is the chief personage. Such poets are absolute monarchs, and resemble the Emperor Paul of Russia, who, when the French ambassador remarked that a man of importance in his empire was interested in a certain matter, sharply interrupted the speaker with the memorable words— "In my empire there is no man of importance except he to whom I may happen to be speaking; and he is of importance only so long as I address him." An absolute poet, who also holds power by the grace of God, in like manner views that person in his intellectual realm

as the most important who at that particular moment is speaking through his pen. From this art-despotism arises that wonderful perfection of the most trivial and unimportant figures which we find in the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

If I have spoken rather harshly of Goethe's adversaries, I should have cause to criticise his defenders still more severely, for most of the latter, in their zeal, have been guilty of even greater follies. At the head of those who have made themselves ridiculous in this respect is one by the name of Eckermann, a writer not generally lacking in talent. In the campaign against Pustkuchen, Carl Immermann, who is now our greatest dramatic poet, won his spurs as a critic by publishing an excellent *brochure*. Berlin chiefly distinguished itself on this occasion. Goethe's leading champion, at all times, was Varnhagen von Ense, a man whose heart is filled with thoughts grand as the universe, and who expresses them in words as precious and as dainty as cut jewels. He is the noble-minded man in whose judgment Goethe ever placed the most reliance. Perhaps it may be well to mention here that Wilhem von Humboldt once wrote an excellent book concerning Goethe. During the last ten years every Leipsic Fair has brought to light a large number of works on Goethe. Herr Schubart's studies of Goethe are among the marvels of fine criticism. Herr Häring, whose *nom de plume* is Willibald Alexis, has written for various periodicals clever and valuable articles on Goethe. Herr Zimmermann, professor at Hamburg, has, in his oral lectures, given some most excellent criticisms of Goethe; in his writings on dramaturgy we find similar thoughts, more briefly expressed, perhaps, but more profound. At various German universities there were courses of lectures on Goethe, and of all his works the public chiefly devoted itself to the study of *Faust*. It was the theme of endless dissertations and commentaries, and became the secular Bible of the Germans.

I would be no true German if I wrote of *Faust* without giving expression to some explanatory thoughts concerning it, for from the greatest thinker down to the most insignificant penny-a-liner, from philosophers down to professors of philosophy, every one tries his wit on this book. It is, in fact, as wide in its compass as the Bible; like the latter, it embraces heaven and earth, mankind and its exegesis. The subject matter of *Faust* is the chief reason of its popularity, and its selection from among the many folk-legends is a proof of Goethe's profound judgment and genius, which ever seized on that which was nearest and best. I may assume that the story of *Faust* is

familiar to my readers, for the book has recently become celebrated in France also; but I know not if the original legend itself is known here. I know not if at your annual rustic fairs there is hawked for sale a little book of grey, fleecy paper, badly printed, with rude woodcuts, containing a circumstantial account of how the arch-sorcerer, Johannes Faustus, a learned scholar who had studied all the sciences, finally threw away his books and made a compact with the devil, by which he was enabled to enjoy all the material pleasures of the earth, but in return for which his soul was to be given up to the powers of hell. During the middle ages the populace attributed all extraordinary intellectual powers to a compact with the devil, and Albertus Magnus, Raimond Lullus, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Agrippa von Nettesheim, and Roger Bacon in England, were held to be magicians, sorcerers, and conjurers. But the ballads and romances tell much stranger stories concerning Doctor Faustus, who is reputed to have demanded from the devil not only a knowledge of the profoundest secrets of nature, but also the most realistic physical pleasures. This is the self-same Faust who invented printing, and who lived at a time when people began to inveigh against the strictness of church authority, and to make independent researches. With Faust the mediæval epoch of faith ends, and the modern era of critical, scientific investigation begins. It is, in fact, of the greatest significance that Faust should have lived, according to popular tradition, at the very beginning of the Reformation, and that he himself should have invented printing, the art which gave science the victory over faith; an art, however, which has also robbed us of the catholic peace of mind, and plunged us into doubts and revolutions, and had finally delivered us into the power of Satan. But no! knowledge, science, the comprehension of nature through reason, eventually gives us the enjoyments of which faith, that is, Catholic Christianity, has so long defrauded us; we now recognise the truth that mankind is destined to an earthly, as well as to a heavenly equality. The political brotherhood which philosophy inculcates is more beneficial to us than the purely spiritual brotherhood, for which we are indebted to Christianity. The thought becomes transformed into words, the words become deeds, and we may yet be happy during our life on this earth. If in addition to this, we also attain after death that heavenly felicity which Christianity promises so assuredly, so much the better.

The German people had, for a long time, felt a profound presentiment of this, for the Germans themselves are that learned Doctor Faust; they

themselves are that spiritualist, who, having at last comprehended the inadequateness of the spiritual life alone, reinstates the flesh in its rights. But still biassed by the symbolism of Catholic poetry, in which God is pictured as the representative of the spirit, and the devil as that of the flesh, the rehabilitation of the flesh was characterised as an apostasy from God, and a compact with the devil.

But some time must yet elapse ere the deeply-significant prophecy of that poem will be fulfilled as regards the German people, and the spirit itself, comprehending the usurpation of spiritualism, become the champion of the rights of the flesh. That will be the Revolution, the great daughter of the Reformation.

Less known in France than *Faust* is Goethe's *West-Ostlichen Divan*, a later work with which Madame de Staël was unacquainted, and which demands especial notice. It reveals the peculiar thoughts and feelings of the Orient in graceful ballads and pithy proverbs, which exhale an atmosphere of fragrance and passion, like a harem of love-sick odalisques, with the dark eyes of gazelles, and amorous white arms. The reader is filled with a mixed sensation of shuddering and desire, like lucky Caspar Debureau, when he stood at the top of a ladder in Constantinople, and beheld *de haut en bas* what the Commander of the Faithful is wont to see only *de bas en haut*. At times a feeling steals o'er the reader as if he lay comfortably stretched upon a Persian carpet, smoking a long Turkish pipe, filled with the yellow tobacco of Turkestan, while a negress slave gently waves over him a variegated fan of peacock feathers, and a handsome boy serves a cup of Mocha coffee — the sweetest and most blissful sense of life and its pleasures has Goethe expressed in these verses — in verses so dainty, so felicitous, so airy, so ethereal, that one is lost in astonishment that such things are possible in the German language. In addition to all this, the book contains the most beautiful prose descriptions and explanations of the customs and manners of the Orient, the patriarchal life of the Arabs; and withal Goethe is as easy, merry, and harmless as a child, and yet as full of wisdom as a greybeard. Goethe's prose in this work is as translucent as the green sea, when, on a bright, calm summer afternoon, we can look far down into the depths below, and catch glimpses of ancient drowned cities, and all their fabulous splendours. Then, at times, that prose is as magical and as mysterious as the firmament, when the darkness of twilight has lifted, and the grand Goethean thoughts appear, pure and golden, like the stars. The

charm of this book is indescribable; it is a salaam sent by the Occident to the Orient, and many a quaint and curious flower is gathered there; passionate red roses, snowdrops white as a maiden's bosom, comical dandelions, purple digitalis like long human fingers, contorted crocuses, and peeping slyly forth, in the midst, modest German violets. The meaning of this salaam is that the Occident, grown weary of its frigid, meagre spiritualism, seeks again to refresh itself amid the wholesome physical pleasures of the Orient. After Goethe had expressed in *Faust* his aversion to abstract spiritualism, and his desire for realistic enjoyments, in writing the *West-Ostlichen Divan* he threw himself with his whole soul, as it were, into the arms of sensualism.

Hence it is of the utmost significance that this work appeared soon after *Faust*. It was the last phase of Goethe's genius, and his example was of the greatest influence upon literature. The Orient was now the theme of our lyric poets. It may be worthy of mention, that while Goethe so rapturously celebrated Persia and Arabia in his verses, he expressed the most decided aversion to India. The bizarre and confused characteristics of that country were repugnant to him, and perhaps this dislike originated in the suspicion that some Catholic stratagem was at the bottom of the Sanscrit studies of the Schlegels and their friends. These men regarded Hindostan as the cradle of Catholicism; they claimed to have discovered there the model of the Catholic hierarchy, the doctrine of the trinity, of the incarnation, of penance, of atonement, of the maceration of the flesh, and all their other favourite crotchets. Goethe's antipathy towards India nettled these people not a little, and A. W. Schlegel, with transparent malice, called him "a heathen converted to Mahometanism."

Amongst the most noteworthy writings on Goethe which have appeared this year is a posthumous work by Johannes Falk, entitled *Goethe aus Persönlichen Umgänge Dargestellt*. With the exception of a detailed treatise on *Faust*, which, of course, must not be omitted, the author of this book has given us most excellent sketches of Goethe; he has depicted him in all the walks of life, naturally, impartially, with all his virtues and all his failings. In this book we behold Goethe in his relations to his mother, whose temperament was so wonderfully reflected in that of her son; we see him as the naturalist, watching a caterpillar developing into a butterfly; we see the great Herder expostulating with him against the indifferentism with which he let the development of humanity itself pass before him, unregarded; we

behold him at the court of the Grand Duke of Weimar, seated among the blonde court dames, making merry improvisations, like Apollo guarding the flocks of King Admetus; again we see him, with the haughtiness of a Dalai-Lama, refusing to recognise Kotzebue; then we see the latter giving a public celebration in honour of Schiller, in order thereby to depreciate Goethe; we see him in all things, wise, handsome, amiable, a blessed and inspiring figure, like the eternal gods.

In fact, that harmony of personal appearance with genius, which we demand in eminent men, existed in its fullest degree in Goethe. His outward appearance was as impressive as the thoughts that live in his writings. His figure was symmetrical and majestic, and in that noble form Grecian art might be studied as in an ancient statue. That stately form was never bent in Christian humility; the features of that noble countenance were never distorted with Christian self-reproach; those eyes were never downcast with Christian remorse, nor turned devoutly and tremulously towards heaven. No, his eyes had a godlike steadfastness, for it is in general the distinctive mark of a god, that his look is unmoved. Hence when Agni, Varuna, Yama, and Indra assume the form of Nala at Damayanti's wedding, the latter recognises her lover by the twitching of his eyes, for, as I have said, the eyes of a god are always steadfast and unmoved.

Napoleon's eyes possessed this peculiarity, and hence I am convinced that he also was a god. Goethe's eyes, even at an advanced age, remained just as godlike as in his youth, and although time could whiten, it could not bow that noble head. He always bore himself proudly and majestically, and when he spoke he seemed to grow statelier still, and when he stretched out his hand it seemed as though he could prescribe to the stars the paths they should traverse. It is said that a cold, egotistic twitching might be observed around the corners of his mouth. But this trait is also peculiar to the eternal gods, and especially to the father of gods, great Jupiter, to whom I have already likened Goethe. When I visited him at Weimar I involuntarily glanced around to see if I might not behold at his side the eagle with the thunderbolt in its beak. I was about to address him in Greek, but, as I noticed that he understood German, I told him in the latter language that the plums along the roadside from Jena to Weimar were excellent. Many a long winter's night I had pondered on the exalted and profound remarks I should make to Goethe if I should ever see him. And now that I did at last see him face to face, I told him that the plums of Saxony were delicious. And

Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the beautiful Leda, Europa, Danaë, Semele, and many another princess or ordinary nymph.

Les Dieux s'en vont. Goethe is dead. He died on March 22nd, last year, that memorable year in which the world lost its greatest celebrities. It is as if death had become suddenly aristocratic, and sought to designate particularly the great ones of this earth by sending them contemporaneously to the grave. Perhaps death wished to found a *pairie* in the shadowy realms of Hades, in which case its *fournée* were well chosen. Or, perhaps, on the contrary, death sought during the past year to favour democracy by destroying these great celebrities, and their authority over the minds of men, and thus to bring about an intellectual equality. Was it out of respect or from irreverence that death spared the crowned heads during the past year? In a fit of abstraction death did raise his scythe over the King of Spain, but he recollected himself in time, and spared his life. During the past twelve months not a single king has died. *Les Dieux s'en vont* — but the kings are still with us.

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Schelling's influence on the romantic school was chiefly of a personal nature, but in addition to this, by the philosophy of nature which came into vogue through him, the poets have elevated themselves to much more profound conceptions of nature. One portion let themselves be absorbed with all their human emotions into nature; others remembered a few magic formulas, with which to conjure out of nature something that possessed human form and speech. The former were the genuine mystics, and resembled in many respects the devotees of India, who dissolve in nature, and at last begin to feel as if they and nature were one. The latter were rather sorcerers, who by their own will summoned forth even hostile spirits; they resembled those Arabian magicians, who, at their caprice, could endow stones with life, and turn living beings into stone. Novalis belonged to the first class, Hoffman to the latter. Novalis saw marvels in everything, and charming marvels they were. He listened to the language of the plants, he knew the secret of every young rose, finally he identified himself with all nature, and when autumn came and the leaves began to fall, then he died. Hoffman, on the contrary, saw spectres in everything; they nodded to him from every Chinese tea-pot, and from under each Berlin periwig. He was a sorcerer who transformed human beings into beasts, and beasts into human

beings, even into royal Prussian court-counsellors. He would raise the dead from their graves, but life itself turned away from him, as from some gloomy spectre. He realised this; he felt that he himself had become a ghost. All nature was to him an imperfect mirror, in which he saw, distorted in a thousand ways, the cast of his own dead face; and his works are naught else than a horrible shriek of terror in twenty volumes.

Hoffman does not belong to the romantic school. He did not come into contact with the Schlegels, and was in no way affected by their tendencies. I only mention him in contrast to Novalis, who was peculiarly a poet of that school. Novalis is less known here than Hoffman, who has been introduced to the French public by Loeve-Weimars in a very attractive form, and thus has acquired a great reputation in France. In Germany, Hoffman is by no means *en vogue*, but he was so formerly. In their time his works were much read, but only by persons whose nerves were either too strong or too weak to be affected by less violent accords. The minds that were really intellectual, and the natures that were truly poetical, would have nothing to do with him. Such as these much preferred Novalis. But frankly confessed, Hoffman was a much greater poet than Novalis, for the latter with his idealistic pictures ever floats in the blue skies; while Hoffman, notwithstanding all his grotesque bogies, still clings fast to earthly realities. Just as the giant Anteus remained strong and invincible so long as his feet rested on mother earth, and lost his strength the moment Hercules held him aloft; so also the poet is strong and mighty as long as he does not forsake the *terra firma* of reality, but becomes powerless as soon as he attempts to float enraptured in the blue ether.

The great resemblance between these two poets lies in the fact that their poetry was really a disease. It has been said that it does not come within the province of the critic, but of the physician, to pass judgment on their writings. The rosy glow in Novalis's poems is not the hue of health, but the hectic flush of consumption; and the brilliant light in Hoffman's fantastic conceptions is not the flame of genius, but of fever.

But have we a right thus to criticise — we, who are ourselves not blest with robust health? and especially now, when all literature appears like one vast hospital? or is poetry, perhaps, a disease of humanity, as the pearl is the morbid matter of the diseased oyster?

Novalis was born May 2nd, 1772. His real name was Hardenberg. He loved a young lady who was afflicted with consumption, and died of that

dread disease. This sad experience left its impress upon all his writings. His life was but a dreamy, lingering death, and he also died of consumption in 1801, before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, or his romance. This romance, in its present shape, is only the fragment of a great allegorical poem, which, like the divine comedy of Dante, was to embrace all earthly and celestial matters. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the celebrated poet, is the hero of this romance. We see him as a youth in Eisenach, the pretty little village which lies at the foot of the ancient Wartburg, which has been the scene of some of the greatest, as well as some of the most stupid, deeds; for here Luther translated his Bible, and here, also, a few silly Teuto-maniacs burned Kamptz's *Gendarmerie-Codex*. At this burg was held the famous tournament of minstrelsy, at which, among other poets, Heinrich von Ofterdingen met Klingsohr of Hungary in the perilous duel of poetry, an account of which has been handed down to us in the Manessa collection. The head of the vanquished was to be forfeited to the executioner, and the Landgraf of Thuringia was the judge. Wartburg, the scene of his later glory, towers ominously over the hero's cradle, and we behold him, in the beginning of Novalis's romance, under the paternal roof at Eisenach. "The parents are abed and asleep, the old clock on the wall keeps up its monotonous ticking, the wind howls and the windows rattle; ever and anon the room is lit up by fitful glimpses of the moon.

"The youth lay tossing restlessly on his couch, thinking of the stranger and his narratives. 'It is not the treasures that have awakened within me such an unspeakable longing,' said he to himself; 'far from me is all avarice; but I yearn to behold the blue flower. It is always in my thoughts, and of nought else can I think or muse. I never felt so strangely before. It is as if until now I had been dreaming, or as if in my sleep I had passed into another world; for in the world in which I formerly dwelt, who would there have concerned themselves about flowers? And so strange a passion for a flower, I never heard of there.'"

These are the opening words of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, and the whole romance is full of the fragrance and the radiance of the blue flower. It is remarkable and significant that the most fabulous personages in this book seem as well known to us, as though in earlier times we had lived in friendly, confidential intercourse with them. Old memories awaken, Sophia's features are so familiar, and memory brings back long avenues of

beech trees, the scene of so many promenades and tender caresses. But all this lies dimly back of us, like some half-forgotten dream.

The muse of Novalis was a fair and slender maiden, with earnest blue eyes, golden hyacinthine tresses, smiling lips, and a small mole on the left side of the chin, for I imagine his muse to be the self-same maid through whom I first became acquainted with his works, as I saw the red morocco-bound, gilt-edged volume, containing *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, in her dainty fingers. She always dressed in blue, and her name was Sophia. She lived a few stations from Göttingen with her sister, the postmistress — a merry, buxom, ruddy-cheeked dame, whose full bust, surmounted with stiff white lace, resembled a fortress. This fortress, however, was impregnable; the good dame was a very Gibraltar of virtue. She was an industrious, practical housewife, and yet her only pleasure consisted in reading Hoffman's romances. Hoffman was just the writer who could agitate her coarse-grained nature and awaken pleasant emotions. But her pale, delicate sister was disagreeably affected at the mere sight of one of Hoffman's books, and if she accidentally laid hands on one, she shrank from the touch. She was as delicate as a sensitive plant, and her words were so fragrant and melodious, that, taken together, they were poetry. I have written down some of her sayings, and they are poems wholly after the manner of Novalis, only more tuneful and ethereal. One of them, which she recited to me as I bade her farewell ere setting out on my travels to Italy, is an especial favourite of mine. The time is autumn; the scene, a garden wherein there had been an illumination, and we hear the conversation between the last glimmering taper, the last rose, and a wild swan. The morning mists approach, the solitary light flickers and dies out, the rose leaves fall, and the swan unfolds its white wings and flies away to the south.

For Hanover abounds with wild swans that seek the warm south in autumn, and return again in summer. They probably spend the winter in Africa, for in the breast of a dead swan an arrow was once found, which Professor Blumenbach recognised as of African origin. The poor bird, with the arrow in its breast, had returned to its northern nest to die. But many a swan, when pierced by such an arrow, may not have the strength for such a journey, and is left helpless in the burning deserts, or with wearied pinions is perched on some Egyptian pyramid, gazing with longing eyes towards the north, towards the cool summer home in Hanover.

Late in the autumn of 1828, as I returned from the south, also with a burning arrow in my heart, my route led through the vicinity of Göttingen, and I stopped over at the dwelling-place of my old friend, the postmistress, in order to change horses. A long time had elapsed since I last saw her, and a woeful change had taken place in the good dame. Her buxom form still resembled a fortress, — but a ruined and dismantled fortress. The bastions were razed, no sentinels were on guard, and her heart, the citadel, was broken. The postillion, Pieper, informed me that she had even lost her relish for Hoffman's novels, but, as a substitute, she indulged all the more freely in brandy at bedtime. The latter is a much simpler plan, for the brandy is always at hand, whereas the novels must be procured at the Deurlich circulating library at Göttingen, at some hours' distance. Postillion Pieper was quite diminutive, and looked as sour as if the contraction in his size was the result of drinking vinegar. When I asked the fellow concerning the postmistress's sister, he answered, "She will soon die; she is already an angel," How good a being must she have been to draw from such a churlish person the remark, "She is an angel." While saying this, he was driving off the fluttering, cackling poultry, by kicking at them with his high top-boots. The house, once so white and cheerful, had changed for the worse, like its mistress; its colour was now a sickly yellow, and the walls were wrinkled with fissures. In the court-yard lay broken vehicles, and a postillion's scarlet mantle, soaking wet, was hanging on a post to dry. Mademoiselle Sophia stood by the window, reading, and when I approached her, I found it was a gilt-edged volume, bound in red morocco; it was Novalis's *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*. She had read and re-read this book, until its pages had inoculated her with consumption, and now she looked like a luminous shadow. But her beauty was now so ethereal, that the sight of it touched me most painfully. I took both of her pale, thin hands in mine, and looked steadily into her blue eyes, and then I asked, "Mademoiselle Sophia, how are you?" "I am well," she answered, "and I shall soon be still better!" Then she pointed out of the window to a little hillock, in the new churchyard, not far from the house. On this barren mound stood a small, thin, solitary poplar, almost leafless, and it swayed to and fro in the autumn winds, not like a living plant, but like the ghost of a tree.

Mademoiselle Sophia now lies under that poplar, and the gilt-edged, red morocco volume, Novalis's *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, which she left me as

a souvenir, lies on the desk before me as I write. I have used it in the composition of this chapter.

.....
Jean Paul Richter anticipated the Young Germany school in its most marked tendency. The latter, however, occupied with practical questions, avoided the abstract intricacies, the abrupt mannerisms, and the unenjoyable style of Jean Paul Richter. No Frenchman with a clear, well-regulated mind can form a conception of that peculiar style. Jean Paul's style is a structure consisting entirely of very small compartments, which are sometimes so narrow that when one thought encounters another, their heads collide and bruise each other. From the ceiling are suspended hooks, on which Jean Paul hangs all sorts of ideas, and the walls are full of secret drawers, in which he conceals emotions. No German author is so rich as Jean Paul in ideas and in emotions; but he never permits them to ripen; and, notwithstanding his wealth of mind and heart, he excites more astonishment than pleasure. Thoughts and sentiments which would grow into colossal trees, if permitted to strike root properly and develop all their branches, blossoms, and leaves — these he uproots while they are still insignificant shrubs, mere sprouts even; and whole intellectual forests are thus served up to us as an ordinary dish. Now, although curious, this is decidedly unpalatable fare, for not every stomach can digest such a mess of young oaks, cedars, palms, and banana trees. Jean Paul is a great poet and philosopher; but no one can be more inartistic than he in his modes of thought and work. In his romances he has brought to light some truly poetical creations, but all his offspring carry with them a long umbilical cord in which they become entangled and choke.

Instead of thought he gives us his thinking itself. We see the material activity of his brain; he gives us, as it were, more brain than thought, and meanwhile the flashes of his wit skip about, like the fleas of his heated imagination. He is the merriest, and, at the same time, the most sentimental of authors. In fact, sentimentality always finally overcomes him, and his laughter abruptly turns into tears. He sometimes disguises himself as a gross, beggarly fellow; but then, like stage princes, he suddenly unbuttons the coarse overcoat and reveals the glittering insignia of his rank.

In this respect Jean Paul resembles Laurence Sterne, with whom he has been often compared. The author of *Tristram Shandy*, when apparently sunk in the most vulgar trivialities, possesses the art of rising by sudden

transitions to the sublime, reminding us that he is of princely rank and the countryman of Shakespeare. Jean Paul, like Laurence Sterne, reveals in his writings his own personality, and lays bare his own human frailties; but yet with a certain awkward bashfulness, especially in sexual matters. Laurence Sterne parades before the public entirely unrobed, quite naked; but Jean Paul has only holes in his trousers. A few critics erroneously believe that Jean Paul possessed more true feeling than Sterne, because the latter, whenever the subject under treatment reaches a tragic elevation, suddenly assumes a merry, jesting tone. Jean Paul, on the contrary, if the subject verges in the least towards the serious, gradually becomes lachrymose, and composedly lets his tears trickle. Sterne probably felt more deeply than Jean Paul, for he is a greater poet. Laurence Sterne, like Shakespeare, was fostered by the muses on Parnassus. After the manner of women, they early spoiled him with their caresses. He was the special pet of the pale Goddess of Tragedy. Once, in a paroxysm of fierce tenderness, she kissed him so passionately, with such fervour, with so ardent a pressure of her lips, that his young heart began to bleed, and at once understood all earthly sorrows, and was filled with a boundless compassion. Poor young poet-heart! But the younger sister, the rosy Goddess of Mirth, sprang quickly to his side, took the suffering lad into her arms, and sought to cheer him with song and merriment. She gave him as playthings the mask of comedy and the jingling bells, and pressed a soothing kiss upon his lips; and with that kiss she imbued him with all her levity, all her frolicsome mirth, all her sportive wit.

And since then Sterne's heart and Sterne's lips have drifted into a strange contradiction. Sometimes, when his soul is most deeply agitated with tragic emotion, and he seeks to give utterance to the profound sorrows of his bleeding heart, then, to his own astonishment, the merriest, most mirth-provoking words will flutter from his lips.

.....

The Baron de la Motte-Fouqué was formerly a major in the Prussian military service, and is one of the most conspicuous of those poet-heroes, or hero-poets, whose lyre and sword won renown during the so-called war of liberation.

His laurels are of the genuine kind. He is a true poet, and the inspiration of poetry is on his brow. Few authors receive such universal homage as did our good Fouqué. Now his readers consist only of the patrons of the circulating libraries. But that public is still large enough, and Fouqué may

boast that he was the only one of the romantic school who was also received with favour by the lower classes. At the time when at the aesthetic tea-gatherings in Berlin it was the fashion to sneer at the fallen knight, in a little Hartz village I became acquainted with a lovely maiden, who spoke of Fouqué with a charming enthusiasm, and blushing confessed that she would gladly give a year of her life if she might but once kiss the author of "Undine" — and this maiden had the prettiest lips that I have ever seen.

"Undine" is indeed a charming poem. This poem is itself a kiss! The genius of poetry kissed the sleeping spring, and as it opened its laughing eyes all the roses exhaled their sweetest perfumes, and all the nightingales sang; and the fragrance of the roses and the songs of the nightingales, all this did our good Fouqué clothe in words, and called it "Undine."

I know not if this novel has been translated into French. It is the story of a lovely water-fairy who has no soul, and who only acquires one by falling in love with an earthly knight. But, alas! with this soul she also learns human sorrows. Her knightly spouse becomes faithless, and she kisses him dead. For in this book death also is only a kiss.

This "Undine" may be regarded as the muse of Fouqué's poetry. Although she is indescribably beautiful, although she suffers as we do, and earthly sorrows weigh full heavily upon her, she is yet no real human being. But our age turns away from all fairy-pictures, no matter how beautiful. It demands the figures of actual life; and least of all will it tolerate water-fays who fall in love with noble knights. This reactionary tendency, this continual praise of the nobility, this incessant glorification of the feudal system, this everlasting knight-errantry balderdash, became at length distasteful to the educated portion of the German middle classes, and they turned their backs on the minstrel who sang so out of time. In fact, this everlasting sing-song of armours, battle-steeds, high-born maidens, honest guild-masters, dwarfs, squires, castles, chapels, minnesingers, faith, and whatever else that rubbish of the middle ages may be called, wearied us; and as the ingenuous hidalgo Friedrich de la Motte-Fouqué became more and more immersed in his books of chivalry, and, wrapped up in the reveries of the past, he ceased to understand the present, and then even his best friends were compelled to turn away from him with dubious head-shakings.

His later writings are unenjoyable. The faults of his earlier works are repeated, only more glaringly. His knights are combinations of iron and

sentimentality; they have neither flesh nor common-sense. His heroines are mere semblances of women; they are dolls, whose golden tresses daintily curl over features that are as pretty and as expressionless as flowers. Like the works of Walter Scott, so also do Fouqué's romances of chivalry remind us of the fantastic tapestries known as gobelins, whose rich texture and brilliant colours are more pleasing to our eyes than edifying to our souls. We behold knightly pageantry, shepherds engaged in festive sports, hand to hand combats, and ancient customs, charmingly intermingled. It is all very pretty and picturesque, but shallow, brilliant superficiality. Among the imitators of Fouqué, as among the imitators of Walter Scott, this mannerism of portraying — not the inner nature of men and things, but merely the outward garb and appearance — was carried to still greater extremes. This shallow art and frivolous style is still in vogue in Germany, as well as in England and France. Even if the portrayal no longer attempts to glorify the age of chivalry, but is directed to our modern affairs, it is still the same mannerism, which grasps not the essential points of phenomena, but merely the superficial and the accidental. In lieu of a knowledge of mankind, our recent novelists evince a profound acquaintance with clothes; they perhaps justify themselves by the old saying: "The tailor makes the man." How different from the older, especially the English, novelists! Richardson gives us the anatomy of the emotions. Goldsmith treats of the affections of his heroes pragmatically. The author of *Tristram Shandy* reveals to us the profoundest depths of the human soul; he opens, as it were, a crevice of the soul; permits us to take one glance into its abysses, into its paradise and into its filthiest recesses; then quickly lets the curtain fall over it. We have had a front view of that marvellous theatre, the soul; the arrangements of lights and the perspective have not failed in their effects, and while we imagined that we were gazing upon the infinite, our own hearts have been exalted with a sense of infinity and poetry. Fielding at once takes us behind the scenes, and there shows us all the emotions covered with deceitful rouge; the gross motives that underlie the most generous deeds; the colophony that is afterwards to blaze aloft into enthusiasm; the bass drum, while on it repose the drumsticks, which are destined to sound the furious thunder of passion. In short, he shows us the whole interior machinery by which theatrical effects are produced; he exposes the colossal deceit by which men assume an appearance far different from the reality, and through which the truth and gladness of life are lost. But what need to cite the English as an

example, since our own Goethe has given us in his *Wilhelm Meister* the best model of a novel?

Fouqué's romances are a legion in number; he is one of the most prolific of authors. *The Magic Ring* and *Thiodolph the Iclander* merit a specially favourable mention. His metrical dramas, which were not intended for the stage, contain great beauties. *Sigurd the Serpent-slayer* is a bold work, in which the ancient Scandinavian mythology is mirrored with all its gigantesque and magical characteristics. Sigurd, the chief personage of the drama, is a colossal creation. He is as strong as the rocky crags of Norway, and as fierce as the sea that beats around their base. He has as much courage as a hundred lions, and as much sense as two asses.

Herr Ludwig Uhland is the true lyric poet. He was born in Tübingen in 1787, and is now an advocate at Stuttgart. This author has written a volume of poems, two tragedies, and two treatises on Walther von der Vogelweide, and on the French troubadours. The latter are two small historical researches, and give evidence of a diligent study of the middle ages. The tragedies are entitled *Louis the Bavarian*, and *Duke Ernest of Suabia*. I have not read the former, nor is it considered the better of the two. The latter, however, contains many beauties, and pleases by its noble and exalted sentiments. It is fragrant with the sweet breath of poetry, such as we fail to find in the pieces that reap so much applause on the stage at the present day. German fidelity is the theme of the drama, and we see it here strong as an oak, defying all storms. German love blossoms, scarcely visible, in the far distance, but its violet-perfume appeals the more touchingly to our hearts. This drama, or rather this poem, contains passages which are among the most precious pearls of our literature; notwithstanding which, the theatre-going public received, or rather rejected, the piece with indifference. I will not censure the good people of the pit too severely for that. These people have certain needs, which they demand that the poet shall gratify. The poet's productions must not merely express the sympathies of his own heart, but must accord with the desires of the audience. The latter resembles the hungry Bedouin in the desert, who thinks he has found a sack of peas, and opens it eagerly, but, alas! they are only pearls.

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...Twenty years ago I was a lad, and what overflowing enthusiasm would I then have lavished upon Uhland! At that time I could better appreciate his merits than now; we were then more akin in modes of thought and feeling.

But so much has happened since then! What then seemed to me so grand: all that chivalry and Catholicism; those cavaliers that hack and hew at each other in knightly tournaments; those gentle squires and virtuous dames of high degree; the Norseland heroes and minnesingers; the monks and nuns; ancestral tombs thrilling with prophetic powers; colourless passion, dignified by the high-sounding title of renunciation, and set to the accompaniment of tolling bells; a ceaseless whining of the Miserere; how distasteful all that has become to me since then! But once, it was, oh! so different. How often have I sat on the ruins of the old castle at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, declaiming the loveliest of all Uhland's poems: —

A wandering shepherd, young and fair,
Beneath the royal castle strayed;
And when the princess saw him there,
Love's longing thrilled the maid.

And then with accents sweet, she said,
“Oh! would that I might come to thee!
How white the lambkins there; how red
The flowerets on the lea.”

The youth made answer from below,
“If thou would'st but come down to me!
How rosy red thy cheeks do glow,
How white those arms I see.”

And every morn, with silent pain,
He drove his flock the castle by,
And gazed aloft, until again
His love appeared on high.

“Oh, welcome! welcome! princess sweet!”
His joyous tones rang bright and clear.
Then softly she in turn did greet,
“Kind thanks, my shepherd dear.”

Cold winter fled, spring came again,
The flowerets blossomed far and near.

The shepherd sought his love; — in vain!
No more did she appear.

“Oh, welcome! welcome! princess fair!”
His words were mournful now, and drear.
A spirit voice rang through the air,
“Farewell, my shepherd dear.”

And as I sat on the ruins of the old castle and recited this poem, at times I heard the water-fays of the Rhine mockingly, and with comic pathos, take up my refrain, and from amidst the sighing and the moaning of the river that ran below I could hear in faint tones ——

“A spirit voice ring through the air,
‘Farewell, my shepherd dear.’”

But I would not let myself be disturbed by the bantering of the mermaids, even when at some of the most beautiful passages in Uhland’s poems they tittered ironically. At that time I modestly ascribed the tittering to myself, particularly when the twilight was sinking into darkness, and I raised my voice somewhat to overcome the mysterious feeling of awe with which the old castle ruins inspired me, for there was a legend that the ruins were haunted by a headless woman. At times I seemed to hear the rustling of her silken gown, and my heart beat quickly; — that was the time, and that the place, to be an enthusiast over the poems of Ludwig Uhland.

I hold the same volume again in my hands, but twenty years have flown since then, and I have seen much and learned much. I no longer believe in headless human beings, and the old ghost story has no longer power to move me. The house wherein I sit and read is situated on the Boulevard Montmartre; the fiercest turmoil of the day breaks in tumultuous billows around this spot, and loud and shrill are heard the voices of the modern epoch. First, a burst of laughter; then a heavy rumbling; next, drums beating quick time; and then, like a flash, the national guards dash by in quick march; and every one speaks French. And is this the place to read Uhland’s poems? Thrice have I again declaimed the concluding lines of the same poem, but I do not feel the keen, unspeakable pain that once thrilled me when the little princess died, and the handsome shepherd lad so pathetically calls to her, “Oh, welcome! welcome! princess fair!”

“A spirit voice rang through the air,
‘Farewell, my shepherd dear.’”

Perhaps my lack of enthusiasm for this class of poems also partly arises from my experience that the most painful love is not that which fails to win possession of the object of its affections, or loses her through death. In truth, it is more painful to fold the loved one in our arms, and yet have her worry us with her contrariness, and her silly caprices, until night and day are rendered unendurable, and we are finally forced to close our heart against her who is most precious, and send the dear plague of a woman off in a post chaise —

“Farewell, oh! princess fair!”

Verily, more grievous than the loss through death is the loss through life; for instance, when the loved one in the spirit of mischievous coquetry turns away from us; when she insists upon going to a masked ball, to which no respectable person dare escort her; and when there, with jaunty dress and roguish curls, takes the arm of the first scamp that comes along, and leaves you all alone.

“Farewell, my shepherd dear!”

Perhaps Herr Uhland himself fared no better than ourselves. Perhaps his temperament has changed since then. With a few exceptions, he has produced no new poems in twenty years. I cannot believe that this beautiful poet soul was so stingily endowed by Nature, and had but one spring-time. No, I explain Uhland’s silence as the result of the contradiction between the tendencies of his muse and his political position. The elegiac poet, in whose ballads and romances the praises of the Catholic-feudal past were sung so beautifully; the Ossian of the middle ages has since then become a member of the assembly of notables in Wurtemberg, a zealous champion of popular rights, and a bold advocate of the equality of all citizens, and of freedom of opinion. Herr Uhland has proved the absolute sincerity of his democratic and Protestant convictions by the great personal sacrifices that he has made in their behalf. In his earlier days he fairly earned the poet’s laurels, and now he has also won the bays of civic virtue. But just because he was so honest in his sympathy for the modern epoch, he could no longer sing the olden songs of the olden time with the former fervour. His Pegasus was a knightly steed that gladly trotted back to the past, but obstinately refused to budge when urged forward into modern life; and so our worthy Uhland

smilingly dismounted, quietly unsaddled the unruly steed, and led it back to the stable. There it remains to this very day; like its colleague, the famous war-horse Bayard, it possesses all possible virtues, and only one fault; it is dead.

It will not have escaped keener eyes than mine, that the stately war-horse, decked with its brilliant coat of arms and proudly-waving plumes, was never rightly suited to its *bourgeois* rider, who, instead of boots with golden spurs, wore shoes with silk stockings; and who, instead of helm, wore the hat of a Tübingen professor. Some claim to have discovered that Herr Ludwig Uhland never was wholly in sympathy with his theme; that in his writings, the naïve, rude, powerful tones of the middle ages are not reproduced with idealised fidelity, but rather they are dissolved into a sickly, sentimental melancholy. It is claimed that Uhland has taken up into his temperament the strong, coarse strains of the heroic legends and folk-songs, and boiled them down, as it were, to make them palatable to our modern public. And in truth, when we closely observe the women in Uhland's poems, we find that they are only beautiful shadows, embodied moonshine; milk flows in their veins, and sweet tears in their eyes; that is, tears which lack salt. If we compare Uhland's knights with the knights in the old ballads, it seems to us as if the former were composed of suits of leaden armour, which were entirely filled with flowers, instead of flesh and bones. Hence Uhland's knights are more pleasing to delicate nostrils than the old stalwarts, who wore heavy iron trousers, and were huge eaters, and still greater drinkers.

But that is no reason for finding fault with Herr Uhland; he did not seek to give an exact copy of the German past; perhaps he only wished to please us with a fanciful reflection, and so he mirrored a flattering picture by the crepuscular lights of his genius. This perhaps lends an especial charm to his poems, and wins for them the admiration and affection of many gentle and worthy persons. The pictures of the past cast some of their magic glamour over us, even in the feeblest conjuration. Even the men who have warmly espoused the cause of modernism always retain a secret sympathy for the heritages of the olden time. Those ghostly voices of the past, no matter how faint their re-echo, marvellously stir our souls. Hence it is to be readily understood that the ballads and romances of our worthy Uhland not only received the most cordial applause from the patriots of 1813, from pious

youths and sentimental maidens, but also from more powerful and more modern minds.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.

[A considerable portion of this, which is one of Heine's most important works, marked by luminous exposition and bold and brilliant ideas, is here presented. It was published in French, under the title *De l'Allemagne depuis Luther*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1834, and shortly afterwards it appeared in German, terribly mutilated by the censor, like nearly everything that Heine wrote. It was written at the suggestion of Prosper Enfantin, and dedicated to him, as at that time, in Heine's opinion, the foremost champion of human progress. The translation here given is Mr. Fleishman's; it has been revised and brought closer to the original.]

Preface To Second Edition (1852).

...THE book which lies before you is a fragment, and shall remain a fragment. To be candid, I would prefer to leave the book wholly unprinted; for since its first publication my views concerning many subjects, particularly those which relate to religious questions, have undergone a marked change, and much that I then asserted is now in opposition to my better convictions. But the arrow belongs not to the archer when once it has left the bow, and the word no longer belongs to the speaker when once it has passed his lips, especially when it has been multiplied by the press.... At that time I was yet well and hearty; I was in the zenith of my prime, and as arrogant as Nebuchadnezzar before his downfall.

Alas! a few years later, a physical and spiritual change occurred. How often since then have I mused over the history of that Babylonian king who thought himself a god, but who was miserably hurled from the summit of his self-conceit, and compelled to crawl on the earth like a beast, and to eat grass (probably it was only salad). This legend is contained in the grand and magnificent book of Daniel; and I recommend all godless self-worshippers to lay it devoutly to heart. There are, in fact, in the Bible many other beautiful and wonderful narrations, well deserving their consideration; for instance, the story of the forbidden fruit in Paradise, and the serpent which already six thousand years before Hegel's birth promulgated the whole Hegelian philosophy. This footless blue-stockings demonstrates very sagaciously how the absolute consists in the identity of being and knowing;

how man becomes God through knowledge, or, what amounts to the same thing, how God arrives at the consciousness of himself through man. To be sure, this formula is not so clear as in the original words: "If ye eat of the tree of knowledge, ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Dame Eve understood of the whole demonstration only this — that the fruit was forbidden; and because it was forbidden she ate of it. But no sooner had she eaten of the tempting apple than she lost her innocence, her naïve guilelessness, and discovered that she was far too scantily dressed for a person of her quality, the mother of so many future kings and emperors, and she asked for a dress — truly, only a dress of fig-leaves, because at that time there were as yet no Lyons silk fabrics in existence, and because there were in Paradise no dressmakers or milliners — oh, Paradise! Strange, that as soon as a woman arrives at self-consciousness her first thought is of a new dress!

...Officious, pious Christian souls seem very anxious to know how my conversion was brought about, and seem desirous that I should impose upon them an account of some wonderful miracle. With true Christian importunity they inquire if I did not, like Saul, behold a light when on the way to Damascus; or if, like Balaam, the son of Beor, I was not riding a restive ass, which suddenly opened its mouth and discoursed like a human being. No, ye credulous souls, I never journeyed to Damascus. Even the name would be unknown to me if I had not read the "Song of Songs," wherein King Solomon compares the nose of his beloved to a tower looking towards Damascus. Nor have I ever seen an ass — that is, no four-footed one — that spoke like a human being; whereas I have met human beings in plenty that every time they opened their mouths spoke like asses. In fact, it was neither a vision, nor a seraphic ecstasy, nor a voice from heaven, nor a remarkable dream, nor any miraculous apparition, that brought me to the path of salvation. I owe my enlightenment simply to the reading of a book! one book! yes, it is a plain old book, as modest as nature, and as simple; a book that appears as work-day-like and as unpretentious as the sun that warms, as the bread that nourishes us; a book that looks on us as kindly and benignly as an old grandmother, who, with her dear tremulous lips, and spectacles on nose, reads in it daily: this book is briefly called *the* book — the Bible. With good reason it is also called the Holy Scriptures: he that has lost his God can find Him again in this book, and towards him who has never known Him it wafts the breath of the divine word. The Jews, who are

connoisseurs of precious things, well knew what they were about when, at the burning of the second temple, they left in the lurch the gold and silver sacrificial vessels, the candlesticks and lamps, and even the richly-jewelled breast-plate of the high-priest, to rescue only the Bible....

...DISTINGUISHED German philosophers who may accidentally cast a glance over these pages will superciliously shrug their shoulders at the meagreness and incompleteness of all that which I here offer. But they will be kind enough to bear in mind that the little which I say is expressed clearly and intelligibly, whereas their own works, although very profound, unfathomably profound — very deep, stupendously deep — are in the same degree unintelligible. Of what benefit to the people is the grain locked away in the granaries to which they have no key? The masses are famishing for knowledge, and will thank me for the portion of intellectual bread, small though it be, which I honestly share with them. I believe it is not lack of ability that holds back the majority of German scholars from discussing religion and philosophy in proper language. I believe it is a fear of the results of their own studies, which they dare not communicate to the masses. I do not share this fear, for I am not a learned scholar; I, myself, am of the people. I am not one of the seven hundred wise men of Germany. I stand with the great masses at the portals of their wisdom. And if a truth slips through, and if this truth falls in my way, then I write it with pretty letters on paper, and give it to the compositor, who sets it in leaden type and gives it to the printer; the latter prints it, and then it belongs to the whole world.

The religion of Germany is Christianity. Therefore I shall have to relate what Christianity is, how it became Roman Catholicism, how out of this sprang Protestantism, and out of the latter German philosophy. Inasmuch as I am about to speak of religion, I beg beforehand of all pious souls not to be uneasy. Fear naught, ye pious ones! No profane witticisms shall offend your ears. It is true that these are yet necessary in Germany, where, at this juncture, it is important to neutralise ecclesiastical power. For there we are now in the same situation that you in France were before the Revolution, when Christianity was yet in the closest union with the old *régime*. The latter could not be overthrown so long as the former maintained its sway over the masses. Voltaire's keen ridicule was needed ere Samson could let his axe descend. But neither the ridicule nor the axe proved anything; they

only effected something. Voltaire could only wound the body of Christianity. All his jests gathered from the annals of the Church, all his witticisms against the doctrines and public worship of the Church, against the Bible, this holiest book of humanity, against the Virgin Mary, that loveliest flower of poesy, the whole encyclopædia of philosophical shafts which he launched against the clergy and priesthood, wounded only the outward, mortal body of Christianity, not its inner being, not its profound spirit, nor its eternal soul.

For Christianity is an idea, and as such is indestructible and immortal, like every idea. But what is this idea?

Just because this idea has not yet been clearly comprehended, and because the essential has been mistaken for the fundamental, there is as yet no history of the Church. Two antagonistic factions write the history of the Church, and contradict each other incessantly. But the one as little as the other will ever distinctly state what that idea really is which is the underlying principle of Christianity, of its symbolism, of its dogma, of its public worship, and which strives to reveal itself throughout its whole history, and has manifested itself in the actual life of Christian nations.

...How this idea was historically evolved, and disclosed itself in the world of phenomena, may be discovered as early as the first centuries after the birth of Christ, if we study impartially the history of the Manicheans and the Gnostics. Although the first were branded as heretics, and the latter defamed, and both anathematised by the Church, yet their influence on the doctrines of the Church was lasting. Out of their symbolism Catholic art was developed, and their modes of thought penetrated the whole life of Christendom. The First Cause of the Manicheans does not differ much from that of the Gnostics. The doctrine of the two principles, the good and the evil, constantly opposing each other, is common to both. The Manicheans derived this doctrine from the ancient Persian religion, in which Ormuz, the light, is at enmity with Ahriman, the darkness. The others, the real Gnostics, believed in the pre-existence of the good principle, and accounted for the rise of the evil through emanation, through the generation of Æons, which, the farther they are removed from their origin, the more vicious and evil do they become.

...This Gnostic theory of the universe originated in ancient India, and brought with it the doctrine of the incarnation of God, of the mortification of the flesh, of spiritual introspection and self-absorption. It gave birth to

the ascetic, contemplative, monkish life, which is the most logical outgrowth of the Christian principle. This principle has become entangled among the dogmas of the Church, and has been able to express itself but very obscurely in the public worship. But everywhere we find the doctrine of the two principles prominent; the wicked Satan is always contrasted with the good Christ. Christ represents the spiritual world, Satan the material; to the former belong our souls, to the latter our bodies. Accordingly, the whole visible world, which constitutes nature, is originally evil, and Satan, the prince of darkness, through it seeks to lure us to ruin. Therefore it behoves us to renounce all the sensuous joys of life, to torture the body, which is Satan's portion, in order that the soul may the more majestically soar aloft to the bright heavens, to the radiant kingdom of Christ.

This theory of the universe, which is the true fundamental idea of Christianity, spread itself with incredible rapidity, like a contagious disease, over the whole Roman empire. These sufferings, at times strung to fever-pitch, then again relaxing into exhaustion, lasted all through the middle ages; and we moderns still feel in our limbs those convulsions and that debility. And if among us, here and there, there be one who is already convalescent, he cannot flee from the universal hospital, and feels himself unhappy as the only healthy person among invalids.

When once mankind shall have recovered its perfect life, when peace shall be again restored between body and soul, and they shall again interpenetrate each other with their original harmony, then it will be scarcely possible to comprehend the factitious feud which Christianity has instigated between them. Happier and more perfect generations, begot in free and voluntary embraces, blossoming forth in a religion of joy, will then smile sadly at their poor ancestors, who held themselves gloomily aloof from all the pleasures of this beautiful world, and through the deadening of all warm and cheerful sensuousness almost paled into cold spectres. Yes, I say it confidently, our descendants will be more beautiful, more happy, than we; for I have faith in progress; mankind is destined to be happy, and I have a more favourable opinion of the Divinity than those pious souls who imagine that He created mankind only to suffer. Already here on earth, through the blessings of free political and industrial institutions, would I seek to found that millennium which, according to the belief of the pious, is not to be until the day of judgment. The one is perhaps as visionary a hope as the other, and possibly there will be no resurrection of humanity, either in

the politico-moral or in the apostolic-Catholic sense. Perhaps mankind *is* doomed to eternal misery; the masses *are* perhaps condemned to be for ever trodden under foot by despots, to be plundered by their accomplices, and to be jeered at by their lackeys. Alas! in that case we must seek to maintain Christianity, even if we recognise it to be an error. Barefoot, and clad in monkish cowls, we must traverse Europe, preaching the vanity of all earthly good, and inculcating resignation. We must hold up the consoling crucifix before scourged and derided humanity, and promise, after death, all the seven heavens above.

...The final fate of Christianity is dependent upon our need of it. This religion has for eighteen centuries been a blessing to suffering humanity; it was providential, divine, holy. All that it has benefited civilisation, by taming the strong and strengthening the weak, by uniting the nations through like emotions and a like language, by all that its panegyrists extol — all these are insignificant in comparison with that great consolation which in itself is bestowed upon mankind. Eternal praise is due to that symbol of a suffering God, the Saviour with the crown of thorns, the Christ crucified, whose blood was a soothing balsam dripping into humanity's wounds. The poet, in particular, will reverently recognise the solemn grandeur of that symbol. The whole system of allegory, as expressed in the life and art of the middle ages, will in all times excite the admiration of poets. What colossal consistency in *the* Christian art! — that is, in architecture! How harmoniously those Gothic cathedrals are adapted to the religious services of the Church, and how the fundamental idea of the Church itself is revealed in them! Everything towers upward; everything transubstantiates itself; the stone blossoms into branches and foliage and becomes a tree; the fruits of the vine and of the wheat-stalk become blood and flesh; man becomes God, and God becomes a pure, abstract spirit. The Christian life during the middle ages is for the poet a rich, inexhaustible store-house of precious materials. Only through Christianity could, in this world, such varied phases arise — contrasts so striking, sorrows so diverse, beauties so strange, that one is inclined to believe that they never did exist in reality, and that all was but a colossal fever-dream, a delirious fantasy of an insane God. Nature herself appeared in those times fantastically disguised; but notwithstanding that man, occupied with abstract metaphysical speculations, turned peevishly away from her, yet at times she awoke him with a voice so solemnly sweet, so deliciously terrible, so

enchancing, that he involuntarily listened and smiled, then shrank back with terror, and sickened even unto death. The story of the nightingale of Basle here comes to my mind, and, as it is probably unknown to you, I will relate it.

In May 1433, at the time of the Ecumenical Council, a party of ecclesiastics, prelates, learned scholars, and monks of every shades took a walk in a grove near Basle, wrangling over theological disputations, drawing hair-splitting distinctions, or arguing concerning annates, expectatives, and reservations, debating whether Thomas of Aquinas was a greater philosopher than Bonaventura, and what not! But suddenly, in the midst of their abstract and dogmatical discussions, they paused, transfixed, before a blooming linden-tree, on which sat a nightingale, trilling and trolling the sweetest and tenderest strains. The learned men were ravished with delight. The glowing melodies of spring penetrated to their scholastic, musty, bookworm hearts, their souls awoke from the mouldy, wintry sleep, they looked at one another in astonished ecstasy. But finally one of them made the sagacious remark that such things could not come of good, that the nightingale might be a devil, and that this devil might be seeking through its sweet music to decoy them from their pious conversations and to lure them to voluptuousness and similar pleasant sins; and then he began to exorcise, probably with the usual formula— “Adjuro te per cum, qui venturus est, judicare vivos et mortuos,” etc. It is said that at this conjuration the bird replied, “Yes, I am an evil spirit!” and flew away, laughing. But those who heard its song sickened that very night, and soon after died.

This legend needs no commentary. It bears distinctly the horrible impress of a time when all that was sweet and lovely was denounced as diabolical. Even the nightingale was slandered, and it was customary to make the sign of the cross when she sang. The true Christian, like an abstract spectre, walked timorously, with closed senses, amidst the loveliness of nature.

...As regards the good principle, the same conception prevailed over all the Christian countries of Europe. The Roman Catholic Church took care of that, and whoever deviated from the prescribed faith was a heretic. But in relation to the evil principle and the empire of Satan, different views were held in different countries, and the Germanic North had quite different conceptions from the Latin South. This was caused by the fact that the Christian priesthood did not reject the previously existing national gods as

baseless fantasies of the brain, but conceded to them an actual existence; asserting, however, that all these gods were nothing but male and female devils, who, through the victory of Christ, had lost their power over mankind, and now sought through wiles and stratagems to lure them to sin. All Olympus was now transformed into an airy hell; and if a poet of the middle ages sang of Grecian mythology ever so beautifully, the pious Christian would persist in seeing therein only devils and hobgoblins. The gloomy fanaticism of the monks alighted with special severity on poor Venus: she was considered a daughter of Beelzebub, and the good knight Tannhäuser tells her to her face —

“O Venus, lovely wife of mine,
You are but a she-devil!”

Tannhäuser had been enticed by her into that wondrous mountain-cavern called the Venusburg, where, according to tradition, dwelt the beautiful goddess with her nymphs and her paramours, beguiling the hours with the most wanton carousings and dancing. Even poor Diana was not spared, and, notwithstanding her previous reputation for chastity, similar scandals were fastened on her good name. It is said that she, together with her nymphs, indulged in nightly rides through the forest; hence the legend of a strange midnight chase, by wild and furious hunters. This legend reveals clearly the then pervading Gnostic theory of the degeneration of the former divinities. In this transformation of the ancient national religion the underlying principle of Christianity is most fully manifested. The national religion of Europe in the North, even more than in the South, was pantheism. All the mysteries and symbols of that religion were founded on and had reference to a worship of nature; each of the elements was regarded as the embodiment of some mysterious being, and as such was revered and worshipped; in every tree dwelt a divinity, and all nature swarmed with gods and goddesses. Christianity exactly reversed this, and in place of gods it substituted devils and demons. The cheerful figures of Grecian mythology, beautified as they were by art, had taken root in the South along with Roman civilisation, and were not so easily to be displaced by the hideous, weird, and satanic divinities of the German North. The latter seemed to have been fashioned without any particular artistic design, and even before the advent of Christianity they were as sombre and as gloomy

as the North itself. Hence there could not arise in France so frightful a devil-dom as among us in Germany, and even the witchcraft and sorcery of the former assumed a cheerful guise. How lovely, fair, and picturesque are the popular superstitions of France as compared with the bloody, hazy, and misshapen monsters which loom gloomily and savagely from out the mists of German legendary lore!

Those German poets of the middle ages who chose such themes as had originated, or been first treated, in Brittany and Normandy, thereby invested their poems with somewhat of the cheerfulness of the French temperament. But the old Northern sombreness, of whose gloom we can now scarcely form any idea, exercised full sway over such of our literature as was distinctly national, and over such popular traditions as have been orally transmitted. The superstitions of the two countries offer as striking a contrast as that which exists between a Frenchman and a German. The supernatural beings that figure in old French *fabliaux* and legends are bright and cheerful creations, and remarkable for a cleanliness which is noticeably lacking in our filthy rabble of German hobgoblins. French fairies and sprites are as distinguishable from German spectres as a spruce and daintily-gloved dandy, jauntily promenading the Boulevard Coblenze, is different from a burly German porter, carrying a heavy load upon his shoulders. A French nixen, such as a Melusina, is to a German elf as a princess to a washerwoman. The fay Morgana would stand aghast at sight of a German witch, her body naked and besmeared with ointment, riding on a broomstick to the Brocken. The Brocken is no merry Avalon, but a rendezvous for all that is weird and hideous. On the very summit of the mountain sits Satan, in the shape of a black goat. The infamous sisterhood form a circle around him and dance, and sing, "Donderemus! Donderemus!" Mingled in the infernal din are heard the bleating of the goat and the shouting of the demoniac crew. If, during the dance, a witch happens to drop a shoe, it is an evil omen, and portends that she will be burned at the stake ere the year ends. But all the terror which such a portent inspires is forgotten amid the wild and maddening Berlioz-like music of the witches' sabbath — and when in the morning the poor witch awakens from her delirium, she finds herself lying, stark naked and tired, by the glimmering embers of her hearth.

The most complete account of witches we find in the learned Dr. Nicolai Remigius's *Demonology*. This sagacious man had the best opportunity to learn the tricks of witches, as he officiated at their trials, and during his

time, in Lotharingia alone, eight hundred women were burned at the stake, after trial and conviction. The trial was generally as follows: — Their hands and feet were tied together, and then they were thrown into the water. If they went under and were drowned, it was a proof that they were innocent, but if they floated on the surface, they were recognised as guilty and burned. Such was the logic of those times.... When the learned Dr. Remigius had completed his great work on witchcraft, he deemed himself so great a master of his subject as to be able to work magic, and, conscientious man that he was, did not fail to accuse himself before the courts; in consequence of which accusation he was burned as a sorcerer.

...I must confess that Luther did not understand the real nature of Satan. Whatever evil may be said of the devil, it cannot be denied that he is a spiritualist. Still less did Luther understand the real nature of Catholicism. He did not comprehend that the fundamental idea of Christianity, the deadening of the senses, was too antagonistic to human nature to be ever entirely practicable in life; he did not comprehend that Catholicism was a concordat between God and the devil — that is to say, between the spirit and the senses, in which the absolute reign of the spirit was promulgated in theory, but in which the senses were nevertheless practically reinstated in the enjoyment of their rights. Hence a wise system of concessions allowed by the Church to the senses, always, however, under formalities which cast a slur on every act of the senses, and maintained the sham usurpation of the spirit. You might yield to the tender impulses of your heart and embrace a pretty girl, but you must confess that it was a flagrant sin, and for this sin you must make atonement. That this atonement might be made with money was as beneficial to humanity as useful to the Church. The Church imposed fines, so to say, for every indulgence of the flesh; hence there arose taxes on all sorts of sins, and there were pious colporteurs who, in the name of the Roman Catholic Church, hawked for sale through the land absolutions for every taxed sin. Such a one was that Tetzl against whom Luther first entered the field.

...Leo X., the keen Florentine, the pupil of Politian, the friend of Raphael, the Greek philosopher with the triple crown, bestowed by the Conclave, probably because he suffered from a disease, nowise due to Christian abstinence, which was then very dangerous, Leo of Medici, how he must have smiled at the poor, chaste, simple-minded monk who imagined that the evangelic gospels were the chart of Christianity, and that

this chart must be a truth! Perhaps he never comprehended what Luther was aiming at, for at that time he was busily occupied with the building of St. Peter's Cathedral, the cost of which was defrayed by the money derived from these sales of absolutions, so that sin actually furnished the means wherewith to build this church, which became thereby, as it were, a monument to the lusts of the flesh, like that pyramid which an Egyptian girl built with the money she had earned by prostitution. Of this house of God it perhaps might be said more truly than of Cologne Cathedral, that it was built by the devil. This triumph of spiritualism, compelling sensualism itself to build its most beautiful temple — this reaping from the multitude, by concessions made to the flesh, the means wherewith to beautify spiritualism, was not understood in the German North. For there, more easily than under the burning skies of Italy, was it possible to practice a Christianity that should make the fewest concessions to the senses. We Northerners are cold-blooded, and needed not so many price-lists of absolution for sins of the flesh as the fatherly Leo sent us. The climate makes the exercise of Christian virtues easier for us; and when, on the 31st of October 1517, Luther nailed to the door of St Augustine's Church his thesis against indulgences, the city moat of Wittenberg was, perhaps, already frozen over with ice thick enough for skating, which is a chilly pleasure, and therefore no sin.

...In Germany the battle against Catholicism was nothing else than a war begun by spiritualism when it perceived that it only reigned nominally and *de jure*; whereas sensualism, through conventional subterfuges, exercised the real sovereignty and ruled *de facto*. When this was perceived, the hawkers of indulgences were chased off, the pretty concubines of the priests were exchanged for plain but honest wedded wives, the charming Madonna pictures were demolished, and there reigned in certain localities a puritanism inimical to every gratification of the senses. In France, on the contrary, during the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, the war was begun by sensualism against Catholicism, when it saw that while it, sensualism, reigned *de facto*, yet every exercise of its sovereignty was restrained in the most aggravating manner by spiritualism, and stigmatised as illegitimate. While in Germany the battle was fought with chaste earnestness, in France it was waged with licentious witticisms, and while there theological disputations were in vogue, here many satires were the fashion.

...Truly, Jansenism had much more cause than Jesuitism to feel aggrieved at the delineation of Tartuffe, and Molière would be as obnoxious to the Methodists of to-day as to the Catholic devotees of his own time. It is just because of this that Molière is so great, for, like Aristophanes and Cervantes, he levelled his *persiflage* not only at temporary follies, but also against that which is ever ridiculous — the inherent frailties of mankind. Voltaire, who always attacked only the temporary and the unessential, is in this respect inferior to Molière.

...Then why my aversion to spiritualism? Is it something so evil? By no means. Attar of roses is a precious article, and a small vial of it is refreshing, when one is doomed to pass one's days in the closely-locked apartments of the harem. But yet we would not have all the roses of life crushed and bruised in order to gain a few drops of the attar of roses, be they ever so consoling. We are like the nightingales, that delight in the rose itself, and derive as delicious a pleasure from the sight of the blushing, blooming flower as from its invisible fragrance.

...But there was one man at the Diet of Worms who, I am convinced, thought not of himself, but only of the sacred interests which he was there to champion. That man was Martin Luther, the poor monk whom Providence had selected to shatter the world-controlling power of the Roman Catholic Church, against which the mightiest emperors and most intrepid scholars had striven in vain. But Providence knows well on whose shoulders to impose its tasks; here not only intellectual but also physical strength was required. It needed a body steeled from youth through chastity and monkish discipline to bear the labour and vexations of such an office.

...Luther was not only the greatest, but also the most thoroughly German hero of our history. In his character are combined, on the grandest scale, all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans, so that, in his own person, he was the representative of that wonderful Germany. For he possessed qualities which we seldom find united, and which we usually even consider to be irreconcilably antagonistic. He was simultaneously a dreamy mystic and a practical man of action. His thoughts possessed not only wings, but also hands; he could speak and could act. He was not only the tongue, but also the sword of his time. He was both a cold, scholastic word-caviller, and an enthusiastic, God-inspired prophet. When, during the day, he had wearily toiled over his dogmatic distinctions and definitions, then in the evening he took his lute, looked up to the stars, and melted into melody and devotion.

The same man who could scold like a fish-wife could be as gentle as a tender maiden. At times he was as fierce as the storm that uproots oaks; and then again he was mild as the zephyr caressing the violets. He was filled with a reverential awe of God. He was full of the spirit of self-sacrifice for the honour of the Holy Ghost; he could sink his whole personality in the most abstract spirituality, and yet he could well appreciate the good things of this earth, and from his mouth blossomed forth the famous saying —

“Who loves not wine, women, and song,
Will be a fool all his life long.”

He was a complete man — I would say an absolute man, in whom spirit and matter were not antagonistic. To call him a spiritualist would, therefore, be as erroneous as to call him a sensualist. How shall I describe him? He had in him something aboriginal, incomprehensible, miraculous.

...All praise to Luther! Eternal honour to the blessed man to whom we owe the salvation of our most precious possessions, and whose benefactions we still enjoy. It ill becomes us to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf, standing on the shoulders of the giant, particularly if he puts on spectacles, can, it is true, see farther than the giant himself; but for noble thoughts and exalted sentiments a giant heart is necessary. It were still more unseemly of us to pass a harsh judgment on his faults, for those very faults have benefited us more than the virtues of thousands of other men. The refinement of Erasmus, the mildness of Melanchthon, could never have brought us so far as the godlike brutality of Brother Martin.

...From the day on which Luther denied the authority of the Pope, and publicly declared in the Diet “that his teachings must be controverted through the words of the Bible itself, or with sensible reasons,” there begins a new era in Germany. The fetters with which Saint Boniface had chained the German Church to Rome are broken. This Church, which has hitherto formed an integral part of the great hierarchy, now splits into religious democracies. The character of the religion itself is essentially changed: the Hindoo-Gnostic element disappears from it, and the Judaic-theistic element again becomes prominent. We behold the rise of evangelical Christianity. By recognising and legitimising the most importunate claims of the senses, religion becomes once more a reality. The priest becomes man, takes to himself a wife, and begets children, as God desires.

...If in Germany we lost through Protestantism, along with the ancient miracles, much other poetry, we gained manifold compensations. Men became nobler and more virtuous. Protestantism was very successful in effecting that purity of morals and that strictness in the fulfilment of duty which is generally called morality. In certain communities, indeed, Protestantism assumed a tendency which in the end became quite identical with morality, and the gospels remained as a beautiful parable only. Particularly in the lives of the ecclesiastics is a pleasing change now noticeable. With celibacy disappeared also monkish obscenities and vices. Among the Protestant clergy are frequently to be found the noblest and most virtuous of men, such as would have won respect from even the ancient Stoics. One must have wandered on foot, as a poor student, through Northern Germany, in order to learn how much virtue — and in order to give virtue a complimentary adjective, how much evangelical virtue — is to be found in an unpretentious-looking parsonage. How often of a winter's evening have I found there a hospitable welcome, — I, a stranger, who brought with me no other recommendation save that I was hungry and tired! When I had partaken of a hearty meal, and, after a good night's rest, was ready in the morning to continue my journey, then came the old pastor, in his dressing-gown, and gave me a blessing on the way, — and it never brought me misfortune; and his good-hearted, gossipy wife placed several slices of bread-and-butter in my pocket, which I found not less refreshing; and silent in the distance stood the pastor's pretty daughters, with blushing cheeks and violet eyes, whose modest fire in the mere recollection warmed my heart for many a whole winter's day.

...How strange! We Germans are the strongest and wisest of nations; our royal races furnish princes for all the thrones of Europe; our Rothschilds rule all the exchanges of the world; our learned men are pre-eminent in all the sciences; we invented gunpowder and printing; — and yet if one of us fires a pistol he must pay a fine of three thalers; and if we wish to insert in a newspaper, "My dear wife has given birth to a little daughter, beautiful as Liberty," then the censor grasps his red pencil and strikes out the word "Liberty."

...I have said that we gained freedom of thought through Luther. But he gave us not only freedom of movement, but also the means of movement; to the spirit he gave a body; to the thought he gave words. He created the German language.

This he did by his translation of the Bible.

In fact, the divine author of that book seems to have known, as well as we others, that the choice of a translator is by no means a matter of indifference; and so He himself selected His translator, and bestowed on him the wonderful gift to translate from a language which was dead and already buried, into another language that as yet did not exist.

...The knowledge of the Hebrew language had entirely disappeared from the Christian world. Only the Jews, who kept themselves hidden here and there in stray corners of the world, yet preserved the traditions of this language. Like a ghost keeping watch over a treasure which had been confided to it during life, so in its dark and gloomy ghettos sat this murdered nation, this spectre-people, guarding the Hebrew Bible.

...Luther's Bible is an enduring spring of rejuvenation for our language. All the expressions and phrases contained therein are German, and are still in use by writers. As this book is in the hands of even the poorest people, they require no special learned education in order to be able to express themselves in literary forms. When our political revolution breaks out, this circumstance will have remarkable results. Liberty will everywhere be gifted with the power of speech, and her speech will be biblical.

...More noteworthy and of more importance than his prose writings are Luther's poems, the songs which in battle and in trouble blossomed forth from his heart. Sometimes they resemble a floweret that grows on a rocky crag, then again a ray of moonlight trembling over a restless sea. Luther loved music, and even wrote a treatise on the art; hence his songs are particularly melodious. In this respect he merits the name, Swan of Eisleben. But he is nothing less than a wild swan in those songs wherein he stimulates the courage of his followers and inflames himself to the fiercest rage of battle. A true battle-song was that martial strain with which he and his companions marched into Worms. The old cathedral trembled at those unwonted tones, and the ravens, in their dark nests in the steeple, startled with affright. That song, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, preserves to this day its inspiring power.

...The expressions "classic" and "romantic" refer only to the spirit and the manner of the treatment. The treatment is classic when the form of that which is portrayed is quite identical with the idea of the portrayer, as is the case with the art-works of the Greeks, in which, owing to this identity, the greatest harmony is found to exist between the idea and its form. The

treatment is romantic when the form does not reveal the idea through this identity, but lets this idea be surmised parabolically. (I use the word “parabolically” here in preference to “symbolically.”) The Greek mythology had an array of god-figures, each of which, in addition to the identity of form and idea, was also susceptible of a symbolic meaning. But in this Greek religion only the figures of the gods were clearly defined; all else, their lives and deeds, was left to the arbitrary treatment of the poet’s fancy. In the Christian religion, on the contrary, there are no such clearly-defined figures, but stated facts — certain definite holy events and deeds, into which the poetical faculty of man could place a parabolic signification. It is said that Homer invented the Greek gods and goddesses. That is not true. They existed previously in clearly-defined outlines; but he invented their histories. The artists of the middle ages, on the other hand, never ventured the least addition to the historical part of their religion. The fall of man, the incarnation, the baptism, the crucifixion, and the like, were matters of fact, which were not to be intermeddled with, and which it was not permissible to remould in the least, but to which poetry might attach a symbolic meaning. All the arts during the middle ages were treated in this parabolic spirit, and this treatment is romantic. Hence we find in the poetry of the middle ages a mystic universality; the forms are all so shadowy, what they do is so vaguely indicated, all therein is as if seen through a hazy twilight intermittently illumined by the moon. The idea is merely hinted at in the form, as in a riddle; and we dimly see a vague, indefinite figure, which is the peculiarity of spiritual literature. There is not, as among the Greeks, a harmony, clear as the sun, between form and meaning, but occasionally the meaning overtops the given form, and the latter strives desperately to reach the former, and then we behold bizarre, fantastic sublimity; then, again, the form has overgrown itself, and is out of all proportion to the meaning. A silly, pitiful thought trails itself along in some colossal form, and we witness a grotesque farce: misshapeness is nearly always the result.

The universal characteristic of that literature was that in all its productions it manifested the same firm, unshaken faith which in that period reigned over worldly as well as spiritual matters. All the opinions of that time were based on authorities. The poet journeyed along the abysses of doubt as free from apprehension as a mule, and there prevailed in the literature of that period a dauntless composure and blissful self-confidence such as became impossible in after-times, when the influence of the Papacy,

the chief of those authorities, was shattered, and with it all the others were overthrown. Hence the poems of the middle ages have all the same characteristics, as if composed not by single individuals, but by the whole people *en masse*: they are objective, epic, naïve.

In the literature that blossomed into life with Luther we find quite opposite tendencies.

Its material, its subject, is the conflict between the interests and views of the Reformation and the old order of things. To the new spirit of the times, that hodge-podge religion which arose from the two elements already referred to — Germanic nationality and the Hindoo-Gnostic Christendom — was altogether repugnant. The latter was considered heathen idol-worship, which was to be replaced by the true religion of the Judaic-theistic Gospel. A new order of things is established; the spirit makes discoveries which demand the well-being of matter. Through industrial progress and the dissemination of philosophical theories, spiritualism becomes discredited in popular opinion. The *tiers-état* begins to rise; the Revolution already rumbles in the hearts and brains of men, and what the era feels, thinks, needs, and wills is openly spoken; and that is the stuff of which modern literature is made. At the same time the treatment is no longer romantic, but classic.

...The universal characteristic of modern literature consists in this, that now individuality and scepticism predominate. Authorities are overthrown; reason is now man's sole lamp, and conscience his only staff in the dark mazes of life. Man now stands alone, face to face with his Creator, and chants his songs to Him. Hence this literary epoch opens with hymns. And even later, when it becomes secular, the most intimate self-consciousness, the feeling of personality, rules throughout. Poetry is no longer objective, epic, and naïve, but subjective, lyric, and reflective.

...The God of the pantheists differs from the God of the theists in so far that the former is in the world itself, while the latter is external to, or, in other words, is over the world. The God of the theists rules the world from above as a quite distinct establishment. Only in regard to the manner of that rule do the theists differ among themselves. The Hebrews picture God as a thunder-hurling tyrant; the Christians regard him as a loving father; the disciples of Rousseau and the whole Genevese school portray him as a skilful artist, who has made the whole world somewhat in the same manner

as their papas manufacture watches; and as art-connoisseurs, they admire the work and praise the Maker above.

...From the moment that religion seeks assistance from philosophy her downfall is unavoidable. She strives to defend herself, and always talks herself deeper into ruin. Religion, like all other absolutisms, may not justify herself. Prometheus is bound to the rock by a silent power. Æschylus represents the personification of brute force as not speaking a single word. It must be dumb.

...Moses Mendelssohn was the reformer of the German Israelites, his companions in faith. He overthrew the prestige of Talmudism, and founded a pure Mosaism. This man, whom his contemporaries called the German Socrates, and whose nobleness of soul and intellectual powers they so admired, was the son of a poor sexton of the synagogue at Dessau. Besides this curse of birth, Providence made him a hunchback, in order to teach the rabble in a very striking manner that men are to be judged not by outward appearance but by inner worth. As Luther overthrew the Papacy, so Mendelssohn overthrew the Talmud; and that, too, by a similar process. He discarded tradition, declared the Bible to be the well-spring of religion, and translated the most important parts of it. By so doing he destroyed Jewish Catholicism, for such is the Talmud. It is a Gothic dome which, although overladen with fanciful, childish ornamentation, yet amazes us by the immensity of its heaven-aspiring proportions.

...No German can pronounce the name of Lessing without a responsive echo in his breast. Since Luther, Germany has produced no greater and better man than Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. These two are our pride and joy. In the troubles of the present we look back at their consoling figures, and they answer with a look full of bright promise. The third man will come who will perfect what Luther began and what Lessing carried on — the third Liberator.

Like Luther, Lessing's achievements consisted not only in effecting something definite, but in agitating the German people to its depths, and in awakening through his criticism and polemics a wholesome intellectual activity. He was the vivifying critic of his time, and his whole life was a polemic. His critical insight made itself felt throughout the widest range of thought and feeling — in religion, in science, and in art. His polemics vanquished every opponent, and grew stronger with every victory. Lessing, as he himself confessed, needed conflict for the full development of his

powers. He resembled that fabulous Norman who inherited the skill, knowledge, and strength of those whom he slew in single combat, and in this manner became finally endowed with all possible excellencies and perfections. It is easily conceivable that such a contentious champion should stir up not a little commotion in Germany, — in that quiet Germany which was then even more sabbatically quiet than now. The majority were stupefied at his literary audacity. But this was of the greatest assistance to him, for *oser!* is the secret of success in literature, as it is in revolutions, — and in love. All trembled before the sword of Lessing. No head was safe from him. Yes, many heads he struck off from mere wantonness, and was moreover so spiteful as to lift them up from the ground and show to the public that they were hollow inside. Those whom his sword could not reach he slew with the arrows of his wit. His friends admired the pretty feathers of those arrows; his enemies felt their barbs in their hearts. Lessing's wit does not resemble that *enjouement*, that *gaîté*, those lively *saillies*, which are so well known here in France. His wit was no petty French greyhound, chasing its own shadow: it was rather a great German tom-cat, who plays with the mouse before he throttles it.

Yes, polemics were our Lessing's delight, and so he never reflected long whether an opponent was worthy of him, — thus through his controversies he has saved many a name from well-merited oblivion. Around many a pitiful authorling he has spun a web of the wittiest sarcasm, the most charming humour; and thus they are preserved for all time in Lessing's works, like insects caught in a piece of amber. In slaying his enemies he made them immortal. Who of us would have ever heard of that Klotz on whom Lessing wasted so much wit and scorn? The huge rocks which he hurled at, and with which he crushed, that poor antiquarian, are now the latter's indestructible monument.

It is noteworthy that this wittiest man of all Germany was also the most honourable. There is nothing equal to his love of truth. Lessing made not the least concession to falsehood, even if thereby, after the manner of the worldly-wise, he could advance the victory of truth itself. He could do everything for truth, except lie for it. Whoever thinks, he once said, to bring Truth to man, masked and rouged, may well be her pander, but he has never been her lover.

...It is heart-rending to read in his biography how fate denied this man every joy, and how it did not even vouchsafe to him to rest with his family

from his daily struggles. Once only fortune seemed to smile on him; she gave him a loved wife, a child — but this happiness was like the rays of the sun gilding the wings of a swift-flying bird: it vanished as quickly. His wife died in consequence of her confinement, the child soon after birth. Concerning the latter, he wrote to a friend the horribly-witty words, “My joy was brief. And I lost him so unwillingly, that son! For he was so wise, so wise! Do not think that the few hours of my fatherhood have already made a doting parent of me. I know what I say. Was it not wisdom that he had to be reluctantly dragged into the world with iron tongs, and that he so soon discovered his folly? Was it not wisdom that he seized the first opportunity to leave it? For once I have sought to be happy like other men; but I have made a miserable failure of it.”

...Lessing was the prophet who from the New Testament pointed towards the Third Testament. I have called him the successor of Luther; and it is in this character that I have to speak of him here. Of his influence on German art I shall speak hereafter. On this he effected a wholesome reform, not only through his criticism, but also through his example; and this latter phase of his activity is generally made the most prominent, and is the most discussed. But, viewed from our present standpoint, his philosophical and theological battles are to us more important than all his dramas, or his dramaturgy. His dramas, however, like all his writings, have a social import, and *Nathan the Wise* is in reality not only a good play, but also a philosophical, theological treatise in support of the doctrine of a pure theism. For Lessing, art was a tribune, and when he was thrust from the pulpit or the professor's chair he sprang on to the stage, speaking out more boldly, and gaining a more numerous audience.

I say that Lessing continued the work of Luther. After Luther had freed us from the yoke of tradition and had exalted the Bible as the only well-spring of Christianity, there ensued a rigid word-service, and the letter of the Bible ruled just as tyrannically as once did tradition. Lessing contributed the most to the emancipation from the tyranny of the letter.

Lessing died in Brunswick, in the year 1781, misunderstood, hated, and denounced. In the same year there was published at Königsberg the *Critique of Pure Reason*, by Immanuel Kant. With this book there begins in Germany an intellectual revolution, which offers the most wonderful analogies to the material revolution in France, and which to the profound thinker must appear equally important. It develops the same phases, and

between the two there exists a very remarkable parallelism. On both sides of the Rhine we behold the same rupture with the past: it is loudly proclaimed that all reverence for tradition is at an end. As in France no privilege, so in Germany no thought is tolerated without proving its right to exist: nothing is taken for granted. And as in France fell the monarchy, the keystone of the old social system, so in Germany fell theism, the keystone of the intellectual *ancien régime*.

.....
It is horrible when the bodies which we have created ask of us a soul. But it is still more horrible, more terrible, more uncanny, to create a soul, which craves a body and pursues us with that demand. The idea which we have thought is such a soul, and it allows us no peace until we have given it a body, until we have brought it into actual being. The thought seems to become deed; the word, flesh. And, strange! man, like the God of the Bible, needs but to speak his thought, and the world shapes itself accordingly: light dawns, or darkness descends; the waters separate themselves from the dry land, and even wild beasts appear. The universe is but the signature of the word.

Mark this, ye haughty men of action. Ye are naught but the unconscious servants of the men of thought, who, oftentimes in the humblest obscurity, have marked out your tasks for you with the utmost exactitude. Maximilian Robespierre was only the hand of Jean Jacques Rousseau — the bloody hand that from the womb of time drew forth the body whose soul Rousseau had created. Did the restless anxiety that embittered the life of Jean Jacques arise from a foreboding that his thoughts would require such a midwife to bring them into the world?

Old Fontenelle was perhaps in the right when he declared, "If I carried all the ideas of this world in my closed hand, I should take good heed not to open it." For my part, I think differently. If I held all the ideas of the world in my hand, I might perhaps implore you to hew off my hand at once, but in no case would I long keep it closed. I am not adapted to be a jailor of thoughts. By Heaven! I would set them free. Even if they assumed the most threatening shapes and swept through all lands like a band of mad Bacchantes; even if with their thyrsus staffs they should strike down our most innocent flowers; even if they should break into our hospitals and chase the sick old world from its bed! It would certainly grieve me sadly, and I myself should come to harm. For, alas! I too belong to that sick old

world; and the poet says rightly that scoffing at our own crutches does not enable us to walk any the better. I am the most sick among you all, and the most to be pitied, for I know what health is. But you know it not, you enviable ones. You can die without noticing it yourselves. Yes, many of you have already been dead for these many years, and you think that now only does the true life begin. When I contradict such madness, then they become enraged against me, and rail at me, and, horrible! the corpses spring on me and reproach me; and more even than their revilings does their mouldy odour oppress me. Avaunt, ye spectres! I am speaking of one whose very name possesses an exorcising power: I speak of Immanuel Kant.

It is said that the spirits of darkness tremble with affright when they behold the sword of an executioner. How, then, must they stand aghast when confronted with Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*! This book is the sword with which, in Germany, theism was decapitated.

To be candid, you French are tame and moderate compared with us Germans. At the most, you have slain a king; and he had already lost his head before he was beheaded. And withal you must drum so much, and shout, and stamp, so that the whole world was shaken by the tumult. It is really awarding Maximilian Robespierre too much honour to compare him with Immanuel Kant. Maximilian Robespierre, the great citizen of the Rue Saint Honoré, did truly have an attack of destructive fury when the monarchy was concerned, and he writhed terribly enough in his regicidal epilepsy; but as soon as the Supreme Being was mentioned, he wiped the white foam from his mouth and the blood from his hands, put on his blue Sunday coat with the bright buttons, and attached a bouquet of flowers to his broad coat-lapel.

The life-history of Immanuel Kant is difficult to write, for he had neither a life nor a history. He lived a mechanical, orderly, almost abstract, bachelor life, in a quiet little side-street of Königsberg, an old city near the north-east boundary of Germany. I believe that the great clock of the cathedral did not perform its daily work more dispassionately, more regularly, than its countryman, Immanuel Kant. Rising, coffee-drinking, writing, collegiate lectures, dining, walking — each had its set time. And when Immanuel Kant, in his grey coat, cane in hand, appeared at the door of his house, and strolled towards the small linden avenue, which is still called “the philosopher's walk,” the neighbours knew it was exactly half-past four. Eight times he promenaded up and down, during all seasons; and when the

weather was gloomy, or the grey clouds threatened rain, his old servant Lampe was seen plodding anxiously after, with a large umbrella under his arm, like a symbol of Providence.

What a strange contrast between the outer life of the man and his destructive, world-convulsing thoughts! Had the citizens of Königsberg surmised the whole significance of these thoughts, they would have felt a more profound awe in the presence of this man than in that of an executioner, who merely slays human beings. But the good people saw in him nothing but a professor of philosophy; and when at the fixed hour he sauntered by, they nodded a friendly greeting, and regulated their watches.

But if Immanuel Kant, that arch-destroyer in the realms of thought, far surpassed Maximilian Robespierre in terrorism, yet he had certain points of resemblance to the latter that invite a comparison of the two men. In both we find the same inflexible, rigid, prosaic integrity. Then we find in both the same instinct of distrust, — only that the one exercises it against ideas, and names it a critique, while the other applies it to men, and calls it republican virtue. In both, however, the narrow-minded shopkeeper type is markedly manifest. Nature had intended them to weigh out sugar and coffee, but fate willed it otherwise, and into the scales of one it laid a king, into those of the other, a God. And they both weighed correctly.

...Panthéism had already in Fichte's time interpenetrated German art; even the Catholic Romanticists unconsciously followed this current, and Goethe expressed it most unmistakably. This he already does in *Werther*. In *Faust* he seeks to establish an affinity between man and nature by a bold, direct, mystic method, and conjures the secret forces of nature through the magic formula of the powers of hell. But this Goethean pantheism is most clearly and most charmingly disclosed in his short ballads. The early philosophy of Spinoza has shed its mathematical shell, and now flutters about us as Goethean poetry. Hence the wrath of our pietists, and of orthodoxy in general, against the Goethean ballads. With their pious bear-paws they clumsily strike at this butterfly, which is so daintily ethereal, so light of wing, that it always flits out of reach. These Goethean ballads have a tantalising charm that is indescribable. The harmonious verses captivate the heart like the tenderness of a loving maiden; the words embrace you while the thought kisses you.

...This giant was minister in a lilliputian German state, in which he could never move at ease. It was said of Phidias's Jupiter seated in Olympus, that

were he ever to stand erect the sudden uprising would rend asunder the vaulted roof. This was exactly Goethe's situation at Weimar; had he suddenly lifted himself up from his peaceful, sitting posture, he would have shattered the gabled canopy of state, or, more probably, he would have bruised his own head. But the German Jupiter remained quietly seated, and composedly accepted homage and incense.

...When it was seen that such saddening follies were budding out of philosophy and ripening into a baleful maturity — when it was observed that the German youth were generally absorbed in metaphysical abstractions, thereby neglecting the most important questions of the time and unfitting themselves for practical life, — it was quite natural that patriots and lovers of liberty should be led to conceive a justifiable dislike to philosophy; and a few went so far as to condemn it utterly and entirely, as idle, useless, chimerical theorising.

We shall not be so foolish as to attempt seriously to refute these malcontents. German philosophy is a matter of great weight and importance, and concerns the whole human race. Only our most remote descendants will be able to decide whether we deserve blame or praise for completing first our philosophy and afterwards our revolution. To me it seems that a methodical people, such as we Germans are, must necessarily have commenced with the Reformation, could only after that proceed to occupy ourselves with philosophy, and not until the completion of the latter could we pass on to the political revolution. This order I find quite sensible. The heads which philosophy has used for thinking, the revolution can afterwards, for its purposes, cut off. But philosophy would never have been able to use the heads which had been decapitated by the revolution, if the latter had preceded.

...Christianity — and this is its fairest service — has to a certain degree moderated that brutal lust of battle, such as we find it among the ancient Germanic races, who fought, not to destroy, not yet to conquer, but merely from a fierce, demoniac love of battle itself; but it could not altogether eradicate it. And when once that restraining talisman, the cross, is broken, then the smouldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic Berserkir wrath, of which the Norse poets say and sing so much. The talisman is rotten with decay, and the day will surely come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone gods will arise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins, and rub

the dust of a thousand years from their eyes; and finally Thor, with his colossal hammer, will leap up, and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic Cathedrals.

And when ye hear the rumbling and the crumbling, take heed, ye neighbours of France, and meddle not with what we do in Germany. It might bring harm on you. Take heed not to kindle the fire; take heed not to quench it. Ye might easily burn your fingers in the flame. Smile not at my advice as the counsel of a visionary warning you against Kantians, Fichteans, and natural philosophers. Scoff not at the dreamer who expects in the material world a revolution similar to that which has already taken place in the domains of thought. The thought goes before the deed, as the lightning precedes the thunder. German thunder is certainly German, and is rather awkward, and it comes rolling along tardily; but come it surely will, and when ye once hear a crash the like of which in the world's history was never heard before, then know that the German thunderbolt has reached its mark. At this crash the eagles will fall dead in mid air, and the lions in Afric's most distant deserts will cower and sneak into their royal dens. A drama will be enacted in Germany in comparison with which the French Revolution will appear a harmless idyl. To be sure, matters are at present rather quiet, and if occasionally this one or the other rants and gesticulates somewhat violently, do not believe that these are the real actors. These are only little puppies, that run around in the empty arena, barking and snarling at one another, until the hour shall arrive when appear the gladiators, who are to battle unto death.

And that hour *will* come. As on the raised benches of an amphitheatre the nations will group themselves around Germany to behold the great tournament. I advise you, ye French, keep very quiet then: on your souls take heed that ye applaud not. We might easily misunderstand you, and in our blunt manner roughly quiet and rebuke you, for if in our former servile condition we could sometimes overcome you, much more easily can we do so in the wantonness and delirious intoxication of freedom. Ye yourselves know what one can do in such a condition — and ye are no longer in that condition. Beware! I mean well with you, therefore I tell you the bitter truth. You have more to fear from emancipated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance, with all its Croats and Cossacks. For, in the first place, you are not loved in Germany, — which is almost incomprehensible, for you are so very amiable, and during your sojourn in Germany took

much pains to please at least the better and lovelier half of the Germans. But even if that half should love you, it is just the half that does not bear arms, and whose friendship would therefore avail you but little.

What they really have against you, I could never make out. Once in a beer-cellar at Göttingen, a young Teuton said that revenge must be had on the French for Conrad von Stauffen, whom they beheaded at Naples. You have surely long since forgotten that. But we forget nothing. You see that if we should once be inclined to quarrel with you, good reasons will not be wanting. At all events, I advise you to be on your guard. Let what will happen in Germany, whether the Crown Prince of Prussia or Dr. Wirth hold sway, be always armed, remain quietly at your post, musket in hand. I mean well with you; and I almost stood aghast when I learned lately that your ministry propose to disarm France.

As, notwithstanding your present Romanticism, you are inborn classics, you know Olympus. Among the naked gods and goddesses who there make themselves merry with nectar and ambrosia, you behold one goddess who, although surrounded with mirth and sport, yet wears always a coat of mail, and keeps helm on head and spear in hand.

It is the goddess of wisdom.

FLORENTINE NIGHTS.

[Heine wrote the fragment entitled *Florentine Nights* in 1835, and published it two years later in the third volume of the *Salon*. It is a series of brilliant pictures united by a very slight thread of connection. There is unquestionably an additional element of autobiographical interest; Maximilian's visits to Potsdam and London correspond to Heine's, and throughout this various record of impressions we frequently hear Heine's own voice. The translation here given has not been previously published.]

FIRST NIGHT.

IN the ante-room Maximilian found the doctor just as he was drawing on his black gloves. "I am greatly pressed for time," the latter hurriedly said to him. "Signora Maria has not slept during the whole night; she has only just now fallen into a light slumber. I need not caution you not to wake her by any noise; and when she wakes on no account must she be allowed to talk. She must lie still, and not disturb herself; mental excitement will not be salutary. Tell her all kinds of odd stories, so that she must listen quietly."

"Be assured, doctor," replied Maximilian, with a melancholy smile. "I have educated myself for a long time in chattering, and will not let her talk. I will narrate abundance of fantastic nonsense, as much as you require. But how long can she live?"

"I am greatly pressed for time," answered the doctor, and slipped away.

Black Deborah, quick of hearing as she was, had already recognised the stranger's footstep, and softly opened the door. At a sign from him she left as softly, and Maximilian found himself alone with his friend. A single lamp dimly lighted the chamber. This cast now and then half timid, half inquisitive gleams upon the countenance of the sick lady, clothed entirely in white muslin, who lay stretched on a green sofa in calm sleep.

Silent, and with folded arms, Maximilian stood a little while before the sleeping figure, and gazed on the beautiful limbs which the light garments revealed rather than covered; and every time that the lamp threw a ray of light over the pale countenance, his heart quivered. "For God's sake!" he said softly, "what is that? What memories are awaking in me? Yes, now I know. This white form on the green ground, yes, now...."

At this moment the invalid awoke, and gazing out, as it were, from the depths of a dream, the tender dark-blue eyes rested upon him, asking, entreating.... "What were you thinking of, just now, Maximilian?" she said, in that awful, gentle voice so often found in consumptives, and wherein we seem to recognise the lisping of children, the twittering of birds, and the gurgle of the dying. "What were you thinking of, just then, Maximilian?" she repeated again, and started up so hastily that the long curls, like roused snakes, fell in ringlets around her head.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Maximilian, as he gently pressed her back on to the sofa, "lie still, do not talk; I will tell you all I think, I feel, yes, what I myself do not know!"

"In fact," he pursued, "I scarcely know what I was thinking and feeling just now. Dim visions of childhood were passing through my mind. I was thinking of my mother's castle, of the deserted garden there, of the beautiful marble statue that lay in the grass.... I said, 'my mother's *castle*,' but pray do not imagine anything grand and magnificent. To this name I have indeed accustomed myself; my father always laid a special emphasis on the words, 'the castle,' and accompanied them always with a singular smile. The meaning of that smile I understood later, when, a boy of some twelve years, I travelled with my mother to the castle. It was my first journey. We spent the whole day in passing through a thick forest; I shall never forget its gloomy horror; and only towards evening did we stop before a long cross-bar which separated us from a large meadow. Here we waited nearly half-an-hour before the boy came out of the wretched hut near by, removed the barrier, and admitted us. I say 'the boy,' because old Martha always called her forty years' old nephew 'the lad.' To receive his gracious mistress worthily, he had assumed the livery of his late uncle; and it was in consequence of its requiring a little previous dusting that he had kept us waiting so long. Had he had time, he would have also put on stockings; the long red legs, however, did not form a very marked contrast with the glaring scarlet coat. Whether there were any trousers underneath I am unable to say. Our servant, John, who had likewise often heard of 'the castle,' put on a very amazed grimace as the boy led us to the little ruined building in which his master had lived. He was, however, altogether at a loss when my mother ordered him to bring in the beds. How could he guess that at the 'castle' no beds were to be found, and my mother's order that he should bring bedding for us he had either not heard or considered as superfluous trouble.

“The little house, only one storey high, which in its best days contained, at the most, five habitable rooms, was a lamentable picture of transitoriness. Broken furniture, torn carpets, not one window-frame left entire, the floor pulled up here and there, everywhere the hated traces of the wantonest military possession. ‘The soldiers quartered with us have always amused themselves,’ said the boy, with a silly smile. My mother signed that we should all leave her alone, and while the boy and John were busying themselves, I went out to see the garden. This also offered the most disconsolate picture of ruin. The great trees were partly destroyed, partly broken down, and parasites were scornfully spreading over the fallen trunks. Here and there by the grown-up box-bushes the old paths might be recognised. Here and there also stood statues, for the most part wanting heads, or at all events noses. I remember a Diana whose lower half the dark ivy grew round in a most amusing way, as I also remember a Goddess of Plenty, out of whose cornucopia mere ill-odorous weeds were blooming. Only one statue had been spared from the malice of men and of time; it had, indeed, been thrown from off its pedestal into the high grass; but there it lay, free from mutilation, the marble goddess with pure lovely features and the noble deep-cleft bosom, which seemed, as it glowed out of the grass, like a Greek revelation. I almost started when I saw it; this form inspired me with a singular feeling, and bashfulness kept me from lingering long near so sweet a sight.

“When I returned to my mother, she was standing at the window, lost in thought, her head resting on her right arm, and the tears were flowing over her cheeks. I had never seen her weep so before. She embraced me with passionate tenderness, and asked my forgiveness, because, owing to John’s negligence, I should have no regular bed. ‘Old Martha,’ she said, ‘is very ill, dear child, and cannot give up her bed to you; but John will arrange the cushions out of the coach, so that you will be able to sleep upon them, and he can also give you his cloak for a covering. I shall sleep on the straw; this was my dear father’s bed-room; it was much better here once. Leave me alone!’ And the tears came still more impetuously.

“Whether it was owing to my unaccustomed place of rest or to my disturbed heart, I could not sleep. The moonlight streamed in through the broken window-panes, and seemed to allure me out into the bright summer night. I might lie on the right or the left side, close my eyes or impatiently open them again — I could still think of nothing but the lovely marble

statue I had seen lying in the grass. I could not understand the shyness which had come over me at the sight of it; I was vexed at this childish feeling, and ‘To-morrow,’ I said softly to myself, ‘to-morrow I will kiss you, you lovely marble face, kiss you just on that pretty corner of your mouth where the lips melt into such a sweet dimple!’ An impatience I had never before felt was stirring through all my limbs; I could no longer rule the strange impulse, and I sprang up at last with audacious vivacity, exclaiming, ‘And why should I not kiss you to-night, you dear image?’ Quietly, so that mother might not hear my steps, I left the house; with the less difficulty, since the entrance was furnished with an escutcheon indeed, but no longer with a door, and hastily worked my way through the abundant growth of the neglected garden. There was no sound; everything was resting silent and solemn in the still moonlight. The shadows of the trees seemed to be nailed on the earth. In the green grass lay the beautiful goddess, likewise motionless, yet no stony death, but only a quiet sleep, seemed to hold her lovely limbs fettered; and as I came near, I almost feared lest the least noise should awake her out of her slumber. I held my breath, as I leant over to gaze on the beautiful features; a shuddering pain thrust me back, but a boyish wantonness drew me again towards her; my heart was beating wildly, and at last I kissed the lovely goddess with such passion and tenderness and despair as I have never in this life kissed with again. And I have never been able to forget the fearful and sweet sensation which flowed through my soul as the blissful cool of those marble lips touched my mouth.... And so you see, Maria, that as I was just now standing before you, and saw you lying in your white muslin garments on the green sofa, your appearance suggested to me the white marble form in the green grass. Had you slept any longer my lips would not have been able to resist — —”

“Max! Max!” she cried from the depth of her soul. “Horrible! You know that a kiss from your mouth — —”

“Oh, be silent only; I know you think that something horrible. Do not look at me so imploringly. I do not misunderstand your feelings, although their causes are hidden from me. I have never dared to press my mouth on your lips.”

But Maria would not let him finish speaking; she seized his hand, covered it with passionate kisses, and then said, smiling— “Please tell me more of your love affairs. How long did you adore the marble beauty that you kissed in your mother’s castle garden?”

“We went away the next day,” Maximilian answered, “and I have never seen the lovely statue again. It occupied my heart, however, for nearly three years. A wonderful passion for marble statues has since then developed in my soul, and this very day I have felt its transporting power. I was coming out of the Laurentian, the library of the Medici, and I wandered, I know not how, into the chapel where that most magnificent of Italian families built for itself a resting-place of jewels, and is quietly sleeping. For a whole hour I was absorbed in gazing on the marble figure of a woman, whose powerful body witnesses to the cunning strength of Michael Angelo, while yet the whole form is pervaded by an ethereal sweetness which we are not accustomed to seek in that master. The whole dream-world, with its silent blisses, lives in that marble; a tender repose dwells in the lovely limbs, a soothing moonlight seems to course through the veins. It is the Night of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. O, how willingly would I sleep the eternal sleep in the arms of that Night!

“Painted women forms,” Maximilian pursued, after a pause, “have never so powerfully interested me as statues. Only once was I in love with a painting. It was a wondrously lovely Madonna that I learnt to know at a church in Cologne. I was at that time a very zealous church-goer, and my heart was absorbed in the mysticism of the Catholic religion. I would then have willingly fought like a Spanish knight, at the peril of my life, for the immaculate conception of Mary, the Queen of Angels, the fairest lady of Heaven and earth! I was interested in all the members of the holy family at that time, and I took my hat off in an especially friendly manner whenever I passed near a picture of the holy Joseph. This disposition did not last long, however, and I deserted the Mother of God almost without any explanations, having become acquainted, in a gallery of antiquities, with a Grecian nymph, who for a long time held me enchained in marble fetters.”

“And you only loved sculptured or painted women?” said Maria, smiling.

“No, I have also loved dead women,” answered Maximilian, over whose face an expression of seriousness had spread. He failed to perceive Maria start and shrink at these words, and quietly proceeded —

“Yes, it is very strange that I once fell in love with a girl after she had been seven years dead. When I became acquainted with little Very I liked her extremely. For three days I occupied myself with this young person, and experienced the greatest pleasure in all that she said and did, and in every

expression of her charming wayward being, without being betrayed withal into any over-tender emotion. And so I was not too deeply grieved when a few months later I heard that a fever that had seized her suddenly resulted in death. I forgot her entirely, and I am convinced that from one year's end to another's I had not one thought of her. Seven years passed away, and I found myself at Potsdam, to enjoy the beautiful summer in undisturbed solitude. My society was confined to the statues in the garden of Sansouci. It happened there one day that I recollected certain features, and a singular, lovely way of speaking and moving, without being able to remember to whom they belonged. Nothing is more annoying than such a drifting into old memories, and I was therefore joyfully surprised when, after some days, I recollected little Very, and discovered that it was her dear, forgotten form that had hovered before me so restlessly. Yes, I rejoiced at this discovery like one who unexpectedly meets his most intimate friend; the pale hues gradually grew bright, and at last her sweet little person seemed to stand bodily before me, smiling, pouting, witty, and prettier than ever. From that time forth the sweet vision never left me, it filled my whole soul; wherever I went or stood, that went and stood at my side, spoke with me, laughed with me, always gentle, and yet never over-tender. I was, however, more and more fascinated with this vision, which daily gained more and more reality for me. It is easy to raise ghosts, but it is difficult to send them back again to their dark night; they look at us then so imploringly, our own hearts lend them such powerful intercession. I could not tear myself free, and fell in love with little Very after she had been seven years dead. I lived thus at Potsdam for six months, quite buried in this love. I guarded myself more carefully than ever from any contact with the outer world, and if anyone in the street came at all near me, I experienced the most miserable oppression. I cherished a deep horror of every occurrence, such as, perhaps, the night-wandering spirits of the dead experience; for these, it is said, are terrified when they meet a living man, as much as a living man is terrified when he meets a spectre. By chance a traveller came at that time to Potsdam whom I could not escape — namely, my brother. His appearance and his accounts of the latest news woke me as from a deep dream, and I suddenly felt, with a shudder, in what a frightful solitude I had been so long living. In this condition I had not once noted the change of the seasons, and I now gazed with wonder on the trees, long since leafless, decked in their autumn mellowness. I immediately left Potsdam and little Very, and in another

town, where important business was awaiting me, and by means of difficult circumstances and relations, I was soon again plunged into crude reality.

“The living women,” Maximilian pursued, while a sorrowful smile played on his upper lip, “the living women with whom I then came into unavoidable contact, how they tormented me, tenderly tormented me with their pouting, jealousy, and constant sighs. At how many balls must I trot round with them, in how much gossip must I mix myself! What restless vanity, what delight in lying, what kissing treachery, what envenomed flowers! These women spoilt all pleasure and love for me, and I was for some time a misogynist, who damned the whole sex. It went with me almost as with the French officer, who, in the Prussian campaign, only saved himself with the greatest difficulty from the ice-pits at Beresina, and since that retains such an antipathy to everything frozen, that now he thrusts away with disgust the sweetest and most delicious of Tortoni’s ices. Yes, the remembrance of the Beresina of love that I passed through then spoilt for me, for a time, even the most charming ladies, women like angels, girls like Vanilla sherbert.”

“Pray, do not abuse women,” exclaimed Maria. “That is a worn-out commonplace among men. In the end, to be happy, you need women after all.”

“Oh,” sighed Maximilian, “that is true, certainly. But women, unfortunately, have only one way of making us happy, while they have thirty thousand ways of making us unhappy.”

“Dear friend,” replied Maria, suppressing a little smile, “I am speaking of the concord of two souls in unison. Have you never experienced this joy? But I see an unaccustomed blush spreading over your cheeks. Tell me, Max.”

“It is true, Maria, I feel as confused almost as a boy at confessing to you the happy love with which I was once infinitely blessed. That memory is not yet lost to me, and to its cool shades my soul often flies, when the burning dust and day’s heat of life grow almost unbearable. Yet I am not able to give you a just idea of her. She was such an ethereal creature that she only seemed revealed to me in dreams. I think that you, Maria, have no vulgar prejudice against dreams; those nightly visions have, in truth, as much reality as the coarser shapes of day, which we can touch with our hands, and by which we are not seldom besmudged. Yes, it was in a dream that I knew that sweet being who has made me most happy on earth. I can

say little of her outward appearance. I am not able to describe the form of her features with precision. It was a face that I had never seen before, and that I have never in my life seen since. So much I remember; it was not white and rosy, but all of one colour — a soft, reddened, pale-yellow, transparent as crystal. The charm of this face was not in firm regularity of beauty, nor in interesting vivacity; its characteristic was, rather, a charming, enrapturing, almost terrible veracity. It was a face full of conscious fire and gracious goodness; it was more a soul than a face, and on that account I have never been able to make her outward form quite present to myself. The eyes were soft as flowers, the lips rather pale, but charmingly arched. She wore a silk dressing-gown of a corn-flour blue colour, and in that consisted her entire clothing; neck and feet were naked, and through the thin delicate garment now and then peeped stealthily the slender tenderness of the limbs. Nor can I make plain the words we said to one another; I only know that we betrothed each other, and that we chatted with one another, gay and familiar and open-hearted, like bridegroom and bride, almost like brother and sister. Often we left off talking, and gazed into each other's eyes; we spent whole eternities so. What waked me I cannot say, but I revelled for a long time in the after-feeling of these love-blisses. I was long, as it were, intoxicated with ineffable delight, the pining depth of my heart was filled with bliss, a hitherto unknown joy seemed poured over all my emotions, and I remained glad and joyful, though I never saw the beloved form in my dreams again. But had I not enjoyed whole eternities in her gaze? and she knew me too well not to be aware that I do not like repetitions."

"Truly," exclaimed Maria, "you are an *homme à bonne fortune*. But, tell me, was Mademoiselle Laurence a marble statue or a painting — was she dead or a dream?"

"Perhaps she was all these together," answered Maximilian, very earnestly.

"I can imagine, dear friend, that this sweetheart was of very doubtful character. And when will you tell me the history?"

"To-morrow. It is too long, and I am tired to-night. I have just come from the opera, and have too much music in my ears."

"You often go to the opera now, and I think, Max, you go there more to see than to hear."

"You are not mistaken, Maria; I go to the opera, indeed, to look at the faces of the beautiful Italian women. In truth, they are beautiful enough

outside the theatre, and a connoisseur in faces could easily trace in the ideality of their features the influence which the arts have had on the physique of the Italian people. Nature has taken back from the artists the capital she once lent, and see how delightfully the interest has increased! Nature, who once furnished the artists with their model, now on her side copies the masterpieces which have thus arisen. The sense of the beautiful has permeated the whole people, and as once the flesh on the spirit, so now the spirit works on the flesh. The devotion paid before those fair Madonnas and lovely altar-pieces, which impress themselves on the mind of the bridegroom, while the bride bears a handsome saint in her ardent heart, is not fruitless. From this affinity a race has arisen still fairer than the gracious earth on which it flourishes, and the sunny sky that is as bright around it as a golden frame. The men do not interest me much when they are not painted or sculptured, and I resign to you, Maria, all possible enthusiasm in regard to those handsome, supple Italians, who have such wild-black beards, such bold noble noses, and such soft subtle eyes. They say the Lombards are the most handsome men. I have never made any investigations on the subject, but I have earnestly considered the Lombardy women, and they, I have noted well, are indeed as beautiful as report announces. Even in the middle ages they must have been tolerably beautiful. It is said of Francis I. that the fame of the beauty of the Milanese women was a secret motive which impelled him to the Italian campaign; the chivalrous king was certainly curious whether the kinsfolk of his spiritual muses were really as beautiful as fame reported. Poor rogue! he had to atone dearly for this curiosity at Pavia!

“But how beautiful they are, these Italian women, when music illuminates their countenances! I say ‘illuminates,’ because the effect of the music, which I marked in the opera, on the faces of the beautiful women altogether resembled those light-and-shade effects which surprise us so when we look at statues by torch-light at night-time. These marble forms reveal to us then, with terrifying truth, their indwelling spirit and their horrible dumb secrets. In the same way the whole life of the fair Italian women becomes known to us when we see them in the opera; the changing melodies wake in their souls a succession of emotions, memories, wishes, scandals, which visibly speak in the movements of their features, in their blushes, in their pallors, and even in their eyes. He who knows how to read them may then see in their faces many very sweet and interesting things —

histories as remarkable as Boccaccio's tales, emotions as tender as Petrarch's sonnets, caprices as full of adventure as Ariosto's *ottaverime*, sometimes, too, fearful treachery and sublime wickedness as poetic as Dante's *Inferno*. It is worth while to gaze at the boxes. If the men would only express their enthusiasm meanwhile with less frightful sounds! This mad noise in an Italian theatre often annoys me. But music is the soul of these men, their life, their national business. In other countries, certainly, there are musicians who equal the greatest Italian masters, but there is no other musical nation. Here, in Italy, music is not represented by individuals; it manifests itself in the whole population; music has become a nation. With us in the north it is quite different; there music only becomes a man, and is called Mozart or Meyerbeer; and when, moreover, they would accurately investigate what is the best that this northern music offers us, they find it in Italian sunshine and orange-perfume; and much rather than to our Germany those belong to fair Italy, the home of music. Yes, Italy will always be the home of music, even though her great *maestri* descend early into the grave or become dumb — even though Bellini dies and Rossini keeps silence.”

“Indeed,” remarked Maria, “Rossini has preserved a very long silence. If I do not mistake, he has been silent for ten years.”

“Perhaps that is a joke on his part,” answered Maximilian. “He wishes to show that the title, “Swan of Pesaro,” which has been conferred upon him, is quite unsuitable. Swans sing at the end of their lives, but Rossini has left off singing in the middle of his life. And I believe that he has done well in that, and shown, even by that, that he is a genius. The artist who has only talent retains to the end of his life the impulse to exercise that talent; ambition stimulates him; he feels that he is constantly perfecting himself, and he is compelled to strive after the highest. But genius has already accomplished the highest; it is content; it contemns the world and small ambition, and goes home to Stratford-on-Avon, like William Shakespeare, or walks about the Boulevard des Italiens at Paris, and laughs and jokes, like Giacomo Rossini. If genius has a not altogether badly constituted body, it lives on in this way for a good while after it has given forth its masterpieces, or, as people express it, after it has fulfilled its mission. It is owing to a prepossession that people say that genius must die early; I think that from the thirtieth to the thirty-fourth year has been indicated as the most dangerous period for genius. How often have I bantered poor Bellini on this subject, and playfully prophesied that, being a genius, and having

reached that dangerous age, he must soon die. Singular! in spite of the playful tone, he tormented himself about this prophecy; he called me his *jettatore*, his evil eye, and always made the *jettatore* sign. He so wished to live, he had an almost passionate hatred of death: he would hear nothing of dying; he was frightened of it as a child who is afraid to sleep in the dark.... He was a good, dear child, often rather naughty, but then one only needed to threaten him with an early death, and he would immediately draw in, and entreat, and make with his two raised fingers the *jettatore* sign. Poor Bellini!”

“So you knew him personally? Was he handsome?”

“He was not ugly. You see, we cannot answer affirmatively when anyone asks us such a question about our own sex. He had a tall, slender figure, which moved in an elegant, I might say a coquettish, manner; always *à quatre épingles*; a long, regular face, with a pale rosiness; very fair, almost golden, hair, put into small curls; very high noble brows, a straight nose, pale blue eyes, a beautifully-chiselled mouth, a round chin. His features had something vague and characterless; something like milk, and in this milk-face often mingled, half sweet, half bitter, an expression of sorrow. This expression of sorrow compensated for the want of soul in Bellini’s face, but it was a sorrow without depth; it glistened in the eyes without poetry, it played passionless about his lips. The young *Maestro* seemed anxious to make this flat, languid sorrow conspicuous in his whole person. His hair was curled in such a fanciful, melancholy way, his clothes sat so languidly about his frail body, he carried his little Spanish cane in so idyllic a way, that he always reminded me of the affected young shepherds with their be-ribboned sticks, and bright-coloured jackets, and pantaloons that we see in our pastorals. And his gait was so young-lady-like, so elegiac, so ethereal. The whole man looked like a sigh *en escarpins*. He had received much applause among women, but I doubt if he anywhere awakened a strong passion. In himself his appearance had something comically unenjoyable, the reason of which lay in his way of speaking French. Although Bellini had lived many years in France, he spoke the language so badly, that even in England it could scarcely be spoken worse. I ought not to call it ‘bad;’ bad is here much too good. One must call it awful, a violation, something enough to overturn the world. Yes, when one was in society with him, and he mangled the poor French words like an executioner, and displayed, unmoved, his colossal *coq-à-l’âne*, one thought sometimes that the world

must fall in with a crash of thunder. The stillness of the grave reigned on the whole room; a death agony was painted on all faces in chalk or in vermilion; the ladies were uncertain whether to faint or to escape; the gentlemen gazed in alarm at their trousers, to convince themselves that they actually had them on; and what was most horrible, this fright raised at the same time a convulsive desire to laugh, which could hardly be suppressed. So that when one was in Bellini's society, his presence inspired a certain anxiety, which by a horrible charm was at once repellant and attractive. Often his involuntary *calembours* were merely amusing, and in their droll insipidity reminded one of the castle of his fellow-countryman, the Prince of Pallagonia, which Goethe in his *Italian Journey* has described as a museum of uncouth distortions and absurd deformities. As Bellini on such occasions always imagined he had said something quite harmless and earnest, his face and his words formed the maddest contrast. That which displeased me in his face came at such moments specially prominent. What I disliked could not be exactly described as something lacking, and may not have been displeasing to women at all. Bellini's face, like his whole appearance, had that physical freshness, that bloom of flesh, that rosiness which makes a disagreeable impression on me — on me, because I like much more what is death-like and marble. Later on, when I had known him a long time, I felt some liking for Bellini. This arose after I had observed that his character was thoroughly noble and good. His soul was certainly pure and unspotted by any hateful contagion. And he was not wanting in that good-natured, childlike quality which we never miss in men of genius, even if they do not wear it as an outward show.

“Yes, I remember,” Maximilian pursued, sinking down on the chair, on the back of which he had been hitherto leaning— “I remember one moment when Bellini appeared in so amiable a light, that I gazed on him with pleasure, and resolved to become more intimately acquainted with him. But, unhappily, it was the last time I should see him in this life. It was one evening after we had been dining together at the house of a great lady who had the smallest foot in Paris. We were very merry, and the sweetest melodies rang out from the piano. I see him still, the good-natured Bellini, as, at last, exhausted with the mad Bellinism that he chattered, he sank into a seat.... It was a very low one, so that Bellini found himself sitting at the foot, as it were, of a beautiful lady, stretched on a sofa opposite, who gazed down on him with a sweet, malicious delight, as he worked off some French

expressions to entertain her, and was compelled, as usual, to communicate what he had said in his Sicilian jargon to show that it was no *sottise*, but, on the contrary, the most delicate flattery. I think the fair lady paid little attention to Bellini's conversation. She had taken from his hand the little Spanish cane with which he often used to assist his weak rhetoric, and was making use of it for a calm destruction of the elegant curl-edifice on the young *Maestro's* brows. But this wanton occupation was well repaid by the smile which gave her face an expression which I have seen on no other living human countenance. That face will never leave my memory! It was one of those faces which belong more to the kingdom of poetry than to the crude reality of life, contours which remind one of Da Vinci — that noble oval, with the naïve cheek-dimples and the sentimental pointed chin of the Lombard school. The colouring was more soft and Roman, with the dull gleam of pearls, a distinguished pallor, *morbidezza*. In short, it was one of those faces which can only be found in early Italian portraits, which, perhaps, represent those great ladies with whom the Italian artists of the sixteenth century were in love when they created their masterpieces, of whom the poets of those days thought when they sang themselves immortal, and which kindled German and French heroes with desire when they girded on their swords and started across the Alps in search of great deeds. Yes, it was such a face, and on it played a smile of sweetest, malicious delight and most delicate wantonness, as she, the fair lady, with the point of the little Spanish cane destroyed the blonde curls on the good-natured Bellini's brows. At that moment Bellini seemed to me as if touched by an enchanted wand, as if transformed, and he was at once akin to my heart. His face shone with the reflection of that smile; it was, perhaps, the most joyful moment of his life. I shall never forget it. Fourteen days afterwards I read in the papers that Italy had lost one of her most famous sons!

“Strange! At the same time Paganini's death was announced. About his death I had no doubt, for the old, ash-coloured Paganini always looked like a dying man; but the death of the young, rosy Bellini seemed to me incredible. And yet the news of the death of the first was only a newspaper error; Paganini is safe and sound at Genoa, and Bellini lies in his grave at Paris!”

“Do you like Paganini?” asked Maria. “He is the ornament of his country,” answered Maximilian, “and deserves the most distinguished mention in speaking of the musical notabilities of Italy.”

“I have never seen him,” Maria remarked, “but according to report his outward appearance does not altogether satisfy the sense of beauty. I have seen portraits of him.”

“Which are all different,” broke in Maximilian; “they either make him uglier or handsomer than he is; they do not give his actual appearance. I believe that only one man has succeeded in putting Paganini’s true physiognomy on to paper — a deaf painter, Lyser by name, who, in a frenzy full of genius, has, with a few strokes of chalk, so well hit Paganini’s head that one is at the same time amused and terrified at the truth of the drawing. ‘The devil guided my hand,’ the deaf painter said to me, chuckling mysteriously, and nodding his head with good-natured irony in the way he generally accompanied his genial witticisms. This painter was, however, a wonderful old fellow; in spite of his deafness he was enthusiastically fond of music, and he knew how, when near enough to the orchestra, to read the music on the musicians’ faces, and to judge the more or less skilful execution by the movements of their fingers; indeed, he wrote critiques on the opera for an excellent journal at Hamburg. And is that peculiarly wonderful? In the visible symbols of the performance the deaf painter could see the sounds. There are men to whom the sounds themselves are invisible symbols in which they hear colours and forms.”

“You are one of those men!” exclaimed Maria.

“I am sorry that I no longer possess Lyser’s little drawing; it would perhaps have given you an idea of Paganini’s outward appearance. Only with black and glaring strokes could those mysterious features be seized, features, which seemed to belong more to the sulphurous kingdom of shades than to the sunny world of life. ‘Indeed, the devil guided my hand,’ the deaf painter assured me, as we stood before the Alster pavilion at Hamburg on the day when Paganini gave his first concert there. ‘Yes, my friend,’ he pursued, ‘it is true, as everyone believes, that he has sold himself to the devil, body and soul, in order to become the best violinist, to fiddle millions of money, and principally to escape the damnable galley where he had already languished many years. For, you see, my friend, when he was chapel-master at Lucca he fell in love with a princess of the theatre, was jealous of some little *abbate*, was perhaps deceived by the faithless *Amata*, stabbed her in approved Italian fashion, came in the galley to Genoa, and, as I said, sold himself to the devil to escape from it, become the best violin-player, and impose upon us this evening a contribution of two thalers each.

But, you see, all good spirits praise God; there in the avenue he comes himself, with his suspicious Famulus!’

“It was indeed Paganini himself, whom I then saw for the first time. He wore a dark grey overcoat, which reached to his feet, and made his figure seem very tall. His long black hair fell in neglected curls on his shoulders, and formed a dark frame round the pale, cadaverous face, on which sorrow, genius, and hell had engraved their indestructible lines. Near him danced along a little pleasing figure, elegantly prosaic — with rosy, wrinkled face, bright grey little coat with steel buttons, distributing greetings on all sides in an insupportably friendly way, leering up, nevertheless, with apprehensive air at the gloomy figure who walked earnest and thoughtful at his side. It reminded one of Retzsch’s representation of Faust and Wagner walking before the gates of Leipsic. The deaf painter made comments to me in his mad way, and bade me observe especially the broad, measured walk of Paganini. ‘Does it not seem,’ said he, ‘as if he had the iron cross-pole still between his legs? He has accustomed himself to that walk for ever. See, too, in what a contemptuous, ironical way he sometimes looks at his guide when the latter wearies him with his prosaic questions. But he cannot separate himself from him; a bloody contract binds him to that companion, who is no other than Satan. The ignorant multitude, indeed, believe that this guide is the writer of comedies and anecdotes, Harris from Hanover, whom Paganini has taken with him to manage the financial business of his concerts. But they do not know that the devil has only borrowed Herr George Harris’s form, and that meanwhile the poor soul of this poor man is shut up with other rubbish in a trunk at Hanover, until the devil returns its flesh-envelope, while he perhaps will guide his master through the world in a worthier form — namely, as a black poodle.’

“But if Paganini seemed mysterious and strange enough when I saw him walking in bright mid-day under the green trees of the Hamburg Jungfernstieg, how his awful bizarre appearance startled me at the concert in the evening! The Hamburg Opera House was the scene of this concert, and the art-loving public had flocked thither so early, and in such numbers, that I only just succeeded in obtaining a little place in the orchestra. Although it was post-day, I saw in the first row of boxes the whole educated commercial world, a whole Olympus of bankers and other millionaires, the gods of coffee and sugar by the side of their fat goddesses, Junos of Wandrahm and Aphrodites of Dreckwall. A religious silence reigned

through the assembly. Every eye was directed towards the stage. Every ear was making ready to listen. My neighbour, an old furrier, took the dirty cotton out of his ears in order to drink in better the costly sounds for which he had paid two thalers. At last a dark figure, which seemed to have arisen from the under-world, appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in his black costume — the black dress-coat and the black waistcoat of a horrible cut, such as is perhaps prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpina; the black trousers anxiously hanging around the thin legs. The long arms appeared to grow still longer, as, holding the violin in one hand and the bow in the other, he almost touched the ground with them while displaying to the public his unprecedented obeisances. In the angular curves of his body there was a horrible woodenness, and also something absurdly animal-like, that during these bows one could not help feeling a strange desire to laugh; but his face, that appeared still more cadaverously pale in the glare of the orchestra lights, had about it something so imploring, so simply humble, that a sorrowful compassion repressed one's desire to laugh. Had he learnt these complimentary bows from an automaton or a dog? Is that the entreating gaze of one sick unto death, or is there lurking behind it the mockery of a crafty miser? Is that a man brought into the arena at the moment of death, like a dying gladiator, to delight the public with his convulsions? Or is it one risen from the dead, a vampire with a violin, who, if not the blood out of our hearts, at any rate sucks the gold out of our pockets?

“Such questions crossed our minds while Paganini was performing his strange bows, but all those thoughts were at once still when the wonderful master placed his violin under his chin and began to play. As for me, you already know my musical second-sight, my gift of seeing at each tone a figure equivalent to the sound, and so Paganini with each stroke of his bow brought visible forms and situations before my eyes; he told me in melodious hieroglyphics all kinds of brilliant tales; he, as it were, made a magic-lantern play its coloured antics before me, he himself being chief actor. At the first stroke of his bow the stage scenery around him had changed; he suddenly stood with his music-desk in a cheerful room, decorated in a gay, irregular way after the Pompadour style; everywhere little mirrors, gilded Cupids, Chinese porcelain, a delightful chaos of ribbons, garlands of flowers, white gloves, torn lace, false pearls, diadems of gold leaf and spangles — such tinsel as one finds in the room of a prima-

donna. Paganini's outward appearance had also changed, and certainly most advantageously; he wore short breeches of lily-coloured satin, a white waistcoat embroidered with silver, and a coat of bright blue velvet with gold buttons; the hair in little carefully curled locks bordered his face, which was young and rosy, and gleamed with sweet tenderness as he ogled the pretty little lady who stood near him at the music-desk, while he played the violin.

"Yes, I saw at his side a pretty young creature, in antique costume, the white satin swelled out below the waist, making the figure still more charmingly slender; the high raised hair was powdered and curled, and the pretty round face shone out all the more openly with its glancing eyes, its little rouged cheeks, its little beauty-patches, and the sweet impertinent little nose. In her hand was a roll of white paper, and by the movements of her lips as well as by the coquettish waving to and fro of her little upper lip she seemed to be singing; but none of her trills were audible to me, and only from the violin with which the young Paganini led the lovely child could I discover what she sang, and what he himself during her song felt in his soul. O, what melodies were those! Like the nightingale's notes, when the fragrance of the rose intoxicates her yearning young heart with desire, they floated in the evening twilight. O, what melting, languid delight was that! The sounds kissed each other, then fled away pouting, and then, laughing, clasped each other and became one, and died away in intoxicated harmony. Yes, the sounds carried on their merry game like butterflies, when one, in playful provocation, will escape from another, hide behind a flower, be overtaken at last, and then, wantonly joying with the other, fly away into the golden sunlight. But a spider, a spider can prepare a sudden tragical fate for such enamoured butterflies. Did the young heart anticipate this? A melancholy sighing tone, a foreboding of some slowly approaching misfortune, glided softly through the enrapturing melodies that were streaming from Paganini's violin. His eyes became moist. Adoringly he knelt down before his *Amata*. But, alas! as he bowed down to kiss her feet, he saw under the bed a little *abbate*! I do not know what he had against the poor man, but the Genoese became pale as death, he seized the little fellow with furious hands, gave him sundry boxes on the ear, as well as a considerable number of kicks, flung him outside, drew a stiletto from its sheath, and buried it in the young beauty's breast.

"At this moment, however, a shout of 'Bravo! Bravo!' broke out from all sides. Hamburg's enthusiastic sons and daughters were paying the tribute of

their uproarious applause to the great artist, who had just ended the first part of his concert, and was now bowing with even more angles and contortions than before. And on his face the abject humility seemed to me to have become more intense. From his eyes stared a sorrowful anxiety like that of a poor malefactor. ‘Divine!’ cried my neighbour, the furrier, as he scratched his ears; ‘that piece alone was worth two thalers.’

“When Paganini began to play again a gloom came before my eyes. The sounds were not transformed into bright forms and colours; the master’s form was clothed in gloomy shades, out of the darkness of which his music moaned in the most piercing tones of lamentation. Only at times, when a little lamp that hung above cast its sorrowful light over him, could I catch a glimpse of his pale countenance, on which the youth was not yet extinguished. His costume was singular, in two colours, yellow and red. Heavy chains weighed upon his feet. Behind him moved a face whose physiognomy indicated a lusty goat-nature. And I saw at times long hairy hands seize assistingly the strings of the violin on which Paganini was playing. They often guided the hand which held the bow, and then a bleating laugh of applause accompanied the melody, which gushed from the violin ever more full of sorrow and anguish. They were melodies which were like the song of the fallen angels who had loved the daughters of earth, and, being exiled from the kingdom of the blessed, sank into the underworld with faces red with shame. They were melodies in whose bottomless shallowness glimmered neither consolation nor hope. When the saints in heaven hear such melodies, the praise of God dies upon their paled lips, and they cover their heads weeping. At times when the *obligato* goat’s laugh bleated in among the melodious pangs, I caught a glimpse in the background of a crowd of small women-figures who nodded their odious heads with wicked wantonness. Then a rush of agonising sounds came from the violin, and a fearful groan and a sob, such as was never heard upon earth before, nor will be perhaps heard upon earth again; unless in the valley of Jehoshaphat, when the colossal trumpets of doom shall ring out, and the naked corpses shall crawl forth from the grave to abide their fate. But the agonised violinist suddenly made one stroke of the bow, such a mad despairing stroke, that his chains fell rattling from him, and his mysterious assistant and the other foul mocking forms vanished.

“At this moment my neighbour, the furrier, said, ‘A pity, a pity; a string has snapped — that comes from the constant *pizzicato*.’

“Had a string of the violin really snapped? I do not know. I only observed the alteration in the sounds, and Paganini and his surroundings seemed to me again suddenly changed. I could scarcely recognise him in the monk’s brown dress, which concealed rather than clothed him. With savage countenance half hid by the cowl, waist girt with a cord, and bare feet, Paganini stood, a solitary defiant figure, on a rocky prominence by the sea, and played his violin. But the sea became red and redder, and the sky grew paler, till at last the surging water looked like bright scarlet blood, and the sky above became of a ghastly, corpse-like pallor, and the stars came out large and threatening; and those stars were black, black as glooming coal. But the tones of the violin grew ever more stormy and defiant, and the eyes of the terrible player sparkled with such a scornful lust of destruction, and his thin lips moved with such a horrible haste, that it seemed as if he murmured some old accursed charms to conjure the storm and loose the evil spirits that lie imprisoned in the abysses of the sea. Often, when he stretched his long thin arm from the broad monk’s sleeve, and swept the air with his bow, he seemed like some sorcerer who commands the elements with his magic wand; and then there was a wild wailing from the depth of the sea, and the horrible waves of blood sprang up so fiercely that they almost besprinkled the pale sky and the black stars with their red foam. There was a wailing and a shrieking and a crashing, as if the world was falling into fragments, and ever more stubbornly the monk played his violin. He seemed as if by the power of violent will he wished to break the seven seals wherewith Solomon sealed the iron vessels in which he had shut up the vanquished demons. The wise king sank those vessels in the sea, and I seemed to hear the voices of the imprisoned spirits while Paganini’s violin growled its most wrathful bass. But at last I thought I heard the jubilee of deliverance, and out of the red billows of blood emerged the heads of the fettered demons: monsters of legendary horror, crocodiles with bats’ wings, snakes with stags’ horns, monkeys with shells on their heads, seals with long patriarchal beards, women’s faces with breasts in place of cheeks, green camels’ heads, hermaphrodites of incomprehensible combination — all staring with cold, crafty eyes, and with long fin-like claws grasping at the fiddling monk. From the latter, however, in the furious zeal of his conjuration, the cowl fell back, and the curly hair, fluttering in the wind, fell round his head in ringlets, like black snakes.

“So maddening was this vision that, to keep my senses, I closed my ears and shut my eyes. When I again looked up the spectre had vanished, and I saw the poor Genoese in his ordinary form, making his ordinary bows, while the public applauded in the most rapturous manner.

“‘That is the famous performance upon G,’ remarked my neighbour; ‘I myself play the violin, and I know what it is to master that instrument.’ Fortunately, the pause was not considerable, or else the musical furrier would certainly have engaged me in a long conversation upon art. Paganini again quietly set his violin to his chin, and with the first stroke of his bow the wonderful transformation of melodies again also began. They no longer fashioned themselves so brightly and corporeally. The melody gently developed itself, majestically billowing and swelling like an organ chorale in a cathedral, and everything around, stretching larger and higher, had extended into a colossal space which, not the bodily eye, but only the eye of the spirit could seize. In the midst of this space hovered a shining sphere, upon which, gigantic and sublimely haughty, stood a man who played the violin. Was that sphere the sun? I do not know. But in the man’s features I recognised Paganini, only ideally lovely, divinely glorious, with a reconciling smile. His body was in the bloom of powerful manhood, a bright blue garment enclosed his noble limbs, his shoulders were covered by gleaming locks of black hair; and as he stood there, sure and secure, a sublime divinity, and played the violin, it seemed as if the whole creation obeyed his melodies. He was the man-planet about which the universe moved with measured solemnity and ringing out beatific rhythms. Those great lights, which so quietly gleaming swept around, were they the stars of heaven, and that melodious harmony which arose from their movements, was it the song of the spheres, of which poets and seers have reported so many ravishing things? At times, when I endeavoured to gaze out into the misty distance, I thought I saw pure white garments floating around, in which colossal pilgrims passed muffled along with white staves in their hands, and, singular to relate, the golden knob of each staff was even one of those great lights which I had taken for stars. These pilgrims moved in large orbit around the great performer, the golden knobs of their staves shone even brighter at the tones of the violin, and the chorale which resounded from their lips, and which I had taken for the song of the spheres, was only the dying echo of those violin tones. A holy, ineffable ardour dwelt in those sounds, which often trembled, scarce audibly, in mysterious whisper on the

water, then swelled out again with a shuddering sweetness, like a bugle's notes heard by moonlight, and then finally poured forth in unrestrained jubilee, as if a thousand bards had struck their harps and raised their voices in a song of victory. These were sounds which the ear never hears, which only the heart can dream when it rests at night on a beloved breast. Perhaps also the heart can grasp them in the bright light of day, when it loses itself with joy in the curves of beauty in a Grecian work of art...."

"Or when one has drunk one too many bottles of champagne!" broke in suddenly a laughing voice, which woke our story-teller as from a dream. Turning round, he saw the doctor, who, under the guidance of black Deborah, had gently entered the room to inform himself of the effect of his medicine on the patient.

"That sleep does not please me," he said, pointing to the sofa.

Maximilian, who, absorbed in the fancies of his own discourse, had not observed that Maria had long since fallen asleep, bit his lip with vexation.

"That sleep," the doctor pursued, "gives to her countenance already the appearance of death. Does it not look like those white masks, those plaster casts, in which we seek to preserve the features of the dead?"

"I should like," Maximilian whispered in his ear, "to have such a cast of our friend's face. Even as a corpse she would be very lovely."

"I do not advise you to do so," answered the doctor. "Such masks spoil the recollection of those we love. We think that in the plaster we have procured something of their life, but it is only death that we have caught. Beautiful regular features get something horribly rigid, mocking, fatal, with which they terrify rather than delight us; but the casts of those faces whose charm was of a more spiritual kind, whose features were less regular than interesting, are absolute caricature; for as soon as the graces of life are extinguished, the real declinations from the line of ideal beauty are no longer compensated by the spiritual charm. A certain enigmatic expression is common to all these casts, which, after long contemplation, send an intolerable chill through our souls; they look as if on the point of going a long journey."

"Whither?" asked Maximilian, as the doctor took his arm and led him from the room.

Second Night.

"And why will you torment me with this horrible medicine, since I must die so soon?"

It was Maria who, as Maximilian entered, spoke these words. The doctor was standing before her with a medicine bottle in one hand and in the other a little glass in which a brownish liquor frothed nauseously. "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, turning to the new-comer, "you have just come at the right time; try and persuade Signora to swallow these few drops; I am in a hurry."

"I entreat you, Maria!" whispered Maximilian, in that tender voice which one did not often observe in him, and which seemed to come from so wounded a heart that the patient, singularly touched, took the glass in her hand. Before she put it to her mouth, she said, smiling, "Will you reward me with the story of Laurence?"

"All that you wish shall be done," nodded Maximilian.

The pale lady then drank the contents of the glass, half smiling, half shuddering.

"I am in a hurry," said the doctor, drawing on his black gloves. "Lie down quietly, Signora, and move as little as possible."

Led by black Deborah, who lighted him, he left the room. When the two friends were left alone, they looked at each other for a long time in silence. In the souls of both thoughts were clamorous which each strove to hide from the other. The woman, however, suddenly seized the man's hand and covered it with glowing kisses.

"For God's sake," said Maximilian, "do not agitate yourself so, and lie back quietly on the sofa."

As Maria fulfilled this wish, he covered her feet carefully with a shawl, which he previously touched with his lips. She probably noticed him, for her eyes winked with contentment, like a happy child's.

"Was Mademoiselle Laurence very beautiful?"

"If you will not interrupt me, dear friend, and promise to listen quite silently, I will tell you circumstantially all that you wish to know." Smiling in response to Maria's affirmative glance, Maximilian seated himself on the chair which was beside the sofa, and began his story: —

It is now eight years since I travelled to London to become acquainted with the language and the people. Confound the people and their language too! There they take a dozen monosyllables in their mouths, chew them, gnash them, spit them out again, and they call that speaking! Fortunately, they are by nature tolerably taciturn, and though they always gape at us with open mouths, they spare us long conversations. But woe unto us if we fall

into the hands of a son of Albion who has made the great tour and learnt French on the Continent. He will use the opportunity to exercise the achieved language, and overwhelm us with questions on all possible subjects. And scarcely is one question answered before he comes out with another about one's age or home or length of one's stay, and with these incessant inquiries he thinks he is entertaining us in the most delightful manner. One of my friends at Paris was perhaps right when he maintained that the English learn their French conversation at the *Bureaux des Passeports*. Their talk is most useful at table, when they carve their colossal roast beef and inquire which cut you like, overdone or underdone, the inside or the brown outside, fat or lean. This roast beef and this roast mutton are the only good things they have. Heaven preserve every Christian man from their sauces, which consist of one part of flour and two of butter, or when the composition aims at a change, of one part of butter and two of flour. Heaven preserve anyone also from their vegetables, which they bring on the table cooked in water, just as God created them. Still more horrible than the cookery of the English are their toasts and *obligato* speeches, when the table-cloth is taken away and the ladies retire, and instead of them just so many bottles of port wine are brought up; for they think that that is the best way to replace the absence of the fair sex. I say the 'fair' sex, for the English women deserve that name. They are fair, slender creatures. Only the excessive space between the nose and the mouth, which is found in them as frequently as in the men, has often spoiled for me in England the most beautiful faces. This declination from the type of beauty acts upon me still more fatally when I see the English here in Italy, where their sparingly chiselled noses, and the broad space of flesh that stretches from there to the mouth, forms so much the more uncouth contrast with the faces of the Italians, whose features have a more antique regularity, and whose noses, either curved in the Roman way or inclined in the Grecian, degenerate into too great a length. Very correct is the observation of a German traveller that the English, when among the Italians, all look like statues with the points of their noses broken off.

Yes, when one meets the English in a foreign land, the contrast brings out their deficiencies distinctly. They are the gods of *ennui*, who travel through all lands at post haste in shining, lacquered coaches, and leave everywhere a grey, dark cloud of mournfulness behind them. Their curiosity without interest, their dressed-up awkwardness, their insolent timidity, their

angular egotism, and their empty joy at all melancholy objects, aid in this impression. In the last three weeks an Englishman has been visible every day on the Piazza del Gran Duca, gazing for an hour at a time at a quack sitting on a horse who draws people's teeth. Perhaps this performance compensates the noble son of Albion for the loss of the executions of his own dear native land. For after boxing and cock-fights, there is no more delightful sight for a Briton than the agony of some poor devil who has stolen a sheep, or imitated somebody's handwriting, and is exhibited for an hour in front of the Old Bailey before he is thrown into eternity. It is no exaggeration to say that forgery and the theft of a sheep in that detestable and barbarous land are punished in the same way as the most awful crimes, as parricide and incest. I, myself, led by a sad chance, saw a man hanged for stealing a sheep, and after that I lost all pleasure in roast mutton; the fat reminded me of the poor culprit's white cap. Near him an Irishman was hanged for forging the signature of a rich banker; I still see poor Paddy's death agony; he could not understand at the assizes why he should be so hardly punished for imitating a signature when he would allow any human being to imitate his own! And these people talk constantly of Christianity, and never miss church on Sunday, and flood the whole world with Bibles.

"I confess to you, Maria, that if I relished nothing in England, men or cookery, the reason lay partly in myself. I brought over a good store of ill-humour with me, and I was seeking amusement among a people who can only kill their *ennui* in the whirlpool of political and mercantile activity. The perfection of machinery, which is applied to everything here, and has superseded so many human functions, has for me something dismal; this artificial life of wheels, bars, cylinders, and a thousand little hooks, pins, and teeth which move almost passionately, fills me with horror. I am annoyed no less by the definiteness, the precision, the strictness, in the life of the English; for just as the machines in England seem to have the perfection of men, so the men seem like machines. Yes, wood, iron, and brass seem to have usurped the human mind there, and to have gone almost mad from fulness of mind, while the mindless man, like a hollow ghost, exercises his ordinary duties in a machine-like fashion; at the appointed moment eats beef-steaks, makes parliamentary speeches, trims his nails, mounts the stage-coach, or hangs himself.

"You can well imagine how my dissatisfaction increased in this country. Nothing, however, equalled the gloomy mood which once came over me as

I stood on Waterloo Bridge towards evening and gazed on the water. It seemed to me as if my soul was mirrored there, and was gazing up out of the water at me with all its scars. The most sorrowful stories came to my recollection. I thought of the rose which was always watered with vinegar, and so lost its sweet fragrance and faded early. I thought of the strayed butterfly which a naturalist, who ascended Mount Blanc, saw fluttering amid the ice. I thought of the tame monkey who was so familiar with men, played with them, eat with them, but once at table recognised in the roast meat on the dish her own little monkey baby, quickly seized it, and hastened to the woods, never more to be seen among her human friends. Ah, I felt so sorrowful that the hot tears started from my eyes. My tears fell down into the Thames, and floated on to the great sea which has swallowed so many tears without noticing them.

“At this moment it happened that a singular music awoke me from my gloomy dreams, and looking round, I saw on the bank a crowd of people, who seemed to have formed a circle round some amusing display. I drew nearer, and saw a family of performers, consisting of the following four persons: —

“Firstly, a short, thick-set woman, dressed entirely in black, who had a very little head and a very large, protuberant belly. Upon this belly was hung an immense drum, upon which she drummed away most unmercifully.

“Secondly, a dwarf, who wore an embroidered coat like an old French marquis. He had a large powdered head, but for the rest, had very thin contemptible limbs, and danced to and fro striking the triangle.

“Thirdly, a young girl of about fifteen years, who wore a short close-fitting jacket of blue-striped silk, and broad pantaloons also with blue stripes. She was an ærially-made figure. The face was of Grecian loveliness. A straight nose, sweet lips turned outwards, a dreamy, tender, rounded chin, the colour a sunny yellow, the hair of a gleaming black, wound round the brows. So she stood, slender and serious; yes, ill-humoured, and gazed upon the fourth person of the company, who was just then engaged in his performance.

“This fourth person was a learned dog, a very hopeful poodle, and to the great delight of the English public, he had just put together from some wooden letters before him, the name of the Duke of Wellington, and joined to it a very flattering word — namely, “Hero.” Since the dog, as one might conclude from his witty expression, was no English beast, but had, like the

other three persons, come from France, the sons of Albion rejoiced that their great general had at least obtained from the French dog that recognition which the other French creatures had so disgracefully denied.

“In fact, this company consisted of French people, and the dwarf, who now announced himself as Monsieur Turlutu, began to bluster in French, and with such vehement gestures, that the poor English opened their mouths and noses still wider than usual. Often, after a long phrase, he crowed like a cock, and these cock-a-doodle-doos, as also the names of many emperors, kings, and princes which he mixed up with his discourse, were probably the only sounds the poor spectators understood. Those emperors, kings, and princes he extolled as his patrons and friends. When only a boy of eight years, so he assured us, he had had an interview with his most sacred majesty Louis XVI., who also, later on, always asked his advice on weighty matters. He escaped the storms of the Revolution, like many others, by flight, and he only returned under the empire to his beloved country to take part in the glory of the great nation. Napoleon, he said, never loved him, whereas His Holiness Pope Pius VII. almost idolised him. The Emperor Alexander gave him bon-bons, and the Princess Wilhelm von Kyritz always placed him on her lap. His Highness Duke Charles of Brunswick often allowed him to ride on his dogs, and his majesty King Ludwig of Bavaria read to him his sublime poems. The Princes of Reuss-Schleiz-Kreuz and of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen loved him as a brother, and always smoked the same pipe with him. Yes, from childhood up, he said, he had lived among sovereigns; the present monarchs, had, as it were, grown up with him; he looked upon them as equals, and he felt deep sorrow every time that one of them passed from the scene of life. After these solemn words he crowed like a cock.

“Monsieur Turlutu was, in fact, one of the most curious dwarfs I ever saw; his wrinkled old face formed such a droll contrast with his scanty, childish, little body, and his whole person again contrasted as comically with his performances. He threw himself into the most sprightly postures, and with thrusts of an inhumanly long rapier he transfixed the air, affirming all the while, on his honour, that no one could parry this *quarte* or that *tierce*; that, on the contrary, his own defence could be broken through by no mortal man, and he challenged anyone to engage with him in the noble art. After the dwarf had carried this performance on for some time, and found no one who would resolve on open conflict with him, he bowed with old

French grace, gave thanks for the applause which was bestowed upon him, and took the liberty of announcing to the very honourable public the most extraordinary performance ever displayed upon English ground. ‘You see this person,’ he exclaimed, after drawing on dirty kid gloves, and leading the young girl of the company with respectful gallantry into the middle of the circle— ‘this is Mademoiselle Laurence, the only daughter of the honourable Christian lady whom you see there with the drum, and who still wears mourning for the loss of her dearly-beloved husband, the greatest ventriloquist in Europe! Mademoiselle Laurence will now dance! Now, admire the dancing of Mademoiselle Laurence.’ After these words, he again crowed like a cock.

“The young girl appeared to care not the least either for these words or the gaze of the spectators; ill-humouredly absorbed in herself, she waited till the dwarf had spread a large carpet at her feet, and under the guidance of the great drum had again begun to play his triangle. It was strange music, a mixture of awkward humming and a delightful tinkling, and I caught a pathetic, foolish, melancholy, bold, bizarre melody of, nevertheless, the most singular simplicity. But I soon forgot the music when the young girl began to dance.

“Dance and dancer powerfully seized my attention. It was not the classical dance which we still see in our great ballets, where, just as in classical tragedy, only sprawling unities and artificialities reign; it was not those danced Alexandrines, those declamatory springs, those antithetic capers, that noble emotion which pirouets round on one foot, so that one sees nothing except heaven and petticoats, ideality and lies! There is, indeed, nothing so odious to me as the ballet at the Paris Grand Opera, where the traditions of that classical dance are retained in their purest forms, while in the rest of the arts, in poetry, in music, and in painting, the French have overturned the classical system. It will be, however, difficult for them to bring about a similar revolution in the art of dancing; they will need, as in their political revolution, to have recourse to terrorism, and guillotine the legs of the obdurate dancers. Mademoiselle Laurence was no great dancer; the joints of her feet were not very supple, her legs were not exercised in all possible dislocations, she understood nothing of the art of dancing as Madame Vestris teaches it, but she danced as nature commands to dance: her whole being was in harmony with her *pas*; not only her feet but her whole body danced; her face danced — she was often pale, almost

deathly pale, her eyes opened to an almost ghostly size, desire and pain quivered on her lips, and her black hair, which enclosed her brows in smooth oval, moved like a pair of fluttering wings. It was, indeed, no classical dance, but also no romantic dance, in the sense of a young Frenchman of the Eugène Renduel school. This dance had nothing mediæval, nor Venetian, nor hump-backed, nor Macabrian about it; there was neither moonshine nor incest in it. It was a dance which did not seek to answer by outward movements, but the outward movements seemed words of a strange speech which strove to express strange things. But what did this dance express? I could not understand, however passionately this speech uttered itself. I only guessed sometimes that it spoke of something intensely sorrowful. I, who so easily seized the meaning of all appearances, was nevertheless unable to solve this danced riddle; and that I groped in vain for the sense of it was partly the fault of the music, which certainly pointed intentionally to false roads, cunningly sought to lead me astray, and always disturbed me. Monsieur Turlutu's triangle often tittered maliciously. Madame, however, beat upon her drum so wrathfully, that her face glowed forth from the black cloud of cap like a blood-red northern light.

“Long after the troop had passed away, I remained standing at the same spot, considering what that dance might signify. Was it a national dance of the south of France or of Spain? In such a dance might appear the impetuosity with which the dancer swung her little body to and fro, and the wildness with which she often threw her head backward in the bold way of those Bacchantes whom we gaze at with amazement on ancient vases. There was an intoxicated absence of will about her dance, something gloomy and inevitable; it was like the dance of fate. Or was it a fragment of some venerable forgotten pantomime? Or was she dancing her personal history? Often the girl bent down to the earth with a listening ear, as though she heard a voice which spoke up to her. She trembled then like an aspen leaf, bent suddenly to another side, went through her maddest, most unrestrained leaps, then again bent her ear to the earth, listened more anxiously than before, nodded her head, became red and pale by turns, shuddered, stood for a while stiffly upright as if benumbed, and made finally a movement as one who washes his hands. Was it blood that so long and with such care, such horrible care, she was washing from her hands? She threw therewith a sideward glance so imploring, so full of entreaty, so soul-dissolving — and that glance fell by chance upon me.

“All the following night I was thinking of that glance, of that dance, of that strange accompaniment; and as, on the following day, I sauntered as usual through the streets of London, I longed to meet the pretty dancer again, and I constantly pricked my ears in case I might somewhere hear the music of the drum and the triangle. I had at last found something in London which interested me, and I no longer wandered aimless through its yawning streets.

“I had just come out of the Tower, after carefully examining the axe which cut off Anne Bullen’s head, as well as the English crown-diamonds and the lions, when in front of the Tower I caught a glimpse, amid a crowd, of Madame with the great drum, and heard Monsieur Turlutu crowing like a cock. The learned dog again scraped together the heroism of the Duke of Wellington, the dwarf again showed his not-to-be-parried *tierces* and *quartes*, and Mademoiselle Laurence again began her wondrous dance. There were again the same enigmatic movements, the same speech which I could not understand, the same impetuous throwing back of the beautiful head, the same leaning down to the earth, the anguish which sought to soothe itself by ever madder leaps, and again the listening ear bent to the earth, the trembling, the pallor, the benumbed stiffness; then also the fearful mysterious washing of the hands, and at last the imploring side-glance, which rested upon me this time still longer than before.

“Yes, women, and young girls as well as women, immediately observe when they have excited the attention of a man. Although Mademoiselle Laurence, when she was not dancing, gazed immovable and ill-humouredly before her, and while she was dancing often cast only one glance on the public, it was now no mere chance that this glance fell upon me; and the oftener I saw her dance, the more significantly it gleamed, but also the more incomprehensibly. I was fascinated by this glance, and for three weeks, from morning till evening, I wandered about the streets of London, always remaining wherever Mademoiselle Laurence danced. In spite of the greatest confusion of sounds, I could catch the tones of the drum and the triangle at the farthest distance; and Monsieur Turlutu, as soon as he saw me hastening near, raised his most friendly crow. Although I never spoke a word to him or to Mademoiselle Laurence, or to madame, or to the learned dog, I seemed at last as if I belonged to the company. When Monsieur Turlutu made a collection, he always behaved with the most delicate tact as he drew near me, and looked in the opposite direction when I put a small coin in his

little three-cornered hat. His demeanour was indeed most distinguished; he reminded one of the good manners of the past; one could tell that the little man had grown up with monarchs, and all the stranger was it when at times, altogether forgetting his dignity, he crowed like a cock.

“I cannot describe to you how vexed I became, when, after seeking for three days in vain for the little company through all the streets of London, I was forced to conclude that they had left the town. *Ennui* again took me in its leaden arms, and again closed my heart. At last I could endure it no longer; I said farewell to the four estates of the realm — *i.e.*, the mob, the blackguards, the gentlemen, and the fashionables — and travelled back again to civilised *terra firma*, where I knelt in adoration before the white apron of the first cook I met. Here once more I could sit down to dinner like a reasonable being, and refresh my soul by gazing at good-natured, unselfish faces. But I could not forget Mademoiselle Laurence; she danced in my memory for a long time; at solitary hours I often reflected over the lovely child’s enigmatic pantomime, especially over the listening ear bent to the earth. It was a long time, too, before the romantic melodies of the triangle and drum died away in my memory.”

“And is that the whole story?” cried out Maria, all at once, starting up eagerly.

Maximilian pressed her softly down, placed his finger significantly to his lips, and whispered, “Still! still! do not talk! Lie down, good and quiet, and I will tell you the rest of the story. Only on no account interrupt me.”

Leaning slowly back in his chair, Maximilian pursued the story: —

“Five years afterwards I came for the first time to Paris, and at a very noteworthy period. The French had just performed their July revolution, and the whole world was applauding. This piece was not so horrible as the earlier tragedies of the Republic and the Empire. Only some thousand corpses remained upon the stage. The political Romanticists were not very contented, and announced a new piece in which more blood should flow, and the executioner have more to do.

“Paris delighted me by the cheerfulness which prevails there, and which exercises its influence over the most sombre minds. Singular! Paris is the stage on which the greatest tragedies of the world’s history are performed — tragedies at the recollection of which hearts tremble and eyes become moist in the most distant lands; but to the spectator of these tragedies it happens as it happened to me once at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, when

I went to see the *Tour de Nesle* performed. I found myself sitting behind a lady who wore a hat of rose-red gauze, and this hat was so broad that it obstructed the whole of my view of the stage, and I saw all the tragedy only through the red gauze of this hat, and all the horror of the *Tour de Nesle* appeared in the most cheerful rose-light. Yes, there is such a rose-light in Paris, which makes all tragedies cheerful to the near spectator, so that his enjoyment of life is not spoilt there. In the same way all the terrible things that one may bring in his own heart to Paris there lose their tormenting horror. Sorrows are singularly soothed. In this air of Paris all wounds are healed quicker than anywhere else; there is in this air something as generous, as kind, as amiable as in the people themselves.

“What most pleased me in the people of Paris was their polite bearing and distinguished air. Sweet pine-apple perfume of politeness! how beneficently thou refreshedst my sick soul, which had swallowed down in Germany so much tobacco smoke, sauerkraut odour, and coarseness! The simple words of apology of a Frenchman, who, on the day of my arrival, only gently pushed against me, rang in my ears like the melodies of Rossini. I was almost terrified at such sweet politeness, I, who was accustomed to German clownish digs in the ribs without apology. During the first week of my stay in Paris I several times deliberately sought to be jostled, simply to delight myself with this music of apology. But the French people has for me a certain touch of nobility, not only on account of its politeness, but also on account of its language. For, as you know, with us in the north the French language is one of the attributes of high birth; from childhood I had associated the idea of speaking French with nobility. And a Parisian market-woman spoke better French than a German canoness with sixty-four ancestors.

“On account of this language, which lends a distinguished bearing to it, the French people has in my eyes something delightfully fabulous. This originated in another reminiscence of my childhood. The first book in which I learnt French was the *Fables* of La Fontaine; its naïve, sensible manner of speech impressed itself on my recollection ineffaceably, and as I now came to Paris and heard French spoken everywhere, I was constantly reminded of La Fontaine’s *Fables*, I constantly imagined I was hearing the well-known animal voices; now the lion spoke, then the wolf, then the lamb, or the stork, or the dove, not seldom, I thought, I caught the voice of

the fox, and often the words awoke in my memory— ‘Eh! bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau! Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!’

“Such reminiscences, however, awoke in my soul still oftener when at Paris I ascended to that higher region which is called ‘the world.’ This was even that world which gave up to the happy La Fontaine the types of his animal characters. The winter season began soon after my arrival at Paris, and I took part in the *salon* life in which that world more or less joyfully moves. What struck me as most interesting in this world was not so much the equality of good manners which reigned there as the variety of its ingredients. Often when I gazed round at the people gathered peacefully together in a large drawing-room I thought I was in one of those curiosity shops where relics of all ages lie beside each other, a Greek Apollo, a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican Vizlipuzli by a Gothic Ecce-Homo, Egyptian idols with little dogs’ heads, holy caricatures made of wood, of ivory, of metal, and so on. There I saw old mousquetaires who had danced with Marie Antoinette, republicans who were deified in the National Assembly, Montagnards without spot and without mercy, former men of the Directory who were throned in the Luxembourg, great dignitaries of the Empire, before whom all Europe had trembled, ruling Jesuits of the Restoration — in short, mere faded, mutilated deities of olden times, in whom nobody believed any longer. The names seem to recoil from each other, but the men one may see standing peaceful and friendly together like the antiquities in the shops of the Quai Voltaire. In German countries, where the passions are not so easily disciplined, for such a heterogeneous mass of persons to live together in society would be quite impossible. And with us in the cold north the vivacity of speech is not so strong as in warmer France, where the greatest enemies, if they meet one another in a *salon*, cannot long observe a gloomy silence. In France, also, the desire to please is so great that people zealously strive to please not only their friends, but also their enemies. There is constant drapery and affectation, and the women here have the delightful trouble of excelling the men in coquetry; but they succeed, nevertheless.

“I do not mean anything wicked by this observation, certainly not as regards the French ladies, and least of all as regards the Parisian ladies. I am their greatest adorer, and I adore them on account of their failings still more than on account of their virtues. I know nothing more excellent than the legend that the Parisian women come into the world with all possible

failings, but that a kind fairy has mercy upon them and lends to each fault a spell by which it works as a charm. That kind fairy is Grace! Are the Parisian women beautiful? Who can say? Who can see through all the intrigues of the toilet? Who can decipher whether what the tulle betrays is genuine, or what the swelling silk displays, false? And when the eye succeeds in piercing the shell, and we are at the point of finding the kernel, we discover that it is enclosed in a new shell, and after this again in another, and with this ceaseless change of fashions they mock masculine acuteness. Are their faces beautiful? Even this is difficult to find out. For all their features are in constant movement; every Parisian woman has a thousand faces, each more laughing, *spirituel*, gracious than the other, and puts to confusion those who seek to choose the loveliest face among them, or at all events, who wishes to guess which is the true face. Are their eyes large? What do I know! We cease investigating the calibre of the canon when the ball carries off our heads. And when their eyes do not hit, they at least blind us with the flash, and we are glad enough to get out of range. Is the space between nose and mouth broad or narrow? It is often broad when they wrinkle up their noses; it is often narrow when they give their upper lips an insolent little pout. Have they large or small mouths? Who can say where the mouth leaves off and where the smile begins? In order to give a just opinion, both the observer and the object of observation must be in a state of rest. But who can be quiet near a Parisian, and what Parisian woman is ever quiet? There are people who think that they can observe a butterfly quite accurately when they have stuck it on to paper with a pin. That is as foolish as it is cruel. The motionless transfixed butterfly is a butterfly no longer. One must observe the butterfly in his antics round the flowers, and one must observe the Parisian woman, not at home, when she is made fast by a pin through her breast, but in the *salon*, at soirées, and balls, when she flutters about with her wings of gauze and silk beneath the gleaming chandeliers. Then is revealed in her an impetuous passion for life, a longing after a sweet stupor, a thirsting for intoxication, by which means she becomes almost horribly beautiful, and wins a charm which at the same time delights and terrifies our souls.

“This thirst to enjoy life, as if death was about to snatch them from the bubbling spring of enjoyment, or as if that spring was about to cease flowing, this haste, this fury, this madness of the Parisian women, especially as it shows itself at balls, reminds me always of the legend of the dead

dancing-girls which we call Willis. These are young brides who died before the wedding-day, and the unsatisfied desire of dancing is preserved so powerfully in their hearts that they come every night out of their graves, assemble in bands on the high roads, and give themselves up at midnight to the wildest dances. Dressed in their wedding clothes, with garlands on their heads, and glittering rings on their pale hands, laughing horribly, irresistibly lovely, the Willis dance in the moonshine, and they dance ever more madly the more they feel that the hour of dancing, which has been granted them, is coming to an end, and that they must again descend to their cold graves.

“At a soirée once in the Chaussée d’Antin this idea moved my soul profoundly. It was a brilliant soirée, and none of the customary ingredients of social pleasure were wanting: enough light to illuminate us, enough mirrors to see ourselves in, enough people to heat us with the squeeze, enough *eau sucrée* to cool us. They began with music. Franz Liszt allowed himself to be drawn to the piano, pushed his hair over his genial brows, and waged one of his most brilliant battles. The keys seemed to bleed. If I am not mistaken, he played a passage from the *Palingenesis* of Ballanche, whose ideas he was translating into music, which was very useful for those who cannot read the works of that famous writer in the original. Afterwards he played Berlioz’s *La Marche au Supplice*, that excellent piece which the young musician, if I am not mistaken, composed on the morning of his wedding-day. Throughout the room paled faces, heaving bosoms, highly-drawn breath during the pauses, were succeeded at last by stormy applause. The women are always as it were intoxicated when Liszt plays anything for them. The Willis of the *salon* now gave themselves up to dancing with frantic delight, and I had difficulty in getting out of this confusion and saving myself in the adjoining room. Here card-playing was going on, and several ladies were resting in large chairs, looking on at the players, or at all events pretending to interest themselves in the play. As I passed one of these ladies, and my arm touched her dress, I felt from hand to shoulder a slight quiver as from a very weak electric shock. A similar shock, but of the greatest force, went through my whole heart when I saw the lady’s countenance. Was it she, or was it not? It was the same face, with the form and sunny colour of an antique, only it was no longer so marble pure and marble smooth as formerly. The acute observer might perceive on brow and cheeks several little flaws, perhaps small-pox marks, which here exactly resembled those delicate weather-flecks which may be seen on the faces of

statues that have been standing some time in the rain. It was the same black hair which covered the brows in smooth oval like a raven's wings. As, however, her eyes met mine, and with that well-known side-glance, whose swift lightning had always shot so enigmatically through my soul, I doubted no longer — it was Mademoiselle Laurence.

“Stretched in a distinguished way on her chair, with a bouquet in one hand and the other placed on the arm of the chair, Mademoiselle Laurence sat not far from one of the tables, and seemed to devote her whole attention to the cards. Her dress of white satin was elegant and distinguished, but still quite simple. Except bracelets and breast-pins of pearl, she wore no jewels. An abundance of lace covered the youthful bosom, covered it almost puritanically up to the neck, and in this simplicity and modesty of clothing she formed a lovely and touching contrast with some elderly ladies, gaily adorned and glistening with diamonds, who sat near her, and displayed to view the ruins of former magnificence, the place where once Troy stood, in a state of melancholy nakedness. She had the same wondrous loveliness, the same enrapturing look of ill-humour, and I was irresistibly drawn towards her, till at last I stood behind her chair, burning with desire to speak to her, and yet held back by a trembling delicacy.

“I must have been standing silently behind her for some time, when she suddenly drew a flower from her bouquet and, without looking round, held it to me over her shoulder. The perfume of that flower was strong, and it exercised a peculiar enchantment over me. I felt myself freed from all social formality, and I seemed in a dream, where one does and says all kinds of things at which oneself wonders, and when one's words have an altogether childish, familiar, and simple character. Quiet, indifferent, negligent, as one does with old friends, I leant over the arm of the chair, and whispered in the youthful lady's ear, ‘Mademoiselle Laurence, where is, then, the mother with the drum?’

‘She is dead,’ answered she, in just the same tone — as quiet, indifferent, negligent.

“After a short pause, I again leant over the arm of the chair, and whispered in the youthful lady's ear, ‘Mademoiselle Laurence, where is the learned dog?’

“‘He has run away into the wide world,’ she answered, in the same quiet, indifferent, negligent tone.

“And again, after a short pause, I leant over the arm of the chair, and whispered in the youthful lady’s ear, ‘Mademoiselle Laurence, where, then, is Monsieur Turlutu, the dwarf?’

“‘He is among the giants in the Boulevard du Temple,’ she answered. She had hardly spoken these words, and in just the same quiet, indifferent, negligent tone, when a serious old man, with a tall military figure, came towards her and announced that her carriage was ready. Slowly rising from her seat, she leant upon his arm, and without casting one glance back to me, left the company.

“When I inquired of the lady of the house, who had been standing all the evening at the entrance of the principal saloon, presenting her smiles to those who came or went, the name of the young lady who had just gone out with the old man, she laughed gaily in my face, and exclaimed— ‘Mon Dieu! who can know everybody! I know her as little.’ — She stopped, for she was about to say as little as myself, whom she had that evening seen for the first time. ‘Perhaps,’ I remarked, ‘your husband can give me some information; where shall I find him?’

“‘At the hunt at Saint Germain,’ answered the lady, with a yet louder laugh; ‘he went early yesterday morning, and will return to-morrow evening. But wait. I know somebody who has been talking a good deal with the lady you inquire after; I do not know his name, but you can easily find him out by inquiring after the young man whom M. Casimir Perrier kicked, I don’t know where.’

“Although it is rather difficult to recognise anyone by the fact of his having received a kick from a minister, I soon discovered my man, and I desired from him a more intimate knowledge of the singular creature who had so interested me, and whom I could describe to him clearly enough. ‘Yes,’ said the young man, ‘I know her very well; I have spoken to her at several soirées’ — and he repeated to me a mass of meaningless things with which he had entertained her. What especially surprised him was her earnest look whenever he said anything complimentary to her. He also wondered not a little that she always declined his invitation to a *contre danse*, assuring him that she was unable to dance. Of name and condition he knew nothing. And nobody, as much as I inquired, could give me any more distinct information on the subject. In vain I ran through all possible soirées; nowhere could I find Mademoiselle Laurence.”

“And that is the whole story?” exclaimed Maria, as she slowly turned round and yawned sleepily— “that is the whole memorable story? And you have never again seen either Mademoiselle Laurence, or the mother with the drum, or the dwarf Turlutu, or the learned dog?”

“Remain lying still,” replied Maximilian. “I have seen them all again, even the learned dog. The poor rascal was certainly in a very sad state of necessity when I came across him at Paris. It was in the Quartier Latin. I had just passed the Sorbonne, when out of its gates rushed a dog, and behind him with sticks a dozen students, who were soon joined by two dozen old women, who all cried in chorus, ‘The dog is mad!’ The animal looked almost human in his death agony, tears flowed from his eyes, and as he ran panting by and lifted his moist glance towards me, I recognised my old friend the learned dog, the Duke of Wellington’s panegyrist, who had once filled the people of England with wonderment. Was he really mad? Had he been driven mad by mere learning while pursuing his studies in the Quartier Latin? Or had he in the Sorbonne, by his growling and scratching, marked his disapprobation of the puffed-up charlatanry of some professor, who sought to free himself from his unfavourable hearer by proclaiming him to be mad? And, alas! the youths are not long investigating whether it is the wounded conceit of learning or envy that first called out, ‘The dog is mad!’ and they strike with their thoughtless sticks, and the old women are ready with their howling, and cry down the voice of innocence and reason. My poor friend must yield; before my eyes he was miserably struck to death, insulted, and at last thrown on a dunghill! Poor martyr of learning!

“Not much more pleasant was the condition of the dwarf, Monsieur Turlutu, when I found him on the Boulevard du Temple. Mademoiselle Laurence had certainly told me that he had gone there, but whether I had not thought of actually seeing him there, or that the crowd had hindered me, it was some time before I noted the place where the giants were to be seen. When I entered I found two tall fellows who lay idly on benches, and quickly sprang up and placed themselves in giant posture before me. They were, in truth, not as large as they boasted on the placards hanging outside. These two long fellows, who were dressed in pink *tricots*, had very black, perhaps false, whiskers, and brandished hollow wooden clubs over their heads. When I asked after the dwarf, whom the placards also announced, they replied that for four weeks he had not been exhibited on account of his increasing illness — that I could see him, however, on paying double the

price of admission. How willingly one pays double admission-fee to see a friend again! And, alas, this was a friend who lay on his death-bed. This death-bed was properly a cradle, and the poor dwarf lay inside with his yellow shrivelled old face. A little girl of some fourteen years sat beside him, and rocked the cradle with her foot, and sang in a laughing, roguish tone —

“‘Sleep, little Turlutu, sleep!’

“When the little fellow saw me, he opened his glassy pale eyes as wide as possible, and a melancholy smile played on his white lips; he seemed to recognise me again, stretched his shrunken little hand towards me, and gently rattled— ‘Old friend!’

“It was, in fact, a sad condition in which I found the man who, in his eighth year, had had a long conversation with Louis XVI., whom the Czar Alexander had fed with bon-bons, whom the Princess von Kyritz had taken on her lap, who had ridden on the Duke of Brunswick’s dogs, whom the King of Bavaria had read his poems to, who had smoked out of the same pipe with German princes, whom the Pope had idolised, and Napoleon never loved! This last circumstance troubled him on his death-bed, or, as I said, in his death-cradle, and he wept over the tragic fate of the great Emperor, who had never loved him, but who died in such a sorrowful way at Saint Helena— ‘just as I am dying,’ he added, ‘solitary, misunderstood, forsaken by all kings and princes, a caricature of former magnificence!’

“Although I could not rightly understand how a dwarf who died among giants could compare himself with a giant who died among dwarfs, I was nevertheless moved by poor Turlutu’s words and by his forsaken condition at the last moment. I could not help expressing my astonishment that Mademoiselle Laurence, who was now so grand, gave herself no trouble about him. I had scarcely uttered this name than the dwarf in the cradle was seized by the most fearful spasms, and he whispered with his white lips— ‘Ungrateful child! that I brought up, that I would elevate to be my wife, that I taught to move and behave among the great of this world, how to smile, how to bow at court, how to act — you have used my instructions well, and you are now a great lady, and you have a coach and footmen, and plenty of money, and plenty of pride, and no heart. You leave me here to die — to die alone and in misery, as Napoleon died at Saint Helena! O Napoleon! you never loved me.’ What he added I could not catch. He raised his head, made some movements with his hand, as if fighting against somebody, perhaps

against death. But that is an opponent whose scythe neither a Napoleon nor a Turlutu can withstand. No skill in fencing avails here. Faint, as if overcome, the dwarf let his head sink down again, looked at me a long time with an indescribable, ghostly stare, suddenly crowed like a cock, and expired.

“His death troubled me the more since he had been unable to give me any more exact information about Mademoiselle Laurence. Where should I now find her again? I was not in love with her, nor did I feel my former inclination towards her; yet a mysterious desire spurred me to seek her everywhere. When I entered a drawing-room and examined the company, and could not find the well-known face, I soon lost all repose and was driven away. Reflecting over this feeling, I stood one day at a remote entrance to the Great Opera, waiting for a carriage, and waiting with considerable annoyance, for it was raining very fast. But no carriage came, or, rather, only carriages which belonged to other people, who placed themselves comfortably inside, and the place around me became gradually solitary. “Then you must come with me,” said at last a lady, who, concealed in her black mantilla, had stood for a little time near me, and was now on the point of getting into a carriage. The voice sent a quiver through my heart, the well-known side-glance again exercised its charm, and I was again as in a dream on finding myself beside Mademoiselle Laurence in a cosy warm carriage. We did not speak, indeed we could not have understood each other, as the carriage rattled noisily through the streets of Paris for a long time, till it stopped at last before a great gateway.

“Servants in gorgeous livery lighted us up the steps and through a succession of rooms. A lady’s-maid met us with sleepy face, and stammering many excuses, said that there was only a fire in the red room. Motioning to the woman to go away, Laurence said, with a laugh, ‘Chance is leading you a long way to-night; there is only a fire in my bed-room.’

“In this bed-room, in which we soon found ourselves alone, blazed a large open fire, which was the pleasanter since the room was of immense size and height. This large sleeping-room, which rather deserved the name of a sleeping-hall, had a similarly desolate appearance. Furniture and decoration, all bore the impress of a time whose brilliance seems to us now so bedimmed, its sublimity so *jejune*, that its remains raise a certain dislike within us, if not indeed a smile. I speak of the time of the Empire, of the time of the golden eagle, of high-flying plumes, of Greek coiffures, of

glory, of great drum-majors, of military masses, of official immortality (conferred by the *Moniteur*), of continental coffee prepared from chickory, of bad sugar manufactured from beet root, and of princes and dukes made from nothing at all. But it had its charm, though, that time of pathetic materialism. Talma declaimed, Gros painted, Bigottini danced, Grassini sang, Maury preached, Rovigo had the police, the Emperor read Ossian, Pauline Borghese let herself be moulded as Venus, and quite naked too, for the room was well warmed, like the bed-room in which I found myself with Mademoiselle Laurence.

“We sat by the fire chatting familiarly, and she told me with a sigh that she was married to a Buonopartist hero, who enlivened her every evening before going to bed with a description of one of his battles; a few days ago, before going away, he had fought for her the battle of Jena; he was very ill, and with difficulty survived the Prussian campaign. When I asked her how long her father had been dead, she laughed, and confessed that she had never known a father, and that her so-called mother had never been married.

“‘Not married!’ I exclaimed; ‘I saw her myself in London in the deepest mourning on account of her husband’s death!’

“‘Oh,’ replied Laurence, ‘for twelve years she had always dressed herself in black, to excite people’s compassion as an unhappy widow, as well as to allure any donkey desirous of marrying, for she hoped to reach the haven of marriage quicker under black flags. But only death had pity on her, and she died of a hæmorrhage. I never loved her, for she always, gave me plenty of beating and little to eat. I should have died of starvation if Monsieur Turlutu had not often given me a little piece of bread on the sly; but the dwarf wished to marry me on that account, and when his hopes were frustrated he made common cause with my mother — I say ‘mother’ from custom — and both agreed to torment me. They always said that I was a superfluous creature, and that the learned dog was worth a thousand times more than I with my bad dancing. And then they praised the dog at my expense, extolled him to the skies, caressed him, fed him with cakes, and threw me the crumbs. The dog, they said, was their best support; he delighted the public, who were not in the least interested in me; the dog must support me by his work. I ate the bread of the dog. The cursed dog!’

“‘Oh, do not curse him any more,’ I broke in upon her passion; ‘he is dead now; I saw him die.’

“‘Is the beast dead?’ exclaimed Laurence, springing up with a red glow of joy over her face.

“‘And the dwarf is also dead,’ I added.

“‘Monsieur Turlutu?’ cried Laurence, also with joy. But this joy gradually died from her face, and in a milder, almost melancholy tone, she added, ‘Poor Turlutu!’

“When I told her, without any concealment, that the dwarf had complained of her very bitterly on his death-bed, she became passionately disturbed, and assured me, with many protestations, that she had had the foresight to care for him as well as possible, that she had offered him a pension if he would go and live quietly somewhere in the country. ‘But ambitious as he was,’ Laurence pursued, “he wished to stay in Paris, and even to live at my house; he could then, he thought, through my interposition, renew his connections in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and again take his former brilliant position in society. When I flatly refused him this, he told me that I was a cursed ghost, a vampyre, a death-child.”

“Laurence suddenly stopped, shuddered violently, and said at last, with a deep sigh, ‘Ah, I wish they had left me in the grave with my mother!’ As I pressed her to explain these mysterious words, a stream of tears flowed from her eyes, and, trembling and sobbing, she confessed to me that the black woman with the drum, who gave herself out as her mother, had once herself told her that the rumour which went about concerning her birth was no mere story. ‘For in the town where we lived,’ pursued Laurence, ‘they always called me the death-child! The old woman maintained that I was the daughter of a Count who lived there, and who constantly ill-treated his wife, and when she died buried her very magnificently; she was, however, near her confinement, and only apparently dead, and when some churchyard thieves opened the grave to strip the richly-adorned corpse, they found the countess alive and in child-birth; and as she expired immediately after delivery, the thieves placed her again quietly in her grave, took away the child, and gave it to the receiver of the stolen goods, the great ventriloquist’s sweetheart, to be brought up. This poor child, who had been buried before it was born, was everywhere called the death-child. Ah! you cannot understand how much sorrow I felt even as a little girl when anyone called me by that name. While the great ventriloquist was alive, whenever he was discontented with me, he always called out, ‘Cursed death-child, I wish you had never been taken out of the grave!’ He was a skilful

ventriloquist, and could so modulate his voice that it seemed to come up out of the earth, and he told me that that was the voice of my dead mother telling me her fate. He might well know that horrible fate, for he had been a valet of the Count's. He took a cruel pleasure in the horrible fright which I, poor little girl, received from the words which seemed to ascend from the earth. These words, which seemed to ascend from the earth, mingled together fearful tales — tales which I never understood in their connection, and which later on I gradually forgot; but when I danced they would again come into my mind with living power. Yes, when I danced a singular remembrance seized me; I forgot myself, and I seemed to be quite another person, and as if all the sorrows and secrets of this person were poisoning me, and as soon as I left off dancing it was all extinguished in my memory.'

"While Laurence said this, slowly and as if questioning, she stood before me at the fireplace, where the fire was burning pleasanter than ever; and I sat in the easy-chair, which was apparently the seat of her husband, where he told her his battles before going to bed of an evening. Laurence looked at me with her large eyes as if she was asking my advice; she moved her head to and fro in such a melancholy, reflective way; she filled me with such a sweet compassion; she was so slender, so young, so lovely, this lily that had sprung out of the grave, this daughter of death, this ghost with the face of an angel and the body of a bayadere! I do not know how it came to pass; perhaps it was the influence of the easy-chair on which I was sitting, but it suddenly came into my mind that I was the old general who had described the battle of Jena yesterday from this place, and as if I must go on with my narrative, and I said, 'After the battle of Jena all the Prussian fortresses yielded themselves up within a few weeks, almost without drawing a sword. First Magdeburg yielded; it was the strongest fortress, and had three hundred cannon. Was not that disgraceful?'

"But Mademoiselle Laurence allowed me to say no more; the troubled mood had vanished from her face; she laughed like a child, and cried, 'Yes, that was disgraceful, more than disgraceful! If I was a fortress and had three hundred guns, I would never yield myself!'

"But as Mademoiselle Laurence was not a fortress, and had not three hundred guns — —"

At these words Maximilian suddenly stopped in his story, and, after a short pause, asked gently, "Are you asleep, Maria?"

"I'm asleep," answered Maria.

“So much the better,” said Maximilian, with a smile; “then I need not be afraid of wearying you if I describe the furniture of the room in which I found myself, as novelists are accustomed to do rather at length now-a-days.”

“Say what you like, dear friend; I’m asleep.”

“It was,” continued Maximilian, “a very magnificent bed. The feet, as in all the beds of the Empire, consisted of caryatides and sphinxes; it gleamed with richly-gilt eagles, billing like turtle doves, perhaps an emblem of love under the Empire. The curtains of the bed were of red silk, and as the flames from the fireplace shone brightly through them, I found myself with Laurence in a fiery red illumination, and I seemed to be the god Pluto with the flames of hell blazing round him as he held the sleeping Proserpine in his arms. She was asleep, and in this condition I gazed on her sweet face, and sought in her features a clue to that sympathy which my soul felt for her. What was the meaning of this woman? What sense lurked under the symbolism of that beautiful form? I held the charming enigma in my arms now as my own property, and yet I could not find the solution of it.

“But is it not folly to wish to sound the inner meaning of any phenomenon outside us, when we cannot even solve the enigma of our own souls? We hardly know even whether outside phenomena really exist! We are often unable to distinguish reality from mere dream-faces. Was it a shape of my fancy, or was it horrible reality that I heard and saw on that night? I know not. I only remember that as the wildest thoughts were flowing through my heart, a singular sound came to my ear. It was a crazy melody, peculiarly soft. It seemed known to me, and at last I distinguished the tones of a triangle and a drum. This music, whirring and humming, seemed to come from afar, and yet as I looked up I saw near me in the middle of the room a well-known performance. It was Monsieur Turlutu the dwarf who played the triangle, and Madame beating the great drum, while the learned dog was scratching about on the floor, as if searching for his wooden letters. The dog appeared to move with difficulty, and his skin was spotted with blood. Madame still wore her black mourning, but her belly was no longer so spaciouly protuberant, but repulsively pendant. Her face, too, was no longer red, but pale. The dwarf, who still wore the embroidered coat of an old French marquis and a powdered toupet, appeared to have grown somewhat, perhaps because he was so horribly lean. He again exhibited his skill in fencing, and seemed to be again spinning off his old

vaunts; but he spoke so softly that I was unable to understand a word, and only by the movements of his lips could I sometimes observe that he was again crowing like a cock.

“While this ludicrous, horrible caricature moved like a magic lantern with confused haste before my eyes, I felt Mademoiselle Laurence breathing more and more uneasily. A cold paroxysm froze her whole body, and her sweet limbs writhed as if with unbearable agony. At last, however, supple as an eel, she glided from my arms, stood suddenly in the middle of the room, and began to dance, while the mother with the drum and the dwarf with the triangle continued their deadened soft music. She danced just as formerly on Waterloo Bridge and in the squares of London. There were the same mysterious pantomimes, the same outbreaks of passionate leaping, the same Bacchante-like throwing of the head backwards, often also the same leaning towards the earth, as if she wished to hear somebody speaking beneath, then also the trembling, the pallor, the benumbed stiffness, and again the listening with ear bent to the earth. Again also she rubbed her hands as if washing herself. At last she appeared again to cast her intense, sorrowful, imploring glance upon me, but now only in the features of her death-pale countenance could I recognise that glance — not in her eyes, for they were shut. In ever softer sounds the music died away; the mother with the drum and the dwarf, gradually growing pale and breaking like mist, vanished at last altogether; but Mademoiselle Laurence still stood and danced with closed eyes. This dance with closed eyes in the silent nocturnal chamber gave this sweet being so ghostly an appearance that a disagreeable feeling seized me; I shuddered, and was heartily glad when she finished her dance, and as easily as she had slipped away again glided into my arms.

“In truth, this scene was not pleasant to me. But we accustom ourselves to everything. And it is even possible that what was mysterious in this woman lent her a more peculiar charm, that an awful tenderness mingled with my emotions. In any case, after some weeks I ceased to wonder in the least when the low sounds of the drum and triangle were heard at night, and my dear Laurence suddenly started up and danced a solo with closed eyes. Her husband, the old Buonapartist, commanded in the neighbourhood of Paris, and his duties allowed him to pass the day only in the city. Of course he became my most intimate friend, and he wept when later on he bade me

farewell. He travelled with his wife to Sicily, and I have seen neither of them again since.”

When Maximilian had finished this narrative, he hastily seized his hat and slipped out of the room.

DON QUIXOTE.

[The following admirable account of *Don Quixote* — here given chiefly in Mr. Fleishman's translation — was written in 1837, as the introduction to an *edition de luxe* of Cervantes's masterpiece.]

THE first book that I read after I arrived at boyhood's years of discretion, and had tolerably mastered my letters, was *The Life and Deeds of the Sagacious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra. Well do I remember the time, when, early in the morning, I stole away from home and hastened to the court-garden, that I might read Don Quixote without being disturbed. It was a beautiful day in May, the blooming Spring lay basking in the silent morning light, listening to the compliments of that sweet flatterer, the nightingale, who sang so softly and caressingly, with such a melting fervour, that even the shyest of buds burst into blossom, and the lusty grasses and the fragrant sunshine kissed more rapturously, and the trees and flowers trembled from very ecstasy. But I seated myself on an old moss-covered stone bench in the so-called Avenue of Sighs, not far from the water-fall, and feasted my little heart with the thrilling adventures of the valiant knight. In my childish simplicity I took everything in sober earnest; no matter how ridiculous the mishaps which fate visited upon the poor hero, I thought it must be just so, and imagined that to be laughed at was as much a part of heroism as to be wounded; and the former vexed me just as sorely as the latter grieved my heart. I was a child, and knew nothing of the irony God has interwoven into the world, and which the great poet has imitated in his miniature world; — and I wept most bitterly, when for all his chivalry and generosity the noble knight gained only ingratitude and cudgels. As I was unpracticed in reading, I spoke every word aloud, and so the birds and the trees, the brooks and the flowers, could hear all I read, and as these innocent beings know as little as children of the irony of the world, they too took it all for sober earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the unfortunate knight; an old worn-out oak sobbed even; and the water-fall shook more vehemently his white beard, and seemed to scold at the wickedness of the world. We felt that the heroism of the knight was none the less worthy of admiration because the lion turned tail without fighting, and that if his body was weak and withered, his armour rusty, his steed a miserable jade, his deeds were all the

more worthy of praise. We despised the vulgar rabble who beat the poor hero so barbarously, and still more the rabble of higher rank, who were decked in silk attire, gay courtly phrases, and grand titles, and jeered at the man who was so far their superior in powers of mind and nobility of soul. Dulcinea's knight rose ever higher in my esteem, and my love for him grew stronger and stronger the longer I read in that wonderful book, which I continued to do daily in that same garden, so that when autumn came I had reached the end of the story, — and I shall never forget the day when I read the sorrowful combat, in which the knight came to so ignominious an end.

It was a gloomy day; dismal clouds swept over a leaden sky, the yellow leaves fell sorrowfully from the trees, heavy tear-drops hung on the last flowers that drooped down in a sad faded way their dying little heads, the nightingales had long since died away, from every side the image of transitoriness stared at me — and my heart was ready to break as I read how the noble knight lay on the ground, stunned and bruised, and through his closed visor said, in tones faint and feeble, as if he was speaking from the grave, “Dulcinea is the fairest lady in the world, and I the unhappiest knight on earth, but it is not meet that my weakness should disown this truth — strike with your lance, Sir Knight.”

Ah me! that brilliant knight of the silver moon, who vanquished the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a disguised barber!

That was long ago. Many new springs have bloomed forth since then, yet their mightiest charm has always been wanting, for, alas! I no longer believe the sweet deceits of the nightingale, Spring's flatterer; I know how soon his magnificence fades, and when I look at the youngest rosebuds I see them in spirit bloom to a sorrowful red, grow pale, and be scattered by the winds. Everywhere I see a disguised Winter.

In my breast, however, still blooms that flaming love, which soared so ardently above the earth, to revel adventurously in the broad yawning spaces of heaven, and which, pushed back by the cold stars, and sinking home again to the little earth, was forced to confess, with sighing and triumph, that there is in all creation nothing fairer or better than the heart of man. This love is the inspiration that fills me, always divine, whether it does foolish or wise deeds. — And so the tears the little boy shed over the sorrows of the silly knight were in no wise spent in vain, any more than the later tears of the youth, as on many a night he wept in the study over the deaths of the holy heroes of freedom — over King Agis of Sparta, over

Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, over Jesus of Jerusalem, and over Robespierre and Saint Just of Paris. Now that I have put on the *toga virilis*, and myself desire to be a man, the tears have come to an end, and it is necessary to act like a man, imitating my great predecessors; in the future, if God will, to be wept also by boys and youths. Yes, upon these one can still reckon in our cold age; for they can still be kindled by the breezes that blow to them from old books, and so they can comprehend the flaming hearts of the present. Youth is unselfish in its thoughts and feelings, and on that account it feels truth most deeply, and is not sparing, where a bold sympathy is wanted, with confession or deed. Older people are selfish and narrow-minded; they think more of the interest of their capital than of the interest of mankind; they let their little boat float quietly down the gutter of life, and trouble themselves little about the sailor who battles with the waves on the open sea; or they creep with clinging tenacity up to the heights of mayoralty or the presidency of their club, and shrug their shoulders over the heroic figures which the storm throws down from the columns of fame; and then they tell, perhaps, how they themselves also in their youth ran their heads against the wall, but that later on they reconciled themselves to the wall, for the wall was the absolute, existing by and for itself, which, because it was, was also reasonable, on which account he is unreasonable who will not endure a high, reasonable, inevitable, eternally-ordained absolutism. Ah, these objectionable people, who wish to philosophise us into a gentle slavery, are yet more worthy of esteem than those depraved ones who do not even admit reasonable grounds for the defence of despotism, but being learned in history fight for it as a right of custom, to which men in the course of time have gradually accustomed themselves, and which has so become incontestably valid and lawful.

Ah, well! I will not, like Ham, lift up the garment of my fatherland's shame; but it is terrible how slavery has been made with us a matter for prating about, and how German philosophers and historians have tormented their brains to defend despotism, however silly or awkward, as reasonable and lawful. Silence is the honour of slaves, says Tacitus; these philosophers and historians maintain the contrary, and exhibit the badge of slavery in their button-holes.

Perhaps, after all, you are right, and I am only a Don Quixote, and the reading of all sorts of wonderful books has turned my head, as it was with the Knight of La Mancha, and Jean Jacques Rousseau was my Amadis of

Gaul, Mirabeau my Roland or Agramanto; and I have studied too much the heroic deeds of the French Paladins and the round table of the National Convention. Indeed, my madness and the fixed ideas that I created out of books are of a quite opposite kind to the madness and the fixed ideas of him of La Mancha. He wished to establish again the expiring days of chivalry; I, on the contrary, wish to annihilate all that is yet remaining from that time, and so we work with altogether different views. My colleague saw windmills as giants; I, on the contrary, can see in our present giants only vaunting windmills. He took leather wine-skins for mighty enchanters, but I can see in the enchanters of to-day only leather wine-skins. He held beggarly pot-houses for castles, donkey-drivers for cavaliers, stable wenches for court ladies; I, on the contrary, hold our castles for beggarly pot-houses, our cavaliers for mere donkey-drivers, our court ladies for ordinary stable wenches. As he took a puppet-show for a state ceremony, so I hold our state ceremonies as sorry puppet-shows, yet as bravely as the brave Knight of La Mancha I strike out at the clumsy machinery. Alas! such heroic deeds often turn out as badly for me as for him, and like him I must suffer much for the honour of my lady. If I denied her from mere fear or base love of gain, I might live comfortably in this reasonably-constructed world, and I should lead a fair Maritorna to the altar, and let myself be blessed by fat enchanters, and banquet with noble donkey-drivers, and engender harmless romances as well as other little slaves! Instead of that, wearing the three colours of my lady, I must strike through unspeakable opposition, and fight battles, everyone of which costs me my heart's blood. Day and night I am in straits, for those enemies are so artful that many I struck to death still give themselves the appearance of being alive, changing themselves into all forms, and spoiling day and night for me. How many sorrows have I suffered by such fatal spectres! Where anything lovely bloomed for me then they crept in, those cunning ghosts, and broke even the most innocent buds. Everywhere, and when I should least suspect it, I discovered on the ground the traces of their silvery slime, and if I took no care, I might have a dangerous fall even in the house of my love. You may smile and hold such anxieties for idle fancies like those of Don Quixote. But fancied pains hurt all the same; and if one fancies that he has drunk hemlock he may get into a consumption, and he certainly will not get fat. And the report that I have got fat is a calumny; at least I have not yet received any fat sinecure, even if I possess the requisite talents. I fancy that

everything has been done to keep me lean; when I was hungry they fed me with snakes, when I was thirsty they gave me wormwood to drink; they poured hell into my heart, so that I wept poison and sighed fire; they crouched near me even in my dreams; and I see horrible spectres, noble lackey faces with gnashing teeth and threatening noses, and deadly eyes glaring from cowls, and white ruffled hands with gleaming knives.

And even the old woman who lives near me in the next room considers me to be mad, and says that I talk the maddest nonsense in my sleep; and the other night she plainly heard me calling out— “Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unhappiest knight on earth; but it is not meet that my weakness should disown this truth. Strike with your lance, Sir Knight!”

It is now eight years since I wrote the foregoing lines for the Fourth Part of the *Reisebilder*, in which I described the impression which the reading of *Don Quixote* had made on my mind many years ago. Good Heavens! how swiftly time flies! It seems to me as if it were but yesterday that, in the Avenue of Sighs, in the court-garden at Düsseldorf, I finished reading the book, and my heart is still moved with admiration for the deeds and sufferings of the noble knight. Has my heart remained constant in this ever since, or has it, after passing through a wonderful cycle, returned to the emotions of childhood? The latter may well be the case, for I remember that during each lustrum of my life *Don Quixote* has made a different impression upon me. When I was blossoming into adolescence, and with inexperienced hands sought to pluck the roses of life, climbed the loftiest peaks in order to be nearer to the sun, and at night dreamed of naught else but eagles and chaste maidens, then Don Quixote was to me a very unsatisfactory book, and if it chanced to fall in my way I involuntarily shoved it aside. At a later period, when I had ripened into manhood, I became to a certain degree reconciled to Dulcinea's luckless champion, and I began to laugh at him. The fellow is a fool, said I. And yet, strange to say, the shadowy forms of the lean knight and his fat squire have ever followed me in all the journeyings of my life, particularly when I came to any critical turning-point. Thus I recollect that while making the journey to France, one morning in the post-chaise I awakened from a half-feverish slumber, and saw in the early morning mist two well-known figures riding by my side. The one on my right was Don Quixote de la Mancha, mounted on his lean,

abstract Rosinante, the other on my left was Sancho Panza, on his substantial, positive grey donkey. We had just reached the French frontier. The noble Manchean bowed his head reverently before the tri-coloured flag, which fluttered towards us from the high post that marks the boundary line. Our good Sancho saluted with a somewhat less cordial nod the first French *gendarmes* whom we saw approaching near by. At last my two friends pushed on ahead, and I lost sight of them, only now and then I caught the sound of Rosinante's spirited neighing, and the donkey's responsive bray.

At that time I was of the opinion that the ridiculousness of Don Quixotism consisted in the fact that the noble knight endeavoured to recall a long-perished past back to life, and his poor limbs and back came into painful contact with the harsh realities of the present. Alas! I have since learned that it is an equally ungrateful folly to endeavour to bring the future prematurely into the present, and that for such an assault upon the weighty interests of the day, one possesses but a very sorry steed, a brittle armour, and an equally frail body! And the wise man dubiously shakes his sage head at the one, as well as at the other, of these Quixotisms. But Dulcinea del Toboso is still the most beautiful woman in the world; although I lie stretched upon the earth, helpless and miserable, I will never take back that assertion, I cannot do otherwise — on with your lances, ye Knights of the Silver Moon, ye disguised barbers!

What leading idea guided Cervantes when he wrote his great book? Was his purpose merely the destruction of the romances of knight-errantry, the reading of which at that time was so much the rage in Spain that both clerical and secular ordinances against them were powerless? Or did he seek to hold up to ridicule all manifestations of human enthusiasm in general, military heroism in particular? Ostensibly he aimed only to satirise the romances above referred to, and through the exposition of their absurdities deliver them over to universal derision, and thus put an end to them. In this he succeeded most brilliantly; for that which neither the exhortations from the pulpit, nor the threats of the authorities could effect, that a poor writer accomplished with his pen. He destroyed the romances of chivalry so effectually that soon after the appearance of *Don Quixote* the taste for that class of literature wholly died out in Spain, and no more of that order were printed. But the pen of a man of genius is always greater than he himself; it extends far beyond his temporary purpose, and without being himself clearly conscious of it, Cervantes wrote the greatest satire against

human enthusiasm. He had not the least presentiment of this, for he himself was a hero, who had spent the greater portion of his life in chivalrous conflicts, and who in his old age was wont to rejoice that he had participated in the battle of Lepanto, although he paid for this glory with the loss of his left hand.

The biographers can tell us but little concerning the person or private life of the poet who wrote *Don Quixote*. We do not lose much by the omission of such details, which are generally picked up from the female gossips of the neighbourhood. They see only the outer shell; but we see the man, his true, sincere, unslandered self.

He was a handsome, powerful man, Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra. He had a high forehead, and a large heart. His eyes possessed a wonderful magic; just as there are people who can look into the earth, and see the hidden treasures and the dead that lie buried there, so the eye of the great poet could penetrate the breasts of men, and see distinctly all that was concealed there. To the good his look was as a ray of sunlight gladdening and illuminating the heart; to the bad his glance was a sword, sharply piercing their souls. His searching eyes penetrated to the very soul of a person, and questioned it, and if it refused to answer, he put it to the torture, and the soul lay stretched bleeding on the rack, while perhaps the body assumed an air of condescending superiority. Is it to be wondered at that many formed a dislike for him, and gave him but scant assistance in his journey through life? He never achieved rank or position, and from all his toilsome pilgrimages he brought back no pearls, but only empty shells. It is said that he could not appreciate the value of money, but I assure you he fully appreciated its worth when he had no more. But he never prized it as highly as he did his honour. He had debts, and in one of his writings, in which Apollo is supposed to grant to the poets a charter of privileges, the first paragraph declares: When a poet says he has no money, his simple assurance shall suffice, and no oath shall be required of him. He loved music, flowers, and women, but in his love for the latter he sometimes fared very badly, particularly in his younger days. Did the consciousness of future greatness console him, when pert young roses stung him with their thorns? — Once on a bright summer afternoon, while yet a young gallant, he walked along the banks of the Tagus in company with a pretty girl of sweet sixteen, who continually mocked at his tender speeches. The sun had not yet set, it still glowed with all its golden splendour, but high up in the heavens

was the moon, pale and insignificant, like a little white cloud. "See'st thou," said the young poet to his sweetheart, "see'st thou yonder small pale disk? The river by our side in which it mirrors itself seems to receive its pitiful reflex on its proud bosom merely out of compassion, and the curling billows at times cast it disdainfully aside towards the shore. But wait until day fades into twilight; as soon as darkness descends, yonder pale orb will grow brighter and brighter, and will flood the whole stream with its silvery light, and the haughty billows that before were so scornful will then tremble with ecstasy at sight of the lovely moon, and roll rapturously towards it."

The history of poets must be sought for in their works, for there are to be found their most confidential confessions. In all his writings, in his dramas even more than in *Don Quixote*, we see, as I have before mentioned, that Cervantes had long been a soldier. In fact, the Roman proverb, "Living means fighting," finds a double application in his case. He took part as a common soldier in most of those fierce games of war which King Philip II. carried on in all countries for the honour of God and his own pleasure. The circumstance that Cervantes devoted his whole youth to the service of the greatest champion of Catholicism, and that he fought to advance Catholic interests, warrants the assumption that he had those interests at heart, and hence refutes the widely-spread opinion that only the fear of the Inquisition withheld him from discussing in *Don Quixote* the great Protestant questions of the time. No, Cervantes was a faithful son of the Roman church, and he not only bled physically in knightly combats for her blessed banner, but his whole soul suffered a most painful martyrdom during his many years of captivity among the Unbelievers.

We are indebted to accident for most of the details of Cervantes's doings while in Algiers, and here we recognise in the great poet an equally great hero. The history of his captivity gives a most emphatic contradiction to the melodious lie of that polished man of the world, who made Augustus and the German pedants believe that he was a poet, and that poets are cowards. No, the true poet is also a true hero, and in his breast dwells that God-like patience, which, as the Spaniards say, is a second fount of courage. There is no more elevating spectacle than that of the noble Castilian who serves the Dey of Algiers as a slave, constantly meditating an escape, with unflagging energy preparing his bold plans, composedly facing all dangers, and when the enterprise miscarries, is ready to submit to torture and death rather than betray his accomplices. The blood-thirsty master of his body becomes

disarmed by such grand magnanimity and virtue. The tiger spares the fettered lion, and trembles before the terrible "One-Arm," whom with but a single word he could dispatch to his death. Cervantes is known in all Algiers as "One-Arm," and the Dey confesses that only when he knows that the one-armed Spaniard is in safe-keeping can he sleep soundly at night, assured of the safety of his city, his army, and his slaves.

I have referred to the fact that Cervantes was always a common soldier, but even in so subordinate a position he succeeded in distinguishing himself to such a degree as to attract the notice of the great general, Don John of Austria, and on his return from Italy to Spain he was furnished with the most complimentary letters of recommendation to the king, in which his advancement was most emphatically urged. When the Algerine corsairs, who captured him on the Mediterranean Sea, beheld these letters, they took him to be a person of the highest rank and importance, and hence demanded so large a ransom that notwithstanding all their efforts and sacrifices his family were not able to purchase his freedom, and the unfortunate poet's captivity was thereby prolonged and embittered. Thus the recognition of his merits became an additional source of misfortune, and thus to the very end of his days was he mocked by that cruel dame, the Goddess Fortuna, who never forgives genius for having achieved fame and honour without her assistance.

But are the misfortunes of a man of genius always the work of blind chance, or do they necessarily follow from his inner nature and environment? Does his soul enter into strife with the world of reality, or do the coarse realities begin the unequal conflict with his noble soul?

Society is a republic. When an individual strives to rise, the collective masses press him back through ridicule and abuse. No one shall be wiser or better than the rest. But against him, who by the invincible power of genius towers above the vulgar masses, society launches its ostracism, and persecutes him so mercilessly with scoffing and slander, that he is finally compelled to withdraw into the solitude of his own thoughts.

Verily, society is republican in its very essence. Every sovereignty, intellectual as well as material, is hated by it. The latter oftener gives aid to the former than is generally imagined. We ourselves came to this conclusion soon after the revolution of July, when the spirit of republicanism manifested itself in all social relations. Our republicans hated the laurels of a great poet even as they hated the purple of a great king. They sought to

level the intellectual inequalities of mankind, and in as much as they regarded all ideas that had been produced on the soil of the state as general property, nothing remained to be done but to decree an equality of style also. In sooth, a good style was decried as something aristocratic, and we heard manifold assertions: "A true democrat must write in the style of the people — sincere, natural, crude." Most of the Party of Action succeeded easily in doing this, but not every one possesses the gift of writing badly, especially if one has previously formed the habit of writing well, and then it was at once said, "That is an aristocrat, a lover of style, a friend of art, an enemy of the people." They were surely honest in their views, like Saint Hieronymus, who considered his good style a sin, and gave himself sound scourgings for it.

Just as little as we find anti-Catholic, so also do we fail to discover anti-absolutist strains in *Don Quixote*. The critics who think that they scent such sentiments therein are clearly in error. Cervantes was the son of a school which went so far as to poetically idealise the idea of unquestioning obedience to the sovereign. And that sovereign was the King of Spain at a time when its majesty dazzled the whole world. The common soldier felt himself a ray in that halo of glory, and willingly sacrificed his individual freedom to gratify the national pride of the Castilian.

The political grandeur of Spain at that time contributed not a little to exalt and enlarge the hearts of her poets. In the mind of a Spanish poet, as in the realm of Charles V., the sun never set. The fierce wars against the Moors were ended, and as after a storm the flowers are most fragrant, so poesy ever blooms most grandly after a civil war. We witness the same phenomenon in England at the time of Elizabeth, and at the same time as in Spain there arose a galaxy of poets, which invites the most remarkable parallelisms. There we see Shakespeare, here Cervantes, as the flower of the school.

Like the Spanish poets under the three Philips, so also the English poets under Elizabeth present a certain family likeness, and neither Shakespeare nor Cervantes have claim to originality in our sense of the word. They by no means differ from their contemporaries through peculiar modes of thought or feeling, or by an especial manner of portrayal, but only through greater depth, fervour, tenderness, and power. Their creations are more infused and penetrated with the divine spark of poetry.

But both poets were not only the flowers of their time, but they were also the germs of the future. As Shakespeare, by the influence of his works, particularly on Germany and the France of to-day, is to be regarded as the creator of the later dramatic art, so must we honour in Cervantes the author of the modern novel. I shall allow myself a few passing observations on the subject.

The older novels, the so-called romances of chivalry sprang from the poetry of the middle ages. They were at first prose versions of those epic poems whose heroes are derived from the mythical traditions of Charlemagne and the Holy Grail. The subject was always knightly adventures. It was the romance of the nobility, and the personages that figured therein were either fabulous, fantastic beings, or knights with golden spurs; nowhere an allusion to the people. These romances of knighthood, which degenerated into the most ridiculous absurdities, Cervantes overthrew by his *Don Quixote*. But while by his satire he destroyed the earlier romances, he also furnished a model for a new school of fiction, which we call the Modern Novel. Such is always the wont of great poets; while they tear down the old, they at the same time build up the new; they never destroy without replacing. Cervantes created the modern novel by introducing into his romances of knighthood a faithful description of the lower classes, by intermingling with it phases of folk-life. This partiality for describing the doings of the common rabble, of the vilest tatterdemalions, is not only found in Cervantes, but in all his literary contemporaries, and among the Spanish painters as well as among the poets of that period. A Murillo, who stole heaven's loveliest tints with which to paint his beautiful Madonnas, painted with the same love the filthiest creatures of this earth. It was perhaps the enthusiasm for art itself that made these noble Spaniards find equal pleasure in the faithful portrayal of a beggar lad scratching his head as in the representation of the Blessed Virgin. Or, perhaps, it was the charm of contrast that led noblemen of the highest rank, a dapper courtier like Quevedo, or a powerful minister like Mendoza, to fill their romances with ragged beggars and vagabonds. They perhaps sought to relieve the monotony of their lofty rank by putting themselves in imagination into a quite different sphere of life, just as we find a similar tendency among some of our German authors, whose novels contain naught else but descriptions of the nobility, and who always make their heroes counts and barons. We do not find in Cervantes this one-sided tendency to

portray the vulgar only; he intermingles the ideal and the common; one serves as light or as shade to the other, and the aristocratic element is as prominent in it as the popular. But this noble, chivalrous, aristocratic element disappears entirely from the novels of the English, who were the first to imitate Cervantes, and to this day always keep him in view as a model. These English novelists since Richardson's reign are prosaic natures; to the prudish spirit of their time even pithy descriptions of the life of the common people are repugnant, and we see on yonder side of the channel those *bourgeois* novels arise, wherein the petty, humdrum life of the middle classes is depicted. The public were surfeited with this deplorable class of literature until recently, when appeared the great Scot, who effected a revolution, or rather a restoration, in novel-writing. As Cervantes introduced the democratic element into romance, at a time when one-sided knight-errantry ruled supreme, so Walter Scott restored the aristocratic element to romance when it had wholly disappeared, and only a prosaic bourgeoisie was to be found there. By an opposite course Walter Scott again restored to romance that beautiful symmetry which we admire in Cervantes's *Don Quixote*.

I believe that the merits of England's second great poet have never in this respect been recognised. His Tory proclivities, his partiality for the past, were wholesome for literature, and for those masterpieces of his genius that everywhere found favour and imitators, and which drove into the darkest corners of the circulating libraries those ashen-grey, ghostly remains of the *bourgeoisie* romances. It is an error not to recognise Walter Scott as the founder of the so-called Historical Romance, and to endeavour to trace the latter to German initiative. This error arises from the failure to perceive that the characteristic feature of the Historical Romance consists just in the harmony between the aristocratic and democratic elements, and that Walter Scott, through the re-introduction of the aristocratic element, most beautifully restored that harmony which had been overthrown during the absolutism of the democratic element, whereas our German romanticists eliminated the democratic element entirely from their novels, and returned again to the ruts of those crazy romances of knight-errantry that flourished before Cervantes. Our De la Motte-Fouqué is only a straggler from the ranks of those poets who gave to the world *Amadis de Gaul*, and similar extravagant absurdities. I admire not only the talent, but also the courage of the noble Baron who, two centuries after the appearance of *Don Quixote*,

has written his romances of chivalry. It was a peculiar period in Germany when the latter appeared and found favour with the public. What was the significance in literature of that partiality for knight-errantry, and for those pictures of the old feudal times? I believe that the German people desired to bid an eternal farewell to the middle ages, but moved with emotion as we Germans are so apt to be, we took our leave with a kiss. For the last time we pressed our lips to the old tombstone. True, some of us behaved in a very silly manner on that occasion. Ludwig Tieck, the smallest boy in school, dug the dead ancestors out of their grave, rocked the coffin as if it were a cradle, and in childish, lisping accents sang, "Sleep, little grandsire, sleep."

I have called Walter Scott England's second great poet, and his novels masterpieces; but it is to his genius only that I would give the highest praise. His novels I can by no means place on an equality with the great romance of Cervantes. The latter surpasses him in epic spirit. Cervantes was, as I have already stated, a Catholic poet, and it is perhaps to this circumstance that he is indebted for that grand epic composure of soul, which, like a crystalline firmament, overarches those picturesque and poetical creations; nowhere is there a rift of scepticism. Added to this is the calm dignity which is the national characteristic of the Spaniard. But Walter Scott belongs to a church which subjects even divine matters to a sharp examination; as an advocate and as a Scotchman he is accustomed to action and to debate, and we find the dramatic element most prominent in his novels, as well as in his life and his temperament. Hence his works can never be regarded as the pure model of that style of fiction which we denominate the Romance. To the Spaniards is due the honour of having produced the best novel, as England is entitled to the credit of having achieved the highest rank in the drama.

And the Germans, what palm remains for them? Well, then, we are the best lyric poets on earth. No people possesses such beautiful songs as the Germans. At present the nations are too much occupied with political affairs, but when these are once laid aside, then let us Germans, English, Spaniards, French, Italians, all go out into the green forests and chant our lays, and the nightingale shall be umpire. I am convinced that in this tournament of minstrelsy the songs of Wolfgang Goethe will win the prize.

Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe form the triumvirate of poets, who, in the three great divisions of poetry, epic, dramatic, and lyric, have achieved the greatest success. The writer of these pages is perhaps

peculiarly fitted to sound the praises of our great countryman as the most perfect of lyric poets. Goethe stands midway between the two classes of song-writers, between those two schools, of which one, alas! is known by my own name, the other as the Suabian school. Both have their merits; they have indirectly promoted the welfare of German poetry. The first effected a wholesome reaction against the one-sided idealism of German poetry, it led the intellect back to stern realities, and uprooted that sentimental Petrarchism that has always seemed to us as a Quixotism in verse. The Suabian school also contributed indirectly to the weal of German poetry. If in Northern Germany strong and healthy poetical productions came to light, thanks are perhaps due to the Suabian school, which attracted to itself all the sickly chlorotic, mawkishly-pious, clumsy votaries of the German muse. Stuttgart was the fontanel, as it were, for the German muse.

While I ascribe the highest achievements in drama, in romance, and in lyric poetry to this great triumvirate, far be it from me to depreciate the poetical merits of other great poets. Nothing is more foolish than the query, "Which poet is greater than the other?" Flame is flame, and its weight cannot be determined in pounds and ounces. Only a narrow shopkeeper mind will attempt to weigh genius in its miserable cheese scales. Not only the ancients, but some of the moderns, have written works in which the fire of poetry burns with a splendour equal to that of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. Nevertheless, these names hold together as if through some secret bond. A kindred spirit shines forth from their creations, an immortal tenderness exhales from them like the breath of God, the modesty of nature blooms in them. Goethe not only constantly reminds one of Shakespeare, but also of Cervantes, and he resembles the latter even in the details of style, and in that charming prose diction which is tinged with a vein of the sweetest and most harmless irony. Cervantes and Goethe resemble each other even in their faults, in diffusiveness of style, in those long sentences that we occasionally find in their writings, and which may be compared to a procession of royal equipages. Not infrequently but a single thought sits in one of those long, wide-spreading sentences that rolls majestically along like a great, gilded court-chariot, drawn by six plumed steeds. But that single idea is always something exalted, perhaps even royal.

My remarks concerning the genius of Cervantes and the influence of his book have been necessarily scant. Concerning the true value of his romance from an artistic standpoint, I must express myself still more briefly, as

otherwise questions might arise which would lead to wide digressions into the sphere of æsthetics. I may only call attention in a general way to the form of the romance, and to the two figures that constitute its central point. The form is that of a description of travels which has ever been the most natural for this class of writings. I am reminded of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, the first romance of antiquity. Later poets sought to relieve the monotony of this form through what we to-day call *fabliaux*. But on account of poverty of invention the majority of romance writers have borrowed each other's fables; at least, part have always used the same tales, making but slight variations. Hence, through the resulting sameness of characters, situations, and complications, the public became at last somewhat wearied of romance-reading. To escape from the tediousness of hackneyed tales and fables, they sought refuge in the ancient, original form of narratives of travels. But this form will again be wholly supplanted just as soon as some creative genius shall arise with a new and original style of romance. In literature, as well as in politics, all things are subject to the law of action and reaction.

As regards the two figures that are called Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, that so constantly burlesque, and yet so wonderfully complement each other, so that together they form the one true hero of the romance, — these two figures give evidence equally of the poet's artistic taste and of his intellectual profundity. If other authors, in whose romances the hero journeys solitary and alone through the world, are compelled to have recourse to monologues, letters, or diaries in order to communicate the thoughts and emotions of their heroes, Cervantes can always let a natural dialogue arise; and, inasmuch as the one figure always parodies the other, the author's purpose is the more clearly shown. Manifold have been the imitations of this double figure which lends to the romance of Cervantes such an artistic naturalness, and out of which, as from a single seed, has grown the whole novel, with all its wild foliage, its fragrant blossoms, its glowing fruits, its apes and marvellous birds that cluster amid its branches, resembling one of those giant trees of India.

But it would be unjust to charge all this to a servile imitation; on the surface, as it were, lay the introduction of two such figures as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, of which the one, the poetical nature, seeks adventures, and the other, half out of affection, half out of selfish motives, follows through sunshine and rain, as we often meet them in real life. In order to

recognise this couple anywhere, under the most varied disguises, in art as well as in life, one must keep in view only the essential, the spiritual characteristics, not the incidental or external. I could offer innumerable instances of this. Do we not find Don Quixote and Sancho Panza clearly repeated in Don Juan and Leporello, and to a certain degree also in the persons of Lord Byron and his servant Fletcher? Do we not recognise these two types and their changed relations in the figures of the Knight von Waldsee and his Caspar Larifari, as also in the form of many an author and his publisher? The latter clearly discerns his author's follies, but in order to reap pecuniary profit out of them, faithfully accompanies him in all his ideal vagaries. And Master Publisher Sancho, even if at times he gains only buffets in the transaction, yet always remains fat, while the noble knight grows daily more and more emaciated. But not only among men, but also among women, have I often met the counterparts of Don Quixote and his henchman. I particularly remember a beautiful English lady, an impulsive, enthusiastic blonde, who, accompanied by her friend, had run away from a London boarding-school, to roam the wide world over in search of a noble, true-hearted lover, such as she had dreamed of on soft moonlight nights. Her friend, a short, plump brunette, also hoped through this opportunity to gain, if not so rare and high an ideal, at least a husband of good appearance. Still do I see her, with her slender figure, and blue, love-longing eyes, standing on the beach at Brighton, casting wistful glances over the billowy sea towards the French coast; meanwhile her companion cracked hazelnuts, munched the sweet kernels with relish, and threw the shells into the water.

And yet neither in the masterpieces of other artists, nor in nature herself, do we find these two types in their varying relations so minutely elaborated as in Cervantes. Every trait in the character and appearance of the one answers to a contrasting, and yet kindred, trait in the other. Here every detail has a burlesque signification; yes, even between Rosinante and Sancho's grey donkey there exists the same ironic parallelism as between the squire and the knight, and the two beasts are made to convey symbolically the same idea. As in their modes of thought, so also in their speech, do master and servant reveal a most marvellous contrast, and I cannot here omit to refer to the difficulties with which the translator has had to contend in order to reproduce in German the homely, gnarled dialect of our good Sancho. Through his blunt, frequently vulgar speeches, and his

fondness for proverbialising, our good Sancho reminds us of King Solomon's fool, and of Marculfe, who, also, in opposition to a somewhat pathetic idealism, expresses in short and pithy sayings the practical wisdom of the common people. Don Quixote, on the contrary, speaks the language of culture, of the higher classes, and in the solemn gravity of his well-rounded periods, he fairly represents the high-born Hidalgo. At times his sentences are spun out too broadly, and the knight's language resembles a haughty court dame, attired in a much bepuffed silken robe, with a long rustling train. But the graces, disguised as pages, laughingly carry the tips of this train, and the long sentences end with the most charming turns.

The character of Don Quixote's language and that of Sancho Panza may be briefly summarised in the words: the former, when he speaks, seems always mounted on his high horse; the latter, as if seated on his humble donkey.

It is remarkable that a book which is so rich as *Don Quixote* in picturesque matter has as yet found no painter who has taken from it subjects for a series of independent art works. Is the spirit of the book so volatile and fanciful that the variegated colours elude the artist's skill? I do not think so, for *Don Quixote*, light and fanciful as it is, is still based on rude, earthly realities, as must necessarily be the case to make it a book of the people. Is it, perhaps, because behind the figures brought before us by the poet, deeper ideas lie hidden, which the artist cannot produce again, so that he can give only the outward features, salient though they be, but fails to grasp and reproduce the deeper meaning?

GODS IN EXILE.

[*Gods in Exile*, in which Heine has gathered up some of the mediæval legends concerning the later history of the Greek and Roman gods, was written in the early spring of 1853 (a few pages, however, had been written so long before as 1836), and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for that year. The translation, by Mr. Fleishman, here used, has been carefully revised, and in part rewritten.

It will be observed that the years between 1837 and 1853 are unrepresented in this volume. During that period — with the exception of the fragment of *The Rabbi of Bacharach* (which was, however, written earlier) and his book on Börne, both published in 1840 — Heine produced very little prose.]

...I AM speaking here of that metamorphosis into demons which the Greek and Roman gods underwent when Christianity achieved supreme control of the world. The superstition of the people ascribed to those gods a real but cursed existence, coinciding entirely in this respect with the teaching of the Church. The latter by no means declared the ancient gods to be myths, inventions of falsehood and error, as did the philosophers, but held them to be evil spirits, who, through the victory of Christ, had been hurled from the summit of their power, and now dragged along their miserable existences in the obscurity of dismantled temples or in enchanted groves, and by their diabolic arts, through lust and beauty, particularly through dancing and singing, lured to apostasy unsteadfast Christians who had lost their way in the forest.... I will remind the reader that the perplexities into which the poor old gods fell at the time of the final triumph of Christendom — that is, in the third century — offer striking analogies to former sorrowful events in their god-lives; for they found themselves plunged into the same sad predicament in which they had once before been placed in that most ancient time, in that revolutionary epoch when the Titans broke loose from their confinement in Orcus and, piling Pelion on Ossa, scaled high Olympus. At that time the poor gods were compelled to flee ignominiously and conceal themselves under various disguises on earth. Most of them repaired to Egypt, where, as is well known, for greater safety, they assumed the forms of animals. And in a like manner, when the true Lord of the universe planted the banner of the cross on the heavenly

heights, and those iconoclastic zealots, the black band of monks, hunted down the gods with fire and malediction and razed their temples, then these unfortunate heathen divinities were again compelled to take to flight, seeking safety under the most varied disguises and in the most retired hiding-places. Many of these poor refugees, deprived of shelter and ambrosia, were now forced to work at some plebeian trade in order to earn a livelihood. Under these circumstances several, whose shrines had been confiscated, became wood-choppers and day-labourers in Germany, and were compelled to drink beer instead of nectar. It appears that Apollo was reduced to this dire plight, and stooped so low as to accept service with cattle-breeders, and as once before he had tended the cows of Admetus, so now he lived as a shepherd in Lower Austria. Here, however, he aroused suspicion through the marvellous sweetness of his singing and, being recognised by a learned monk as one of the ancient magic-working heathen gods, he was delivered over to the ecclesiastical courts. On the rack he confessed that he was the god Apollo. Before his execution he begged that he might be permitted for the last time to play the zither and sing to its accompaniment. But he played so touchingly and sang so enchantingly, and was so handsome in face and form, that all the women wept; and many of them indeed afterwards sickened. After some lapse of time, it was decided to remove his body from the grave under the impression that he was a vampire, and impale it upon a stake, this being an approved domestic remedy certain to effect the cure of the sick women; but the grave was found empty.

I have but little to communicate concerning the fate of Mars, the ancient god of war. I am not disinclined to believe that during the feudal ages he availed himself of the then prevailing doctrine that might makes right. Lank Schimmelpennig, nephew of the executioner of Münster, once met Mars at Bologna, and conversed with him. Shortly before he had served as a peasant under Froudsberg, and was present at the storming of Rome. Bitter thoughts must have filled his breast when he saw his ancient, favourite city, and the temples wherein he and his brother gods had been so revered, now ignominiously laid waste.

Better than either Mars or Apollo fared the god Bacchus at the great stampede, and the legends relate the following: — In Tyrol there are very large lakes, surrounded by magnificent trees that are mirrored in the blue waters. Trees and water murmur so that one experiences strange feelings of

awe when one wanders there alone. On the bank of such a lake stood the hut of a young fisherman, who lived by fishing, and who also acted as ferryman to any travellers who wished to cross the lake. He had a large boat, that was fastened to the trunk of an old tree not far from his dwelling. Here he lived quite alone. Once, about the time of the autumnal equinox, towards midnight, he heard a knocking at his window, and on opening the door he saw three monks, with their heads deeply muffled in their cowls, who seemed to be in great haste. One of them hurriedly asked him for the boat, promising to return it within a few hours. The monks were three, and the fisherman could not hesitate; so he unfastened the boat, and when they had embarked and departed, he went back to his hut and lay down. He was young, and soon fell asleep; but in a few hours he was awakened by the returning monks. When he went out to them, one of them pressed a silver coin into his hand, and then all three hastened away. The fisherman went to look at his boat, which he found made fast. Then he shivered, but not from the night-air. A peculiarly chilling sensation had passed through his limbs, and his heart seemed almost frozen, when the monk who paid the fare touched his hand; the monk's fingers were cold as ice. For some days the fisherman could not forget this circumstance; but youth will soon shake off mysterious influences, and the fisherman thought no more of the occurrence until the following year, when, again just at the time of the autumnal equinoxes, towards midnight, there was a knocking at the window of the hut, and again the three cowed monks appeared, and again demanded the boat. The fisherman delivered up the boat with less anxiety this time, but when after a few hours they returned, and one of the monks again hastily pressed a coin into his hand, he again shuddered at the touch of the icy cold fingers. This happened every year at the same time and in the same manner. At last, as the seventh year drew near, an irresistible desire seized on the fisherman to learn, at all costs, the secret that was hidden under these three cowls. He piled a mass of nets into the boat, so as to form a hiding-place into which he could slip while the monks were preparing to embark. The sombre expected travellers came at the accustomed time, and the fisherman succeeded in hiding himself under the nets unobserved. To his astonishment, the voyage lasted but a short time, whereas it usually took him over an hour to reach the opposite shore; and greater yet was his surprise when here, in a locality with which he had been quite familiar, he beheld a wide forest-glade which he had never before seen, and which was

covered with flowers that, to him, were of quite strange kind. Innumerable lamps hung from the trees, and vases filled with blazing rosin stood on high pedestals; the moon, too, was so bright that the fisherman could see all that took place, as distinctly as if it had been mid-day. There were many hundreds of young men and young women, most of them beautiful as pictures, although their faces were all as white as marble, and this circumstance, together with their garments, which consisted of white, very white, tunics with purple borders, girt up, gave them the appearance of moving statues. The women wore on their heads wreaths of vine leaves, either natural or wrought of gold and silver, and their hair was partly plaited over the brow into the shape of a crown, and partly fell in wild locks on their necks. The young men also wore wreaths of vine leaves. Both men and women swinging in their hands golden staffs covered with vine leaves, hastened joyously to greet the new-comers. One of the latter threw aside his cowl, revealing an impertinent fellow of middle age, with a repulsive, libidinous face, and pointed goat-ears, and scandalously extravagant sexuality. The second monk also threw aside his cowl, and there came to view a big-bellied fellow, not less naked, whose bald pate the mischievous women crowned with a wreath of roses. The faces of the two monks, like those of the rest of the assemblage, were white as snow. White as snow also was the face of the third monk, who laughingly brushed the cowl from his head. As he unbound the girdle of his robe, and with a gesture of disgust flung off from him the pious and dirty garment, together with crucifix and rosary, lo! there stood, robed in a tunic brilliant as a diamond, a marvellously beautiful youth with a form of noble symmetry, save that there was something feminine in the rounded hips and the slender waist. His delicately-curved lips, also, and soft, mobile features gave him a somewhat feminine appearance; but his face expressed also a certain daring, almost reckless heroism. The women caressed him with wild enthusiasm, placed an ivy-wreath upon his head, and threw a magnificent leopard-skin over his shoulders. At this moment came swiftly dashing along, drawn by two lions, a golden two-wheeled triumphal chariot. Majestically, yet with a merry glance, the youth leaped on the chariot, guiding the wild steeds with purple reins. At the right of the chariot strode one of his uncassocked companions, whose lewd gestures and unseemly form delighted the beholders, while his comrade, with the bald pate and fat paunch, whom the merry women had placed on an ass, rode at the left of the chariot, carrying in his hand a golden

drinking-cup, which was constantly refilled with wine. On moved the chariot, and behind it whirled the romping, dancing, vine-crowned men and women. At the head of the triumphal procession marched the orchestra; the pretty, chubby-cheeked youth, playing the double flute; then the nymph with the high-girt tunic, striking the jingling tambourine with her knuckles; then the equally gracious beauty, with the triangle; then the goat-footed trumpeters, with handsome but lascivious faces, who blew their fanfares on curious sea-shells and fantastically-shaped horns; then the lute-players.

But, dear reader, I forgot that you are a most cultured and well-informed reader, and have long since observed that I have been describing a Bacchanalia and a feast of Dionysius. You have often seen on ancient bas-reliefs, or in the engravings of archæological works, pictures of the triumphal processions held in honour of the god Bacchus; and surely, with your cultivated and classic tastes, you would not be frightened even if at dead of night, in the depths of a lonely forest, the lonely spectres of such a Bacchanalian procession, together with the customary tipsy personnel, should appear bodily before your eyes. At the most you would only give way to a slight voluptuous shudder, an æsthetic awe, at sight of this pale assemblage of graceful phantoms, who have risen from their monumental sarcophagi, or from their hiding-places amid the ruins of ancient temples, to perform once more their ancient, joyous, divine service; once more, with sport and merry-making, to celebrate the triumphal march of the divine liberator, the Saviour of the senses; to dance once more the merry dance of paganism, the *can-can* of the antique world — to dance it without any hypocritical disguise, without fear of the interference of the police of a spiritualistic morality, with the wild abandonment of the old days, shouting, exulting, rapturous. Evœe Bacche!

But alas, dear reader, the poor fisherman was not, like yourself, versed in mythology; he had never made archæological studies; and terror and fear seized upon him when he beheld the Triumphator and his two wonderful acolytes emerge from their monks' garb. He shuddered at the immodest gestures and leaps of the Bacchantes, Fauns, and Satyrs, who, with their goats' feet and horns, seemed to him peculiarly diabolical, and he regarded the whole assemblage as a congress of spectres and demons, who were seeking by their mysterious rites to bring ruin on all Christians. His hair stood on end at sight of the reckless impossible posture of a Mænad, who, with flowing hair and head thrown back, only balanced herself by the

weight of her thyrsus. His own brain seemed to reel as he saw the Corybantes in mad frenzy wounding their own bodies with short swords, seeking voluptuousness in pain itself. The soft and tender, yet so terrible, tones of the music seemed to penetrate to his very soul, like a burning, consuming, excruciating flame. But when he saw that defamed Egyptian symbol, of exaggerated size and crowned with flowers, borne upon a tall pole by an unashamed woman, then sight and hearing forsook the poor fisherman — and he darted back to the boat, and crept under the nets, with chattering teeth and trembling limbs, as though Satan already held him fast by the foot. Soon after, the three monks also returned to the boat and shoved off. When they had disembarked at the original starting-place, the fisherman managed to escape unobserved from his hiding-place, so that they supposed he had merely been behind the willows awaiting their return. One of the monks, as usual, with icy-cold fingers pressed the fare into the fisherman's hand, then all three hurried away.

For the salvation of his own soul, which he believed to be endangered, and also to guard other good Christians from ruin, the fisherman held it his duty to communicate a full account of the mysterious occurrence to the Church authorities; and as the superior of a neighbouring Franciscan monastery was in great repute as a learned exorcist, the fisherman determined to go to him without delay. The rising sun found him on his way to the monastery, where, with modest demeanour, he soon stood before his excellency the superior, who received him seated in an easy-chair in the library, and with hood drawn closely over his face, listened meditatively while the fisherman told his tale of horror. When the recital was finished, the superior raised his head, and as the hood fell back, the fisherman saw, to his dismay, that his excellency was one of the three monks who annually sailed over the lake — the very one, indeed, whom he had the previous night seen as a heathen demon riding in the golden chariot drawn by lions. It was the same marble-white face, the same regular, beautiful features, the same mouth with its delicately-curved lips. And these lips now wore a kindly smile, and from that mouth now issued the gracious and melodious words, "Beloved son in Christ, we willingly believe that you have spent the night in company of the god Bacchus. Your fantastic ghost-story gives ample proof of that. Not that we would say aught unpleasant of this god: at times he is undoubtedly a care-dispeller, and gladdens the heart of man. But he is very dangerous for those who cannot bear much; and to this class you

seem to belong. We advise you to partake in future very sparingly of the golden juice of the grape, and not again to trouble the spiritual authorities with the fantasies of a drunken brain. Concerning this last vision of yours, you had better keep a very quiet tongue in your head; otherwise the secular arm of our beadle shall measure out to you twenty-five lashes. And now, beloved son in Christ, go to the monastery kitchen, where brother butler and brother cook will set before you a slight repast.”

With this, the reverend father bestowed the customary benediction on the fisherman, and when the latter, bewildered, took himself off to the kitchen and suddenly came face to face with brother cook and brother butler, he almost fell to the earth in affright, for they were the same monks who had accompanied the superior on his midnight excursions across the lake. He recognised one by his fat paunch and bald head, and the other by his lascivious grin and goat-ears. But he held his tongue, and only in later years did he relate his strange story.

Several old chronicles which contain similar legends locate the scene near the city of Speyer, on the Rhine.

Along the coast of East Friesland an analogous tradition is found, in which the ancient conception of the transportation of the dead to the realm of Hades, which underlies all those legends, is most distinctly seen. It is true that none of them contain any mention of Charon, the steersman of the boat: this old fellow seems to have entirely disappeared from folk-lore, and is to be met with only in puppet-shows. But a far more notable mythological personage is to be recognised in the so-called forwarding agent, or dispatcher, who makes arrangements for the transportation of the dead, and pays the customary passage-money into the hands of the boatman; the latter is generally a common fisherman, who officiates as Charon. Notwithstanding his quaint disguise, the true name of this dispatcher may readily be guessed, and I shall therefore relate the legend as faithfully as possible.

The shores of East Friesland that border on the North Sea abound with bays, which are used as harbours, and are called fiords. On the farthest projecting promontory of land generally stands the solitary hut of some fisherman, who here lives, peaceful and contented, with his family. Here nature wears a sad and melancholy aspect. Not even the chirping of a bird is to be heard, only now and then the shrill screech of a sea-gull flying up from its nest among the sand-hills, that announces the coming storm. The

monotonous plashings of the restless sea harmonise with the sombre, shifting shadows of the passing clouds. Even the human inhabitants do not sing here, and on these melancholy coasts the strain of a *volkslied* is never heard. The people who live here are an earnest, honest, matter-of-fact race, proud of their bold spirit and of the liberties which they have inherited from their ancestors. Such a people are not imaginative, and are little given to metaphysical speculations. Fishing is their principal support, added to which is an occasional pittance of passage-money for transporting some traveller to one of the adjacent islands.

It is said that at a certain period of the year, just at mid-day, when the fisherman and his family are seated at table eating their noonday meal, a traveller enters and asks the master of the house to vouchsafe him an audience for a few minutes to speak with him on a matter of business. The fisherman, after vainly inviting the stranger to partake of the meal, grants his request, and they both step aside to a little table. I shall not describe the personal appearance of the stranger in detail, after the tedious manner of novel-writers: a brief enumeration of the salient points will suffice. He is a little man, advanced in years, but well preserved. He is, so to say, a youthful greybeard: plump, but not corpulent; cheeks ruddy as an apple; small eyes, which blink merrily and continually, and on his powdered little head is set a three-cornered little hat. Under his flaming yellow cloak, with its many collars, he wears the old-fashioned dress of a well-to-do Dutch merchant, such as we see depicted in old portraits — namely, a short silk coat of a parrot-green colour, a vest embroidered with flowers, short black trousers, striped stockings, and shoes ornamented with buckles. The latter are so brightly polished that it is hard to understand how the wearer could trudge a-foot through the slimy mud of the coast and yet keep them so clean. His voice is a thin, asthmatic treble, sometimes inclining to be rather lachrymose; but the address and bearing of the little man are as grave and measured as beseeem a Dutch merchant. This gravity, however, appears to be more assumed than natural, and is in marked contrast with the searching, roving, swift-darting glances of the eye, and with the ill-repressed fidgettiness of the legs and arms. That the stranger is a Dutch merchant is evidenced not only by his apparel, but also by the mercantile exactitude and caution with which he endeavours to effect as favourable a bargain as possible for his employers. He is, as he says, a forwarding agent, and has received from some of his mercantile friends a commission to transport a

certain number of souls, as many as can find room in an ordinary boat, from the coast of East Friesland to the White Island. In fulfilment of this commission, he adds, he wishes to know if the fisherman will this night convey in his boat the aforesaid cargo to the aforesaid island; in which case he is authorised to pay the passage-money in advance, confidently hoping that, in Christian fairness, the fisherman will make his price very moderate. The Dutch merchant (which term is, in fact, a pleonasm, since every Dutchman is a merchant) makes this proposition with the utmost nonchalance, as if it referred to a cargo of cheeses, and not to the souls of the dead. The fisherman is startled at the word "souls," and a cold chill creeps down his back, for he immediately comprehends that the souls of the dead are here meant, and that the stranger is none other than the phantom Dutchman, who has already intrusted several of his fellow-fishermen with the transportation of the souls of the dead, and paid them well for it, too.

These East Frieslanders are, as I have already remarked, a brave, healthy, practical people; in them is lacking that morbid imagination which makes us so impressible to the ghostly and supernatural. Our fisherman's weird dismay lasts but a moment; suppressing the uncanny sensation that is stealing over him, he soon regains his composure, and, intent on securing as high a sum as possible, he assumes an air of supreme indifference. But after a little chaffering the two come to an understanding, and shake hands to seal the bargain. The Dutchman draws forth a dirty leather pouch, filled entirely with little silver pennies of the smallest denomination ever coined in Holland, and in these tiny coins counts out the whole amount of the fare. With instructions to the fisherman to be ready with his boat at the appointed place about the midnight hour when the moon becomes visible, the Dutchman takes leave of the whole family, and, declining their repeated invitations to dine, the grave little figure, dignified as ever, trips lightly away.

At the time agreed upon the fisherman appears at the appointed place. At first the boat is rocked lightly to and fro by the waves; but by the time the full moon has risen above the horizon the fisherman notices that his bark is less easily swayed, and so it gradually sinks deeper and deeper in the stream, until finally the water comes within a hand's-breadth of the boat's bow. This circumstance apprises him that his passengers, the souls, are now aboard, and he pushes off from shore with his cargo. Although he strains his eyes to the utmost, he can distinguish nothing but a few vapoury streaks that

seem to be swayed hither and thither, and to intermingle with one another, but assume no definite forms. Listen intently as he may, he hears nothing but an indescribably-faint chirping and rustling. Only now and then a seagull with a shrill scream flies swiftly over his head; or near him a fish leaps up from out the stream, and for a moment stares at him with a vacuous look. The night-winds sigh, and the sea-breezes grow more chilly. Everywhere only water, moonlight, and silence! and silent as all around him is the fisherman, who finally reaches the White Island and moors his boat. He sees no one on the strand, but he hears a shrill, asthmatic, wheezy, lachrymose voice, which he recognises as that of the Dutchman. The latter seems to be reading off a list of proper names, with a peculiar, monotonous intonation, as if rehearsing a roll-call. Among the names are some which are known to the fisherman as belonging to persons who have died that year. During the reading of the list, the boat is evidently being gradually lightened of its load, and as soon as the last name is called it rises suddenly and floats free, although but a moment before it was deeply imbedded in the sand of the sea-shore. To the fisherman this is a token that his cargo has been properly delivered, and he calmly rows back to his wife and child, to his beloved home on the fiord.

...Notwithstanding this clever disguise, I have ventured to guess who the important mythological personage is that figures in this tradition. It is none other than the god Mercury, Hermes Psychopompos, the whilom conductor of the dead to Hades. Verily, under that shabby yellow cloak and prosaic tradesman's figure is concealed the youthful and most accomplished god of heathendom, the cunning son of Maia. On his little three-cornered hat not the slightest tuft of a feather is to be seen which might remind the beholder of the winged cap, and the clumsy shoes with steel buckles fail to give the least hint of the winged sandals. This grave and heavy Dutch lead is quite different from the mobile quicksilver, from which the god derived his very name. But the contrast is so exceedingly striking as to betray the god's design, which is the more effectually to disguise himself. Perhaps this mask was not chosen out of mere caprice. Mercury was, as you know, the patron god of thieves and merchants, and, in all probability, in choosing a disguise that should conceal him, and a trade by which to earn his livelihood, he took into consideration his talents and his antecedents.

...And thus it came to pass that the shrewdest and most cunning of the gods became a merchant, and, to adapt himself most thoroughly to his rôle,

became the *ne plus ultra* of merchants — a Dutch merchant. His long practice in the olden time as Psychopompos, as conveyor of the dead to Hades, marks him out as particularly fitted to conduct the transportation of the souls of the dead to the White Island, in the manner just described.

The White Island is occasionally also called Brea, or Britannia. Does this perhaps refer to White Albion, to the chalky cliffs of the English coast? It would be a very humorous idea if England was designated as the land of the dead, as the Plutonian realm, as hell. In such a form, in truth, England has appeared to many a stranger.

In my essay on the Faust legend I discussed at full length the popular superstition concerning Pluto and his dominion. I showed how the old realm of shadows became hell, and how its old gloomy ruler became more and more diabolical. Neither Pluto, god of the nether regions, nor his brother, Neptune, god of the sea, emigrated like the other gods. Even after the final triumph of Christendom they remained in their domains, their respective elements. No matter what silly fables concerning him were invented here above on earth, old Pluto sat by his Proserpine, warm and cosy down below.

Neptune suffered less from calumny than his brother Pluto, and neither church-bell chimes nor organ-strains could offend his ears in the depths of old ocean, where he sat peacefully by the side of his white-bosomed wife, Dame Amphitrite, surrounded by his court of dripping nereids and tritons. Only now and then, when a young sailor crossed the equator, he would dart up from the briny deep, in his hand brandishing the trident, his head crowned with sea-weed, and his flowing, silvery beard reaching down to the navel. Then he would confer on the neophyte the terrible sea-water baptism, accompanying it with a long unctuous harangue, interspersed with coarse sailor jests, to the great delight of the jolly tars. The harangue was frequently interrupted by the spitting of amber quids of chewed tobacco, which Neptune so freely scattered around him. A friend, who gave me a detailed description of the manner in which such a sea-miracle is performed, assured me that the very sailors that laughed most heartily at the droll antics of Neptune never for a moment doubted the existence of such a god, and sometimes when in great danger they even prayed to him.

Neptune, as we have seen, remained monarch of the watery realm; and Pluto, notwithstanding his metamorphosis into Satan, still continued to be prince of the lower regions. They fared better than did their brother Jupiter,

who, after the overthrow of their father, Saturn, became ruler of heaven, and as sovereign of the universe resided at Olympus, where, surrounded by his merry troop of gods, goddesses, and nymphs-of-honour, he carried on his ambrosial rule of joy. But when the great catastrophe occurred, — when the rule of the cross, that symbol of suffering, was proclaimed, — then the great Kronides fled, and disappeared amid the tumults and confusion of the transmigration of races. All traces of him were lost, and I have in vain consulted old chronicles and old women: none could give me the least information concerning his fate. With the same purpose in view, I have ransacked many libraries, where I was shown the magnificent codices ornamented with gold and precious stones, true odalisques in the harem of science. To the learned eunuchs who, with such affability, unlocked for me those brilliant treasures, I here return the customary thanks. It appears as if no popular tradition of a medieval Jupiter exists; and all that I could gather concerning him consists of a story told me by my friend, Niels Andersen.

...The events that I am about to relate, said Niels Andersen, occurred on an island, the exact situation of which I cannot tell. Since its discovery no one has been able again to reach it, being prevented by the immense icebergs that tower like a high wall around the island, and seldom, probably, permit a near approach. Only the crew of a Russian whaling-vessel, which a storm had driven so far to the north, ever trod its soil; and since then over a hundred years have elapsed. When the sailors had, by means of a small boat, effected a landing, they found the island to be wild and desolate. Sadly waved the blades of tall sedgy grass over the quicksands; here and there grew a few stunted fir-trees, or barren shrubs. They saw a multitude of rabbits springing around, on which account they named it the Island of Rabbits. Only one miserable hut gave evidence that a human being dwelt there. As the sailors entered the hut they saw an old, very old man, wretchedly clad in a garment of rabbit skins rudely stitched together. He was seated in a stone chair in front of the hearth, trying to warm his emaciated hands and trembling knees by the flaring brushwood fire. At his right side stood an immense bird, evidently an eagle, but which had been roughly treated by time, and shorn of all its plumage save the long bristly quills of its wings, that gave it a highly grotesque, and, at the same time, hideous appearance. At the old man's left, squatted on the earth, was an extraordinarily large hairless goat, which seemed to be very old; although full milky udders, with fresh, rosy nipples, hung at its belly.

Among the sailors were several Greeks, one of whom, not thinking that his words would be understood by the aged inhabitant of the hut, remarked in the Greek language to a comrade, "This old fellow is either a spectre or an evil demon." But at these words the old man suddenly arose from his seat, and to their great surprise the sailors beheld a stately figure, which, in spite of its advanced age, raised itself erect with commanding, yes, with king-like dignity, his head almost touching the rafters. The features, too, although rugged and weather-beaten, showed traces of original beauty, they were so noble and well-proportioned. A few silvery locks fell over his brow, which was furrowed by pride and age. His eyes had a dim and fixed look, but occasionally they would still gleam piercingly; and from his mouth were heard in the melodious and sonorous words of the ancient Greek language, "You are mistaken, young man; I am neither a spectre nor an evil demon; I am an unhappy old man, who once knew better days. But who are ye?"

The sailors explained the accident which had befallen them, and then inquired concerning the island. The information, however, was very meagre. The old man told them that since time immemorial he had inhabited this island, whose bulwark of ice served him as a secure asylum against his inexorable foes. He subsisted principally by catching rabbits, and every year, when the floating icebergs had settled, a few bands of savages crossed over on sleds, and to them he sold rabbit-skins, receiving in exchange various articles of indispensable necessity. The whales, which sometimes came swimming close to the island, were his favourite company. But it gave him pleasure to hear again his native tongue, for he too was a Greek. He entreated his countrymen to give him an account of the present condition of Greece. That the cross had been torn down from the battlements of Grecian cities apparently caused the old man a malicious satisfaction; but it did not altogether please him when he heard that the crescent had been planted there instead. It was strange that none of the sailors knew the names of the cities concerning which the old man inquired, and which, as he assured them, had flourished in his time. In like manner the names of the present cities and villages in Greece, which were mentioned by the sailors, were unknown to him; at this the old man would shake his head sadly, and the sailors looked at one another perplexed. They noticed that he knew exactly all the localities and geographical peculiarities of Greece; and he described so accurately and vividly the bays, the

peninsulas, the mountain-ridges, even the knolls and most trifling rocky elevations, that his ignorance of these localities was all the more surprising. With especial interest, with a certain anxiety even, he questioned them concerning an ancient temple, which in his time, he assured them, had been the most beautiful in all Greece; but none of his hearers knew the name, which he pronounced with a loving tenderness. But finally, when the old man had again described the site of the temple, with the utmost particularity, a young sailor recognised the place by the description.

The village wherein he was born, said the young man, was situated hard by, and when a boy he had often tended his father's swine at the very place where there had been found ruins of an ancient structure, indicating a magnificent grandeur in the past. Now, only a few large marble pillars remained standing; some were plain, unadorned columns, others were surmounted by the square stones of a gable. From the cracks of the masonry the blooming honeysuckle-vines and red bell-flowers trailed downwards. Other pillars — among the number some of rose-coloured marble — lay shattered on the ground, and the costly marble head-pieces, ornamented with beautiful sculpture, representing foliage and flowers, were overgrown by rank creepers and grasses. Half buried in the earth lay huge marble blocks, some of which were squares, such as were used for the walls; others were three-cornered slabs for roof-pieces. Over them waved a large, wild fig-tree, which had grown up out of the ruins. Under the shadow of that tree, continued the young man, he had passed whole hours in examining the strange figures carved on the large marble blocks; they seemed to be pictorial representations of all sorts of sports and combats, and were very pleasing to look at, but, alas! much injured by exposure, and overgrown with moss and ivy. His father, whom he had questioned in regard to the mysterious signification of these pillars and sculptures, told him that these were the ruins of an ancient pagan temple, and had once been the abode of a wicked heathen god, who had here wantoned in lewd debauchery, incest, and unnatural vices. Notwithstanding this, the unenlightened heathen were accustomed to slaughter in his honour a hundred oxen at a time, and the hollowed marble block into which was gathered the blood of the sacrifices was yet in existence. It was, in fact, the very trough which they were in the habit of using as a receptacle for refuse wherewith to feed the swine.

So spoke the young sailor. But the old man heaved a sigh that betrayed the most terrible anguish. Tottering, he sank into his stone chair, covered his

face with his hands, and wept like a child. The great, gaunt bird, with a shrill screech, flapped its immense wings, and menaced the strangers with claws and beak. The old goat licked its master's hands, and bleated mournfully as in consolation.

At this strange sight, an uncanny terror seized upon the sailors: they hurriedly left the hut, and were glad when they could no longer hear the sobbing of the old man, the screaming of the bird, and the bleating of the goat. When they were safely on board the boat, they narrated their adventure. Among the crew was a learned Russian, professor of philosophy at the university of Kazan; and he declared the matter to be highly important. With his forefinger held knowingly to the side of his nose, he assured the sailors that the old man of the island was undoubtedly the ancient god Jupiter, son of Saturn and Rhea. The bird at his side was clearly the eagle that once carried in its claws the terrible thunderbolts. And the old goat was, in all probability, none other than Althea, Jupiter's old nurse, who had suckled him in Crete, and now in exile again nourished him with her milk.

This is the story as told to me by Niels Andersen; and I must confess that it filled my soul with a profound melancholy. Decay is secretly undermining all that is great in the universe, and the gods themselves must finally succumb to the same miserable destiny. The iron law of fate so wills it, and even the greatest of the immortals must submissively bow his head. He of whom Homer sang, and whom Phidias sculptured in gold and ivory, he at whose glance earth trembled, he, the lover of Leda, Alcmena, Semele, Danaë, Callisto, Io, Leto, Europa, etc. — even he is compelled to hide himself behind the icebergs of the North Pole, and in order to prolong his wretched existence must deal in rabbit-skins, like a shabby Savoyard!

I do not doubt that there are people who will derive a malicious pleasure from such a spectacle. They are, perhaps, the descendants of those unfortunate oxen who, in hecatombs, were slaughtered on the altars of Jupiter. Rejoice! avenged is the blood of your ancestors, those poor martyrs of superstition. But we, who have no hereditary grudge rankling in us, we are touched at the sight of fallen greatness, and withhold not our holiest compassion.

CONFESSIONS.

[Heine wrote these *Confessions*, which form one of his most characteristic works, in the winter of 1853-4. They were originally intended to form part of the book on Germany. The translation here given is Mr. Fleishman's, revised by collation with the original.]

A WITTY Frenchman — a few years ago these words would have been a pleonasm — once dubbed me an unfrocked Romanticist. I have a weakness for all that is witty; and spiteful as was this appellation, it nevertheless delighted me highly. Notwithstanding the war of extermination that I had waged against Romanticism, I always remained a Romanticist at heart, and that in a higher degree than I myself realised. After I had delivered the most deadly blows against the taste for Romantic poetry in Germany, there stole over me an inexpressible yearning for the blue flower in the fairy-land of Romanticism, and I grasped the magic lyre and sang a song wherein I gave full sway to all the sweet extravagances, to all the intoxication of moonlight, to all the blooming, nightingale-like fancies once so fondly loved. I know it was “the last free-forest song of Romanticism,” and I am its last poet. With me the old German lyric school ends; while with me, at the same time, the modern lyric school of Germany begins. Writers on German literature will assign to me this double rôle. It would be unseemly for me to speak at length on this subject, but I may with justice claim a liberal space in the history of German Romanticism. For this reason I ought to have included in my account of the Romantic school a review of my own writings. By my omission to do this, a gap has been left which I cannot easily fill. To write a criticism of one's self is an embarrassing, even an impossible task. I should be a conceited coxcomb to obtrude the good I might be able to say of myself, and I should be a great fool to proclaim to the whole world the defects of which I might also be conscious. And even with the most honest desire to be sincere, one cannot tell the truth about oneself. No one has as yet succeeded in doing it, neither Saint Augustine, the pious bishop of Hippo, nor the Genevese Jean Jacques Rousseau — least of all the latter, who proclaimed himself the man of truth and nature, but was really much more untruthful and unnatural than his contemporaries.

...Rousseau, who in his own person also slandered human nature, was yet true to it in respect to our primitive weakness, which consists in always

wishing to appear in the eyes of the world as something different from what we really are. His self-portraiture is a lie, admirably executed, but still only a brilliant lie.

I recently read an anecdote concerning the King of Ashantee, which illustrates in a very amusing manner this weakness of human nature. When Major Bowditch was despatched by the English Governor of the Cape of Good Hope as resident ambassador to the court of that powerful African monarch, he sought to ingratiate himself with the courtiers, especially with the court-ladies, by taking their portraits. The king, who was astonished at the accuracy of the likenesses, requested that he also might be painted, and had already had several sittings, when the artist noticed in the features of the king, who had often sprung up to observe the progress of the picture, the peculiar restlessness and embarrassment of one who has a request on the tip of his tongue and yet hesitates to express it. The painter pressed his majesty to tell his wish, until at last the poor African king inquired, in a low voice, if he could not be painted white.

And so it is. The swarthy negro king wishes to be painted white. But do not laugh at the poor African: every human being is such another negro king, and all of us would like to appear before the public in a different colour from that which fate has given us. Fully realising this, I took heed not to draw my own portrait in my review of the Romantic school. But in the following pages I shall have ample occasion to speak of myself, and this will to a certain extent fill up the gap caused by the lacking portrait; for I have here undertaken to describe, for the reader's benefit and enlightenment, the philosophical and religious changes which have taken place in the author's mind since my book on Germany was written.

Fear not that I shall paint myself too white and my fellow-beings too black. I shall always give my own colours with exact fidelity, so that it may be known how far my judgment is to be trusted when I draw the portraits of others.

...Madame de Staël's hate of the Emperor is the soul of her book, *De l'Allemagne*, and, although his name is nowhere mentioned, one can see at every line how the writer squints at the Tuilleries. I doubt not that the book annoyed the Emperor more than the most direct attack; for nothing so much irritates a man as a woman's petty needle-pricks. We are prepared for great sabre-strokes, and instead we are tickled at the most sensitive spots.

Oh, the women! we must forgive them much, for they love much — and many. Their hate is, in fact, only love turned the wrong way. At times they try to injure us, but only because they hope thereby to please some other man. When they write, they have one eye on the paper and the other on a man. This rule applies to all authoresses, with the exception of Countess Hahn-Hahn, who only has one eye. We male authors have also our prejudices. We write for or against something, for or against an idea, for or against a party; but women always write for or against one particular man, or, to express it more correctly, on account of one particular man. We men will sometimes lie outright; women, like all passive creatures, seldom invent, but can so distort a fact that they can thereby injure us more surely than by a downright lie. I verily believe my friend Balzac was right when he once said to me, in a sorrowful tone, “*La femme est un être dangereux.*”

Yes, women are dangerous; but I must admit that beautiful women are not so dangerous as those whose attractions are intellectual rather than physical; for the former are accustomed to have men pay court to them, while the latter meet the vanity of men half-way, and through the bait of flattery acquire a more powerful influence than the beautiful women. I by no means intend to insinuate that Madame de Staël was ugly; but beauty is something quite different. She had single points which were pleasing; but the effect as a whole was anything but pleasing. To nervous persons, like the sainted Schiller, her custom of continually twirling between her fingers some fragment of paper or similar small article was particularly annoying. This habit made poor Schiller dizzy, and in desperation he grasped her pretty hand to hold it quiet. This innocent action led Madame de Staël to believe that the tender-hearted poet was overpowered by the magic of her personal charms. I am told that she really had very pretty hands and beautiful arms, which she always displayed. Surely the Venus of Milo could not show such beautiful arms! Her teeth surpassed in whiteness those of the finest steed of Araby. She had very large, beautiful eyes, a dozen amoretts would have found room on her lips, and her smile is said to have been very sweet: therefore she could not have been ugly, — no woman is ugly. But I venture to say that had fair Helen of Sparta looked so, the Trojan War would not have occurred, and the strongholds of Priam would not have been burned, and Homer would never have sung the wrath of Pelidean Achilles.

...In my Memoirs I relate with more detail than is admissible here how, after the French Revolution of July 1830, I emigrated to Paris, where I have

ever since lived quiet and contented. What I did and suffered during the Restoration will be told when the disinterestedness of such a publication is no longer liable to doubt or suspicion. I worked much and suffered much; and about the time that the sun of the July revolution arose in France, I had gradually become very weary, and needed recreation. Moreover, the air of my native land was daily becoming more unwholesome for me, and I was compelled to contemplate seriously a change of climate. I had visions: in the clouds I saw all sorts of horrible, grotesque faces, that annoyed me with their grimaces. It sometimes seemed to me as if the sun were a Prussian cockade. At night I dreamed of a hideous black vulture that preyed on my liver; and became very melancholy. In addition to all this, I had become acquainted with an old magistrate from Berlin who had spent many years in the fortress of Spandau, and who described to me how unpleasant it was in winter to wear iron manacles. I thought it very un-Christian not to warm the irons a little, for if our chains were only warmed somewhat, they would not seem so very unpleasant, and cold natures could even endure them very well. The chains ought also to be perfumed with the essence of roses and laurels, as is the custom in France. I asked my magistrate if oysters were often served at Spandau. He answered, no; Spandau was too far distant from the sea. Meat, also, he said, was seldom to be had, and the only fowls were the flies which fell into one's soup. About the same time I became acquainted with a commercial traveller of a French wine establishment, who was never tired of praising the merry life of Paris, — how the air was full of music, how from morning until night one heard the singing of the “Marseillaise” and “En avant, marchons!” and “Lafayette aux cheveux blancs.” He told me that at every street-corner was the inscription, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.” He likewise recommended the champagne of his firm, and gave me a large number of business cards. He also promised to furnish me with letters of introduction to the best Parisian restaurants, in case I should visit Paris. As I really did need recreation, and as Spandau was at too great a distance from the sea to procure oysters, and as the fowl-soup of Spandau was not to my taste, and as, moreover, the Prussian chains were very cold in winter and could not be conducive to my health, I determined to go to Paris, the fatherland of champagne and the “Marseillaise,” there to drink the former, and to hear the latter sung, together with “En avant, marchons!” and “Lafayette aux cheveux blancs.”

I crossed the Rhine on May 1st, 1831. I did not see the old river-god, father Rhine, so I contented myself with dropping my visiting card into the water. I am told that he was sitting down below, conning his French grammar; for during the Prussian rule his French had grown rusty from long disuse, and now he wished to practice it anew, in order to be prepared for contingencies. I thought I could hear him, conjugating, “J’aime, tu aimes, il aime; nous aimons” — but what does he love? Surely not the Prussians!

I awoke at St. Denis from a sweet morning sleep, and heard for the first time the shout of the driver, “Paris! Paris!” Here we already inhaled the atmosphere of the capital, now visible on the horizon. A rascally lackey tried to persuade me to visit the royal sepulchre at St. Denis; but I had not come to France to see dead kings.... In twenty minutes I was in Paris, entering through the triumphal arch of the Boulevard St. Denis, which was originally erected in honour of Louis XIV., but now served to grace my entry into Paris. I was surprised at meeting such multitudes of well-dressed people, tastefully arrayed like the pictures of a fashion-journal. I was also impressed by the fact that they all spoke French, which, in Germany, is the distinguishing mark of the higher classes; the whole nation are as noble as the nobility with us. The men were all so polite, and the pretty women all smiled so graciously. If some one accidentally jostled me without immediately asking pardon, I could safely wager that it was a fellow-countryman. And if a pretty woman looked a little sour, she had either eaten sauerkraut or could read Klopstock in the original. I found everything quite charming. The skies were so blue, the air so balmy, and here and there the rays of the sun of July were still glimmering. The cheeks of the beauteous Lutetea were still flushed from the burning kisses of that sun, and the bridal flowers on her bosom were not yet wilted. But at the street-corners the words, “Liberté, égalité, fraternité,” had already been erased. Honeymoons fly so quickly!

I immediately visited the restaurants to which I had been recommended. The landlords assured me that they would have made me welcome even without letters of introduction, for I had an honest and distinguished appearance, which in itself was a sufficient recommendation. Never did a German landlord so address me, even if he thought it. Such a churlish fellow feels himself in duty bound to suppress all pleasant speeches, and his German bluntness demands that he shall tell only the most disagreeable things to our faces. In the manner, and even in the language, of the French,

there is so much delicious flattery, which costs so little, and is yet so gratifying. My poor sensitive soul, which had shrunk with shyness from the rudeness of the fatherland, again expanded under the genial influence of French urbanity. God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellow-men.

My French had grown rusty since the battle of Waterloo, but after half-an-hour's conversation with a pretty flower-girl in the Passage de l'Opéra it soon flowed fluently again. I managed to stammer forth gallant phrases in broken French, and explained to the little charmer the Linnæan system, in which flowers are classified according to their stamens. The little one practised a different system, and divided flowers into those which smelled pleasantly and those which smelled unpleasantly. I believe that she applied a similar classification to men. She was surprised that, notwithstanding my youth, I was so learned, and spread the fame of my erudition through the whole Passage de l'Opéra. I inhaled with rapturous delight the delicious aroma of flattery, and amused myself charmingly. I walked on flowers, and many a roasted pigeon came flying into my gaping mouth.

...Among the notabilities whom I met soon after my arrival in Paris was Victor Bohain; and I love to recall to memory the jovial, intellectual form of him who did so much to dispel the clouds from the brow of the German dreamer, and to initiate his sorrow-laden heart into the gaities of French life. He had at that time already founded the *Europe Littéraire*, and, as editor, solicited me to write for his journal several articles on Germany, after the *genre* of Madame de Staël. I promised to furnish the articles, particularly mentioning, however, that I should write them in a style quite different from that of Madame de Staël. "That is a matter of indifference to me," was the laughing answer; "like Voltaire, I tolerate every *genre*, excepting only the *genre ennuyeux*." And in order that I, poor German, should not fall into the *genre ennuyeux*, friend Bohain often invited me to dine with him, and stimulated my brain with champagne. No one knew better than he how to arrange a dinner at which one should not only enjoy the best *cuisine*, but be most pleasantly entertained. No one could do the honours of host as well as he; and he was certainly justified in charging the stockholders of the *Europe Littéraire* with one hundred thousand francs as the expense of these banquets. Even his wooden leg contributed to the humour of the man, and when he hobbled around the table, serving out champagne to his guests, he resembled Vulcan performing the duties of

Hebe's office amidst the uproarious mirth of the assembled gods. Where is Victor Bohain now? I have heard nothing of him for a long period. The last I saw of him was about ten years ago, at an inn at Granville. He had just come over from England, where he had been studying the colossal English national debt, in this occupation smothering the recollection of his own little personal debts, to this little town on the coast of Normandy, and here I found him seated at a table with a bottle of champagne and an open-mouthed, stupid-looking citizen, to whom he was earnestly explaining a business project by which, as Bohain eloquently demonstrated, a million could be realised. Bohain always had a great fondness for speculation, and in all his projects there was always a million in progress — never less than a million. His friends nicknamed him, on this account, Messer Millione.

...The founding of the *Europe Littéraire* was an excellent idea. Its success seemed assured, and I have never been able to understand why it failed. Only one evening before the day on which the suspension occurred, Victor Bohain gave a brilliant ball in the editorial *salons* of the journal, at which he danced with his three hundred stockholders, just like Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans the day before the battle of Thermopylæ. Every time that I behold in the gallery of the Louvre the painting by David which portrays that scene of antique heroism, I am reminded of the last ball of Victor Bohain. Just like the death-defying king in David's picture, so stood Victor Bohain on his solitary leg; it was the same classic pose. Stranger, when thou strollest in Paris through the Chaussée d'Antin towards the Boulevards, and findest thyself in the low-lying, filthy street that was once called the Rue Basse du Rempart, know that thou standest at the Thermopylæ of the *Europe Littéraire*, where Victor Bohain with his three hundred stockholders so heroically fell.

...In my articles on German philosophy I blabbed without reserve the secrets of the schools, which, draped in scholastic formulas, were previously known only to the initiated. My revelations excited the greatest surprise in France, and I remember that leading French thinkers naively confessed to me that they had always believed German philosophy to be a peculiar mystic fog, behind which divinity lay hidden as in a cloud, and that German philosophers were ecstatic seers, filled with piety and the fear of God. It is not my fault that German philosophy is just the reverse of that which until now we have called piety and fear of God, and that our latest philosophers have proclaimed absolute atheism to be the last word of

German philosophy. Relentlessly and with bacchantic recklessness they tore aside the blue curtain from the German heavens, and cried, "Behold! all the gods have flown, and there above sits only an old spinster with leaden hands and sorrowful heart — Necessity."

Alas! what then sounded so strange is now being preached from all the house-tops in Germany, and the fanatic zeal of many of these propagandists is terrible! We have now bigoted monks of atheism, grand-inquisitors of infidelity, who would have bound Voltaire to the stake because he was at heart an obstinate deist. So long as such doctrines remained the secret possession of an intellectual aristocracy, and were discussed in a select coterie-dialect which was incomprehensible to the lackeys in attendance, while we at our philosophical *petit-soupers* were blaspheming, so long did I continue to be one of the thoughtless free-thinkers, of whom the majority resembled those grand-seigneurs who, shortly before the Revolution, sought by means of the new revolutionary ideas to dispel the tedium of their indolent court-life. But as soon as I saw that the rabble began to discuss the same themes at their unclean symposiums, where instead of wax-candles and chandeliers gleamed tallow-dips and oil-lamps; when I perceived that greasy cobblers and tailors presumed in their blunt mechanics' speech to deny the existence of God; when atheism began to stink of cheese, brandy, and tobacco — then my eyes were suddenly opened, and that which I had not comprehended through reason, I now learned through my olfactory organs and through my loathing and disgust. Heaven be praised! my atheism was at an end.

To be candid, it was perhaps not alone disgust that made the principles of the godless obnoxious to me, and induced me to abandon their ranks. I was oppressed by a certain worldly apprehension which I could not overcome, for I saw that atheism had entered into a more or less secret compact with the most terribly naked, quite fig-leafless, communistic communism. My dread of the latter has nothing in common with that of the parvenu, who trembles for his wealth, or with that of well-to-do tradesmen, who fear an interruption of their profitable business. No; that which disquiets me is the secret dread of the artist and scholar, who sees our whole modern civilisation, the laboriously-achieved product of so many centuries of effort, and the fruit of the noblest works of our ancestors, jeopardised by the triumph of communism. Swept along by the resistless current of generous emotions, we may perhaps sacrifice the cause of art and science, even all

our own individual interests, for the general welfare of the suffering and oppressed people. But we can no longer disguise from ourselves what we have to expect when the great, rude masses, which by some are called the people, by others the rabble, and whose legitimate sovereignty was proclaimed long ago, shall obtain actual dominion. The poet, in particular, experiences a mysterious dread in contemplating the advent to power of this uncouth sovereign. We will gladly sacrifice ourselves for the people, for self-sacrifice constitutes one of our most exquisite enjoyments — the emancipation of the people has been the great task of our lives; we have toiled for it, and in its cause endured indescribable misery, at home as in exile — but the poet's refined and sensitive nature revolts at every near personal contact with the people, and still more repugnant is the mere thought of its caresses, from which may Heaven preserve us! A great democrat once remarked that if a king had taken him by the hand, he would immediately have thrust it into the fire to purify it. In the same manner I would say, if the sovereign people vouchsafed to press my hand, I would hasten to wash it. The poor people is not beautiful, but very ugly; only that ugliness simply comes from dirt, and will disappear as soon as we open public baths, in which His Majesty may gratuitously bathe himself.

...It required no great foresight to foretell these terrible events so long before their occurrence. I could easily prophesy what songs would one day be whistled and chirped in Germany, for I saw the birds hatching that in after-days gave tone to the new school of song. I saw Hegel, with his almost comically serious face, like a setting hen, brooding over the fatal eggs; and I heard his cackling; to tell the truth, I seldom understood him, and only through later reflection did I arrive at an understanding of his works. I believe he did not wish to be understood.

...One beautiful starlight night, Hegel stood with me at an open window. I, being a young man of twenty-two, and having just eaten well and drunk coffee, naturally spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them abodes of the blest. But the master muttered to himself, "The stars! Hm! hm! the stars are only a brilliant eruption on the firmament." "What!" cried I; "then there is no blissful spot above, where virtue is rewarded after death?" But he, glaring at me with his dim eyes, remarked, sneering, "So you want a *pourboire* because you have supported your sick mother and not poisoned your brother?" At these words he looked anxiously around, but was reassured when he saw that it was only Henry Beer.

...I was never an abstract thinker, and I accepted the synthesis of the Hegelian philosophy without examination, because its deductions flattered my vanity. I was young and arrogant, and it gratified my self-conceit when I was informed by Hegel that not, as my grandmother had supposed, He who dwelt in the heavens, but I myself, here on earth, was God. This silly pride had, however, by no means an evil influence on me. On the contrary, it awoke in me the heroic spirit, and at that period I practiced a generosity and self-sacrifice which completely cast into the shade the most virtuous and distinguished deeds of the good *bourgeoisie* of virtue, who did good merely from a sense of duty and in obedience to the laws of morality. I was myself the living moral law, and the fountain-head of all right and all authority. I myself was morality personified; I was incapable of sin, I was incarnated purity.... I was all love, and incapable of hate. I no longer revenged myself on my enemies; for, rightly considered, I had no enemies; at least, I recognised none as such. For me there now existed only unbelievers who questioned my divinity. Every indignity that they offered me was a sacrilege, and their contumely was blasphemy. Such godlessness, of course, I could not always let pass unpunished; but in those cases it was not human revenge, but divine judgment upon sinners. Absorbed in this exalted practice of justice, I would repress with more or less difficulty all ordinary pity. As I had no enemies, so also there existed for me no friends, but only worshippers, who believed in my greatness, and adored me, and praised my works, those written in verse as well as those in prose. Towards this congregation of truly devout and pious ones I was particularly gracious, especially towards the young-lady devotees.

But the expense of playing the rôle of a God, for whom it were unseemly to go in tatters, and who is sparing neither of body nor of purse, is immense. To play such a rôle respectably, two things are above all requisite — much money and robust health. Alas! it happened that one day [in February 1848] both these essentials failed me, and my divinity was at an end. Luckily, the highly-respected public was at that time occupied with events so dramatic, so grand, so fabulous and unprecedented, that the change in the affairs of so unimportant a personage as myself attracted but little attention. Unprecedented and fabulous were indeed the events of those crazy February days, when the wisdom of the wisest was brought to naught, and the chosen ones of imbecility were raised aloft in triumph. The last became the first, and the lowliest became the highest. Matter, like thought, was turned upside

down, and the world was topsy-turvy. If in those mad days I had been sane, those events would surely have cost me my wits; but, lunatic as I then was, the contrary necessarily came to pass, and, strange to say, just in the days of universal madness I regained my reason! Like many other divinities of that revolutionary period, I was compelled to abdicate ignominiously, and to return to the lowly life of humanity. I came back into the humble fold of God's creatures. I again bowed in homage to the almighty power of a Supreme Being, who directs the destinies of this world, and who for the future shall also regulate my earthly affairs. The latter, during the time I had been my own Providence, had drifted into sad confusion, and I was glad to turn them over to a celestial superintendent, who with his omniscience really manages them much better. The belief in God has since then been to me not only a source of happiness, but it has also relieved me from all those annoying business cares which are so distasteful to me. This belief has also enabled me to practice great economies; for I need no longer provide either for myself or for others, and since I have joined the ranks of the pious I contribute almost nothing to the support of the poor. I am too modest to meddle, as formerly, with the business of Divine Providence. I am no longer careful for the general good; I no longer ape the Deity; and with pious humility I have notified my former dependants that I am only a miserable human being, a wretched creature that has naught more to do with governing the universe, and that in future, when in need and affliction, they must apply to the Supreme Ruler, who dwells in heaven, and whose budget is as inexhaustible as His goodness — whereas I, a poor ex-god, was often compelled, even in the days of my godhead, to seek the assistance of the devil. It was certainly very humiliating for a god to have to apply to the devil for aid, and I am heartily thankful to be relieved from my usurped glory. No philosopher shall ever again persuade me that I am a god. I am only a poor human creature, that is not over well; that is, indeed, very ill. In this pitiable condition it is a true comfort to me that there is some one in the heavens above to whom I can incessantly wail out the litany of my sufferings, especially after midnight, when Mathilde has sought the repose that she oft sadly needs. Thank God! in such hours I am not alone, and I can pray and weep without restraint; I can pour out my whole heart before the Almighty, and confide to Him some things which one is wont to conceal even from one's own wife.

After the above confession, the kindly-disposed reader will easily understand why I no longer found pleasure in my work on the Hegelian philosophy. I saw clearly that its publication would benefit neither the public nor the author. I comprehended that there is more nourishment for famishing humanity in the most watery and insipid broth of Christian charity than in the dry and musty spider-web of the Hegelian philosophy. I will confess all. Of a sudden I was seized with a mortal terror of the eternal flames. I know it is a mere superstition; but I was frightened. And so, on a quiet winter's night, when a glowing fire was burning on my hearth, I availed myself of the good opportunity, and cast the manuscript of my work on the Hegelian philosophy into the flames. The burning leaves flew up the chimney with a strange and hissing sound.

Thank God! I was rid of it! Alas! would that I could destroy in the same manner all that I have ever published concerning German philosophy! But that is impossible, and since I cannot prevent their republication, as I lately learned to my great regret, no other course remains but to confess publicly that my exposition of German philosophy contains the most erroneous and pernicious doctrines.

...It is strange! during my whole life I have been strolling through the various festive halls of philosophy, I have participated in all the orgies of the intellect, I have coquetted with every possible system, without being satisfied, like Messalina after a riotous night; and now, after all this, I suddenly find myself on the same platform whereon stands Uncle Tom. That platform is the Bible, and I kneel by the side of my dusky brother in faith with the same devotion.

What humiliation! With all my learning, I have got no farther than the poor ignorant negro who can hardly spell! It is even true that poor Uncle Tom appears to see in the holy book more profound things than I, who am not yet quite clear, especially in regard to the second part.

...But, on the other hand, I think I may flatter myself that I can better comprehend, in the first part of the holy book, the character of Moses. His grand figure has impressed me not a little. What a colossal form! I cannot imagine that Og, King of Bashan, could have looked more giant-like. How insignificant does Sinai appear when Moses stands thereon! That mountain is merely a pedestal for the feet of the man whose head towers in the heavens and there holds converse with God. May God forgive the sacrilegious thought! but sometimes it appears to me as if this Mosaic God

were only the reflected radiance of Moses himself, whom he so strongly represents in wrath and in love. It were a sin, it were anthropomorphism, to assume such an identity of God and his prophet; but the resemblance is most striking.

I had not previously much admired the character of Moses, probably because the Hellenic spirit was predominant in me, and I could not pardon the lawgiver of the Jews for his hate of the plastic arts. I failed to perceive that Moses, notwithstanding his enmity to art, was nevertheless himself a great artist, and possessed the true artistic spirit. Only, this artistic spirit with him, as with his Egyptian countrymen, was applied to the colossal and the imperishable. But not, like the Egyptians, did he construct his works of art from bricks and granite, but he built human pyramids and carved human obelisks. He took a poor shepherd tribe and from it created a nation which should defy centuries; a great, an immortal, a consecrated race, a God-serving people, who to all other nations should be as a model and prototype: he created Israel.

I have never spoken with proper reverence either of the artist or of his work, the Jews; and for the same reason — namely, my Hellenic temperament, which was opposed to Jewish asceticism. My prejudice in favour of Hellas has declined since then. I see now that the Greeks were only beautiful youths, but that the Jews were always men, strong, unyielding men, not only in the past, but to this very day, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and suffering. Since that time I have learned to appreciate them better, and, were not all pride of ancestry a silly inconsistency in a champion of the revolution and its democratic principles, the writer of these pages would be proud that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel, that he is a descendant of those martyrs who gave the world a God and a morality, and who have fought and suffered on all the battle-fields of thought.

The histories of the middle ages, and even those of modern times, have seldom enrolled on their records the names of such knights of the Holy Spirit, for they generally fought with closed visors. The deeds of the Jews are just as little known to the world as is their real character. Some think they know the Jews because they can recognise their beards, which is all they have ever revealed of themselves. Now, as during the middle ages, they remain a wandering mystery, a mystery that may perhaps be solved on the day which the prophet foretells, when there shall be but one shepherd

and one flock, and the righteous who have suffered for the good of humanity shall then receive a glorious reward.

You see that I, who in the past was wont to quote Homer, now quote the Bible, like Uncle Tom. In truth, I owe it much. It again awoke in me the religious feeling; and this new birth of religious emotion suffices for the poet, for he can dispense far more easily than other mortals with positive religious dogmas.

...The silliest and most contradictory reports are in circulation concerning me. Very pious but not very wise men of Protestant Germany have urgently inquired if, now that I am ill and in a religious frame of mind, I cling with more devotion than heretofore to the Lutheran evangelic faith, which, until now, I have only professed after a luke-warm, official fashion. No, dear friends, in that respect no change has taken place in me, and if I continue to adhere to the evangelic faith at all, it is because now, as in the past, that faith does not at all inconvenience me. I will frankly avow that when I resided in Berlin, like several of my friends, I would have preferred to separate myself from the bonds of all denominations, had not the rulers there refused a residence in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, to any who did not profess one of the positive religions recognised by the State. As Henry IV. once laughingly said, "Paris vaut bien une messe," so could I say, with equal justice, "Berlin is well worth a sermon." Both before and after, I could easily tolerate the very enlightened Christianity which at that time was preached in some of the churches of Berlin. It was a Christianity filtered from all superstition, even from the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, like mock-turtle soup without turtle. At that time I myself was still a god, and no one of the positive religions had more value for me than another. I could wear any of their uniforms out of courtesy, after the manner of the Russian Emperor, who, when he vouchsafes the King of Prussia the honour to attend a review at Potsdam, appears uniformed as a Prussian officer of the guard.

Now that my physical sufferings, and the reawakening of my religious nature, have effected in me many changes, does the uniform of Lutheranism in some measure express my true sentiments? How far has the formal profession become a reality? I do not propose to give direct answers to these questions, but I shall avail myself of the opportunity to explain the services which, according to my present views, Protestantism has rendered

to civilisation. From this may be inferred how much more I am now in sympathy with this creed.

At an earlier period, when philosophy possessed for me a paramount interest, I prized Protestantism only for its services in winning freedom of thought, which, after all, is the foundation on which in later times Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel could build. Luther, the strong man with the axe, must, in the very nature of things, have preceded these warriors, to open a path for them. For this service I have honoured the Reformation as being the beginning of German philosophy, which justified my polemical defence of Protestantism. Now, in my later and more mature days, when the religious feeling again surges up in me, and the shipwrecked metaphysician clings fast to the Bible, — now I chiefly honour Protestantism for its services in the discovery and propagation of the Bible. I say “discovery,” for the Jews, who had preserved the Bible from the great conflagration of the sacred temple, and all through the middle ages carried it about with them like a portable fatherland, kept their treasure carefully concealed in their ghettos. Here came by stealth German scholars, the predecessors and originators of the Reformation, to study the Hebrew language and thus acquire the key to the casket wherein the precious treasure was enclosed. Such a scholar was the worthy Reuchlinus; and his enemies, the Hochstraaten, in Cologne, who are represented as the party of darkness and ignorance, were by no means such simpletons. On the contrary, they were far-sighted Inquisitors, who foresaw clearly the disasters which a familiar acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures would bring on the Church. Hence the persecuting zeal with which they sought to destroy the Hebrew writings, at the same time inciting the rabble to exterminate the Jews, the interpreters of these writings. Now that the motives of their actions are known, we see that, properly considered, each was in the right. This reactionary party believed that the spiritual salvation of the world was endangered, and that all means, falsehood as well as murder, were justifiable, especially against the Jews. The lower classes, pinched by poverty, and heirs of the primeval curse, were embittered against the Jews because of the wealth they had amassed; and what to-day is called the hate of the proletariat against the rich, was then called hate against the Jews. In fact, as the latter were excluded from all ownership of land and from every trade, and relegated to dealing in money and merchandise, they were condemned by law to be rich, hated, and murdered. Such murders, it is true, were in these days committed under

the mantle of religion, and the cry was, “We must kill those who once killed our God.” How strange! The very people who had given the world a God, and whose whole life was inspired by the worship of God, were stigmatised as deicides! The bloody parody of such madness was witnessed at the outbreak of the revolution in San Domingo, where a negro mob devastated the plantations with murder and fire, led by a negro fanatic who carried an immense crucifix, amid bloodthirsty cries of “The whites killed Christ; let us slay all whites!”

Yes, to the Jews the world is indebted for its God and His word. They rescued the Bible from the bankruptcy of the Roman empire, and preserved the precious volume intact during all the wild tumults of the migration of races, until Protestantism came to seek it and translated it into the language of the land and spread it broadcast over the whole world. This extensive circulation of the Bible has produced the most beneficent fruits, and continues to do so to this very day. The propaganda of the Bible Society have fulfilled a providential mission, which will bring forth quite different results from those anticipated by the pious gentlemen of the British Christian Missionary Society. They expect to elevate a petty, narrow dogma to supremacy, and to monopolise heaven as they do the sea, making it a British Church domain — and see, without knowing it, they are demanding the overthrow of all Protestant sects; for, as they all draw their life from the Bible, when the knowledge of the Bible becomes universal, all sectarian distinctions will be obliterated.

While by tricks of trade, smuggling, and commerce the British gain footholds in many lands, with them they bring the Bible, that grand democracy wherein each man shall not only be king in his own house, but also bishop. They are demanding, they are founding, the great kingdom of the spirit, the kingdom of the religious emotions, and the love of humanity, of purity, of true morality, which cannot be taught by dogmatic formulas, but by parable and example, such as are contained in that beautiful, sacred, educational book for young and old — the Bible.

To the observant thinker it is a wonderful spectacle to view the countries where the Bible, since the Reformation, has been exerting its elevating influence on the inhabitants, and has impressed on them the customs, modes of thought, and temperaments which formerly prevailed in Palestine, as portrayed both in the Old and in the New Testament. In the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon sections of Europe and America, especially among the

Germanic races, and also to a certain extent in Celtic countries, the customs of Palestine have been reproduced in so marked a degree that we seem to be in the midst of the ancient Judean life. Take, for example, the Scotch Protestants: are not they Hebrews, whose names even are biblical, whose very cant smacks of the Phariseeism of ancient Jerusalem, and whose religion is naught else than a pork-eating Judaism? It is the same in Denmark and in certain provinces of North Germany, not to mention the majority of the new sects of the United States, among whom the life depicted in the Old Testament is pedantically aped. In the latter, that life appears as if daguerreotyped: the outlines are studiously correct, but all is depicted in sad, sombre colours; the golden tints and harmonising colours of the promised land are lacking. But the caricature will disappear sooner or later. The zeal, the imperishable and the true — that is to say, the morality — of ancient Judaism will in those countries bloom forth just as acceptably to God as in the old time it blossomed on the banks of Jordan and on the heights of Lebanon. One needs neither palm-trees nor camels to be good; and goodness is better than beauty.

The readiness with which these races have adopted the Judaic life, customs, and modes of thought is, perhaps, not entirely attributable to their susceptibility of culture. The cause of this phenomenon is, perhaps, to be sought in the character of the Jewish people, which always had a marked elective affinity with the character of the Germanic, and also to a certain extent with that of the Celtic races. Judea has always seemed to me like a fragment of the Occident misplaced in the Orient. In fact, with its spiritual faith, its severe, chaste, even ascetic customs, — in short, with its abstract inner life, — this land and its people always offered the most marked contrasts to the population of neighbouring countries, who, with their luxuriantly varied and fervent nature of worship, passed their existence in a Bacchantic dance of the senses.

At a time when, in the temples of Babylon, Nineveh, Sidon, and Tyre, bloody and unchaste rites were celebrated, the description of which, even now, makes our hair stand on end, Israel sat under its fig-trees, piously chanting the praises of the invisible God, and exercised virtue and righteousness. When we think of these surroundings we cannot sufficiently admire the early greatness of Israel. Of Israel's love of liberty, at a time when not only in its immediate vicinity, but also among all the nations of antiquity, even among the philosophical Greeks, the practice of slavery was

justified and in full sway, — of this I will not speak, for fear of compromising the Bible in the eyes of the powers that be. No Socialist was more of a terrorist than our Lord and Saviour. Even Moses was such a Socialist; although, like a practical man, he attempted only to reform existing usages concerning property. Instead of striving to effect the impossible, and rashly decreeing the abolition of private property, he only sought for its moralisation by bringing the rights of property into harmony with the laws of morality and reason. This he accomplished by instituting the jubilee, at which period every alienated heritage, which among an agricultural people always consisted of land, would revert to the original owner, no matter in what manner it had been alienated. This institution offers the most marked contrast to the Roman statute of limitations, by which, after the expiration of a certain period, the actual holder of an estate could no longer be compelled to restore the estate to the true owner, unless the latter should be able to show that within the prescribed time he had, with all the prescribed formalities, demanded restitution. This last condition opened wide the door for chicanery, particularly in a state where despotism and jurisprudence were at their zenith, and where the unjust possessor had at command all means of intimidation, especially against the poor who might be unable to defray the expense of litigation. The Roman was both soldier and lawyer, and that which he conquered with the strong arm he knew how to defend by the tricks of law. Only a nation of robbers and casuists could have invented the law of prescription, the statute of limitations, and consecrated it in that detestable book which may be called the bible of the Devil — I mean the codex of Roman civil law, which, unfortunately, still holds sway.

I have spoken of the affinity which exists between the Jews and the Germans, whom I once designated as the two pre-eminently moral nations. While on this subject, I desire to direct attention to the ethical disapprobation with which the ancient German law stigmatises the statute of limitations: this I consider a noteworthy fact. To this very day the Saxon peasant uses the beautiful and touching aphorism, “A hundred years of wrong do not make a single year of right.”

The Mosaic law, through the institution of the jubilee year, protests still more decidedly. Moses did not seek to abolish the right of property; on the contrary, it was his wish that everyone should possess property, so that no one might be tempted by poverty to become a bondsman and thus acquire

slavish propensities. Liberty was always the great emancipator's leading thought, and it breathes and glows in all his statutes concerning pauperism. Slavery itself he bitterly, almost fiercely, hated; but even this barbarous institution he could not entirely destroy. It was rooted so deeply in the customs of that ancient time that he was compelled to confine his efforts to ameliorating by law the condition of the slaves, rendering self-purchase by the bondsman less difficult, and shortening the period of bondage.

But if a slave thus eventually freed by process of law declined to depart from the house of bondage, then, according to the command of Moses, the incorrigibly servile, worthless scamp was to be nailed by the ear to the gate of his master's house, and after being thus publicly exposed in this disgraceful manner, he was condemned to life-long slavery. Oh, Moses! our teacher, Rabbi Moses! exalted foe of all slavishness! give me hammer and nails that I may nail to the gate of Brandenburg our complacent, long-eared slaves in liveries of black-red-and-gold.

I leave the ocean of universal religious, moral, and historical reflections, and modestly guide my bark of thought back again into the quiet inland waters of autobiography, in which the author's features are so faithfully reflected.

In the preceding pages I have mentioned how Protestant voices from home, in very indiscreet questions, have taken for granted that with the reawakening in me of the religious feeling my sympathy for the Church had also grown stronger. I know not how clearly I have shown that I am not particularly enthusiastic for any dogma or for any creed; and in this respect I have remained the same that I always was. I repeat this statement in order to remove an error in regard to my present views, into which several of my friends who are zealous Catholics have fallen. How strange! at the same time that in Germany Protestantism bestowed on me the undeserved honour of crediting me with a conversion to the evangelic faith, another report was circulating that I had gone over to Catholicism. Some good souls went so far as to assert that this latter conversion had occurred many years ago, and they supported this statement by definitely naming time and place. They even mentioned the exact date; they designated by name the church in which I had abjured the heresy of Protestantism, and adopted the only true and saving faith, that of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. The only detail that was lacking was how many peals of the bell had been sounded at this ceremony.

From the newspapers and letters that reach me I learn how widely this report has won credence; and I fall into a painful embarrassment when I think of the sincere, loving joy which is so touchingly expressed in some of these epistles. Travellers tell me that the salvation of my soul has even furnished a theme for pulpit eloquence. Young Catholic priests seek permission to dedicate to me the first fruits of their pen. I am regarded as a shining light — that is to be — of the Church. This pious folly is so well meant and sincere that I cannot laugh at it. Whatever may be said of the zealots of Catholicism, one thing is certain: they are no egotists; they take a warm interest in their fellow-men — alas! often a little too warm an interest. I cannot ascribe that false report to malice, but only to mistake. The innocent facts were in this case surely distorted by accident only. The statement of time and place is quite correct. I was really in the designated church on the designated day, and I did there undergo a religious ceremony; but this ceremony was no hateful abjuration, but a very innocent conjugation. In short, after being married according to the civil law, I also invoked the sanction of the Church, because my wife, who is a strict Catholic, would not have considered herself properly married in the eyes of God without such a ceremony; and for no consideration would I shake this dear being's belief in the religion which she has inherited.

It is well, moreover, that women should have a positive religion. Whether there is more fidelity among wives of the evangelic faith, I shall not attempt to discuss. But the Catholicism of the wife certainly saves the husband from many annoyances. When Catholic women have committed a fault, they do not secretly brood over it, but confess to the priest, and as soon as they have received absolution they are again as merry and light-hearted as before. This is much pleasanter than spoiling the husband's good spirits or his soup by downcast looks or grieving over a sin for which they hold themselves in duty bound to atone during their whole lives by shrewish prudery and quarrelsome excess of virtue. The confessional is likewise useful in another respect. The sinner does not keep her terrible secret preying on her mind; and since women are sure, sooner or later, to babble all they know, it is better that they should confide certain matters to their confessor than that they should, in some moment of overpowering tenderness, talkativeness, or remorse, blurt out to the poor husband the fatal confession.

Scepticism is certainly dangerous in the married state, and, although I myself was a free-thinker, I permitted no word derogatory to religion to be spoken in my house. In the midst of Paris I lived like a steady, commonplace townsman; and therefore when I married I desired to be wedded under the sanction of the Church, although in this country the civil marriage is fully recognised by society. My free-thinking friends were vexed at me for this, and overwhelmed me with reproaches, claiming that I had made too great concessions to the clergy. Their chagrin at my weakness would have been still greater had they known the other concessions that I had made to the hated priesthood. As I was a Protestant wedding a Catholic, in order to have the ceremony performed by a Catholic priest it was necessary to obtain a special dispensation from the archbishop, who in these cases exacts from the husband a written pledge that the offspring of the marriage shall be educated in the religion of the mother. But, between ourselves, I could sign this pledge with the lighter conscience since I knew the rearing of children is not my specialty, and as I laid down my pen the words of the beautiful Ninon de L'Enclos came into my mind— “O, le beau billet qu’ a Lechastre!”

...I will crown my confessions by admitting that, if at that time it had been necessary in order to obtain the dispensation of the archbishop, I would have bound over not only the children but myself. But the ogre of Rome, who, like the monster in the fairy tales, stipulates that he shall have for his services the future births, was content with the poor children who were never born. And so I remained a Protestant, as before — a protesting Protestant; and I protest against reports which, without being intended to be defamatory, may yet be magnified so as to injure my good name.

...There is not a particle of unkindly feeling in my breast against the poor ogre of Rome. I have long since abandoned all feuds with Catholicism, and the sword which I once drew in the service of an idea, and not from private grudge, has long rested in its scabbard. In that contest I resembled a soldier of fortune, who fights bravely, but after the battle bears no malice either against the defeated cause or against its champions.

Fanatical enmity towards the Catholic Church cannot be charged against me, for there was always lacking in me the self-conceit which is necessary to sustain such an animosity. I know too well my own intellectual calibre not to be aware that with my most furious onslaughts I could inflict but little injury on a colossus such as the Church of St. Peter. I could only be a

humble worker at the slow removal of its foundation stones, a task which may yet require centuries. I was too familiar with history not to recognise the gigantic nature of that granite structure. Call it, if you will, the bastille of intellect; assert, if you choose, that it is now defended only by invalids; but it is therefore not the less true that the bastille is not to be easily captured, and many a young recruit will break his head against its walls.

As a thinker and as a metaphysician, I was always forced to pay the homage of my admiration to the logical consistency of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and I may also take credit to myself that I have never by witticism or ridicule attacked its dogmas or its public worship. Too much and too little honour has been vouchsafed me in calling me an intellectual kinsman of Voltaire. I was always a poet; and hence the poesy which blossoms and glows in the symbolism of Catholic dogma and culture must have revealed itself more profoundly to me than to ordinary observers, and in my youthful days I was often touched by the infinite sweetness, the mysterious, blissful ecstasy and awe-inspiring grandeur of that poetry. There was a time when I went into raptures over the blessed Queen of Heaven, and in dainty verse told the story of her grace and goodness. My first collection of poems shows traces of this beautiful Madonna period, which in later editions I weeded out with laughable anxiety.

The time for vanity has passed, and everyone is at liberty to smile at this confession.

It will be unnecessary for me to say that, as no blind hate against the Catholic Church exists in me, so also no petty spite against its priests rankles in my heart. Whoever knows my satirical vein will surely bear witness that I was always lenient and forbearing in speaking of the human weaknesses of the clergy, although by their attacks they often provoked in me a spirit of retaliation. But even at the height of my wrath I was always respectful to the true priesthood; for, looking back into the past, I remembered benefits which they had once rendered me; for it is Catholic priests whom I must thank for my first instruction; it was they who guided the first steps of my intellect.

Pedagogy was the specialty of the Jesuits, and although they sought to pursue it in the interest of their order, yet sometimes the passion for pedagogy itself, the only human passion that was left in them, gained the mastery; they forgot their aim, the repression of reason and the exaltation of faith, and, instead of reducing men to a state of childhood, as was their

purpose, out of the children they involuntarily made men by their instruction. The greatest men of the Revolution were educated in Jesuit schools. Without the training there acquired, that great intellectual agitation would perhaps not have broken out till a century later.

Poor Jesuit fathers! You have been the bugbear and the scapegoat of the liberals. The danger that was in you was understood, but not your merits. I could never join in the denunciations of my comrades, who at the mere mention of Loyola's name would always become furious, like bulls when a red cloth is held before them. It is certainly noteworthy, and may perhaps at the assizes in the valley of Jehoshaphat be set down as an extenuating circumstance, that even as a lad I was permitted to attend lectures on philosophy. This unusual favour was exceptional in my case, because the rector Schallmeyer was a particular friend of our family. This venerable man often consulted with my mother in regard to my education and future career, and once advised her, as she afterwards related to me, to devote me to the service of the Catholic Church, and send me to Rome to study theology. He assured her that through his influential friends in Rome he could advance me to an important position in the Church. But at that time my mother dreamed of the highest worldly honours for me. Moreover, she was a disciple of Rousseau, and a strict deist. Besides, she did not like the thought of her son being robed in one of those long black cassocks, such as are worn by Catholic priests, and in which they look so plump and awkward. She knew not how differently, how gracefully, a Roman *abbate* wears such a cassock, and how jauntily he flings over his shoulders the black silk mantle, which in Rome, the ever-beautiful, is the uniform of gallantry and wit.

Oh, what a happy mortal is such a Roman *abbate*! He serves not only the Church of Christ, but also Apollo and the Muses, whose favourite he is. The Graces hold his inkstand for him when he indites the sonnets which, with such delicate cadences, he reads in the Accademia degli Arcadi. He is a connoisseur of art, and needs only to taste the lips of a young songstress in order to be able to foretell whether she will some day be a celeberrima cantatrice, a diva, a world-renowned prima-donna. He understands antiquities, and will write a treatise in the choicest Ciceronian Latin concerning some newly-unearthed torso of a Grecian Bacchante, reverentially dedicating it to the supreme head of Christendom, to the Pontifex Maximus, for so he addresses him. And what a judge of painting is

the Signor *Abbate*, who visits the painters in their ateliers and directs their attention to the fine points of their female models! The writer of these pages had in him just the material for such an *abbate*, and was just suited for strolling in delightful *dolce far niente* through the libraries, art galleries, churches, and ruins of the Eternal City, studying among pleasures, and seeking pleasure while studying. I would have read mass before the most select audiences, and during Holy Week I would have mounted the pulpit as a preacher of strict morality, — of course even then never degenerating into ascetic rudeness. The Roman ladies, in particular, would have been greatly edified, and through their favour and my own merit I would, perhaps, have risen eventually to high rank in the hierarchy of the Church. I would, perhaps, have become a monsignore, a violet-stockings; perhaps even a cardinal's red hat might have fallen on my head. The proverb says —

“There is no priestling, how small soe'er he be,
That does not wish himself a Pope to be.”

And so it might have come to pass that I should attain the most exalted position of all, for, although I am not naturally ambitious, I would yet not have refused the nomination for Pope, had the choice of the conclave fallen on me. It is, at all events, a very respectable office, and has a good income attached to it; and I do not doubt that I could have discharged the duties of my position with the requisite address. I would have seated myself composedly on the throne of St. Peter, presenting my toe for the kisses of all good Christians, the priests as well as the laity. With a becoming dignity I would have let myself be carried in triumph through the pillared halls of the great basilica, and only when it tottered very threateningly would I have clung to the arms of the golden throne, which is borne on the shoulders of six stalwart camerieri in crimson uniform. By their side walk bald-headed monks of the Capuchin order, carrying burning torches. Then follow lackeys in gala dress, bearing aloft immense fans of peacocks' feathers, with which they gently fan the Prince of the Church. It is all just like Horace Vernet's beautiful painting of such a procession. With a like imperturbable sacerdotal gravity — for I can be very serious if it be absolutely necessary — from the lofty Lateran I would have pronounced the annual benediction over all Christendom. Here, standing on the balcony, *in pontificalibus* and with the triple crown upon my head, surrounded by my

scarlet-hatted cardinals and mitred bishops, priests in suits of gold brocade and monks of every hue, I would have presented my holiness to the view of the swarming multitudes below, who, kneeling and with bowed heads, extended farther than the eye could reach; and I could composedly have stretched out my hands and blessed the city and the world.

But, as thou well knowest, gentle reader, I have not become a Pope, nor a cardinal, nor even a papal nuncio. In the spiritual as well as in the worldly hierarchy I have attained neither office nor rank; I have accomplished nothing in this beautiful world; nothing has become of me — nothing but a poet.

But no, I will not feign a hypocritical humility, I will not depreciate that name. It is much to be a poet, especially to be a great lyric poet, in Germany, among a people who in two things — in philosophy and in poetry — have surpassed all other nations. I will not with a sham modesty — the invention of worthless vagabonds — depreciate my fame as a poet. None of my countrymen have won the laurel at so early an age; and if my colleague, Wolfgang Goethe, complacently writes that “the Chinese with trembling hand paints Werther and Lotte on porcelain,” I can, if boasting is to be in order, match his Chinese fame with one still more legendary, for I have recently learned that my poems have been translated into the Japanese language.

...But at this moment I am as indifferent to my Japanese fame as to my renown in Finland. Alas! fame, once sweet as sugared pine-apple and flattery, has for a long time been nauseous to me; it tastes as bitter to me now as wormwood. With Romeo, I can say, “I am the fool of fortune.” The bowl stands filled before me, but I lack a spoon. What does it avail me that at banquets my health is pledged in the choicest wines, and drunk from golden goblets, when I, myself, severed from all that makes life pleasant, may only wet my lips with an insipid potion? What does it avail me that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel-wreaths, if meanwhile the shrivelled fingers of an aged nurse press a blister of Spanish flies behind the ears of my actual body. What does it avail me that all the roses of Shiraz so tenderly glow and bloom for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles away from the Rue d’Amsterdam, where, in the dreary solitude of my sick-room, I have nothing to smell, unless it be the perfume of warmed napkins. Alas! the irony of God weighs heavily upon me! the great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, wished to show

the petty, earthly, so-called German Aristophanes that his mightiest sarcasms are but feeble banter compared with His, and how immeasurably he excels me in humour and in colossal wit.

Yes, the mockery which the Master has poured out over me is terrible, and horribly cruel is His sport. Humbly do I acknowledge His superiority, and I prostrate myself in the dust before Him. But, although I lack such supreme creative powers, yet in my spirit also the eternal reason flames brightly, and I may summon even the wit of God before its forum, and subject it to a respectful criticism. And here I venture to offer most submissively the suggestion that the sport which the Master has inflicted on the poor pupil is rather too long drawn out: it has already lasted over six years, and after a time becomes monotonous. Moreover, if I may take the liberty to say it, in my humble opinion the jest is not new, and the great Aristophanes of Heaven has already used it on a former occasion, and has, therefore, been guilty of plagiarism on His own exalted self. In order to prove this assertion, I will quote a passage from the Chronicle of Lüneberg. This chronicle is very interesting for those who seek information concerning the manners and customs of Germany during the middle ages. As in a fashion-journal, it describes the wearing-apparel of both sexes which was in vogue at each particular period. It also imparts information concerning the popular ballads of the day, and quotes the opening lines of several of them. Among others, it records that during the year 1480 there were whistled and sung throughout all Germany certain songs, which for sweetness and tenderness surpassed any previously known in German lands. Young and old, and the women in particular, were quite bewitched by these ballads, which might be heard the livelong day. But these songs, so the chronicle goes on to say, were composed by a young priest who was afflicted with leprosy, and lived a forlorn, solitary life, secluded from all the world. You are surely aware, dear reader, what a horrible disease leprosy was during the middle ages, and how the wretched beings afflicted with this incurable malady were driven out from all society and from the abodes of men, and were forbidden to approach any human being. Living corpses, they wandered to and fro, muffled from head to foot, a hood drawn over the face, and carrying in the hand a bell, the Lazarus-bell, as it was called, through which they were to give timely warning of their approach, so that every one could get out of the way in time. The poor priest whose fame as a lyric poet the chronicle praised so highly was such a leper; and while all

Germany, shouting and jubilant, sang and whistled his songs, he, a wretched outcast, in the desolation of his misery sat sorrowful and alone.

Oh, that fame was the old, familiar scorn, the cruel jest of God, the same as in my case, although there it appears in the romantic garb of the middle ages. The *blasé* king of Judea said rightly, There is no new thing under the sun. Perhaps that sun itself, which now beams so imposingly, is only an old warmed-up jest.

Sometimes among the gloomy phantasms that visit me at night I seem to see before me the poor priest of the Lüneberg Chronicle, my brother in Apollo, and his sorrowful eyes stare strangely out of his hood; but almost at the same moment it vanishes, and, faintly dying away, like the echo of a dream, I hear the jarring tones of the Lazarus-bell.

THE JOURNEY TO THE HARZ.

(1824)

“Nothing is permanent but change, nothing constant but death. Every pulsation of the heart inflicts a wound, and life would be an endless bleeding were it not for Poetry. She secures to us what Nature would deny — a golden age without rust, a spring which never fades, cloudless prosperity and eternal youth.” — BÖRNE.

Black dress coats and silken stockings,
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces —
Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah! I’m wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lovers’ woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o’er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the sombre fir-trees grow;
Brooks are rustling, birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall!
I will climb upon the mountains,
Smiling down upon you all.

The town of Göttingen, celebrated for its sausages and its University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine

dwelling, a library, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a prison for students, a library, and a "Ratskeller," where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is called the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing, its waters being very cold, and in more than one place it is so broad that Lüder was obliged to take quite a run ere he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when one's back is turned to it. It must be very ancient, for I well remember that five years ago, when I matriculated there (and shortly after received notice to quit), it had already the same gray, prim look, and was fully furnished with catch-polls, beadles, dissertations, *thés dansants*, washerwomen, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, graduation coaches, pipe-heads, court-councilors, law-councilors, expelling councilors, professors ordinary and extraordinary. Many even assert that, at the time of the Great Migrations, every German tribe left behind in the town a loosely bound copy of itself in the person of one of its members, and that from these descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians,¹ and others, who at the present day still abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe-tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the *Rasenmill*, *Ritschenkrug*, and *Bovden*, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and still, as at the time of the migrations, are governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the *Comment*, which fully deserves a place among the *leges barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The "Cattle" class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors; besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen "Philistines" must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the seashore; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created by the Almighty.

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It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned ——, beyond doubt, still lay in bed, dreaming as usual that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked up several here and there and laboriously planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate I met two small native schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, “I don’t intend to keep company any more with Theodore; he is a low blackguard, for yesterday he didn’t even know the genitive of *Mensa*.” Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to be recorded — nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen, for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow, petty academic pride so characteristic of the “highly learned” Georgia Augusta.² The fresh morning air blew over the highroad, the birds sang cheerily, and, little by little, with the breeze and the birds, my mind also became fresh and cheerful. Such refreshment was sorely needed by one who had long been confined in the Pandect stable. Roman casuists had covered my soul with gray cobwebs; my heart was as though jammed between the iron paragraphs of selfish systems of jurisprudence; there was an endless ringing in my ears of such sounds as “Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, and Blockheadian,” and a sentimental brace of lovers seated under a tree appeared to me like an edition of the *Corpus Juris* with closed clasps. The road began to take on a more lively appearance. Milkmaids occasionally passed, as did also donkey-drivers with their gray pupils. Beyond Weende I met the “Shepherd” and “Doris.” This is not the idyllic pair sung by Gessner, but the duly and comfortably appointed university beadles, whose duty it is to keep watch and ward so that no students fight duels in Bovden, and, above all, that no new ideas (such as are generally obliged to remain in quarantine for several decades outside of Göttingen) are smuggled in by speculative private lecturers. Shepherd greeted me as one does a colleague, for he, too, is an author, who has frequently mentioned my name in his semi-annual writings. In addition to this, I may mention that when, as was frequently the case, he came to cite me before the university court and found me “not at home,” he was always kind enough to write the citation with chalk upon my

chamber door. Occasionally a one-horse vehicle rolled along, well packed with students, who were leaving for the vacation or forever.

In such a university town there is an endless coming and going. Every three years beholds a new student-generation, forming an incessant human tide, where one semester-wave succeeds another, and only the old professors stand fast in the midst of this perpetual-motion flood, immovable as the pyramids of Egypt. Only in these university pyramids no treasures of wisdom are buried.

From out the myrtle bushes, by Rauschenwasser, I saw two hopeful youths appear ... singing charmingly the Rossinian lay of "Drink beer, pretty, pretty 'Liza!" These sounds I continued to hear when far in the distance, and after I had long lost sight of the amiable vocalists, as their horses, which appeared to be gifted with characters of extreme German deliberation, were spurred and lashed in a most excruciating style. In no place is the skinning alive of horses carried to such an extent as in Göttingen; and often, when I beheld some lame and sweating hack, which, to earn the scraps of fodder which maintained his wretched life, was obliged to endure the torment of some roaring blade, or draw a whole wagon-load of students, I reflected: "Unfortunate beast! Most certainly thy first ancestors, in some horse-paradise, did eat of forbidden oats."

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Beyond Nörten the sun flashed high in heaven. His intentions toward me were evidently good, and he warmed my brain until all the unripe thoughts which it contained came to full growth. The pleasant Sun Tavern in Nörten is not to be despised, either; I stopped there and found dinner ready. All the dishes were excellent and suited me far better than the wearisome, academical courses of saltless, leathery dried fish and cabbage *réchauffé*, which were served to me in Göttingen. After I had somewhat appeased my appetite, I remarked in the same room of the tavern a gentle man and two ladies, who were about to depart. The cavalier was clad entirely in green; he even had on a pair of green spectacles which cast a verdigris tinge upon his copper-red nose. The gentleman's general appearance was like what we may presume King Nebuchadnezzar's to have been in his later years, when, according to tradition, he ate nothing but salad, like a beast of the forest. The Green One requested me to recommend him to a hotel in Göttingen,

and I advised him, when there, to inquire of the first convenient student for the Hotel de Brübach. One lady was evidently his wife — an altogether extensively constructed dame, gifted with a rubicund square mile of countenance, with dimples in her cheeks which looked like spittoons for cupids. A copious double chin appeared below, like an imperfect continuation of the face, while her high-piled bosom, which was defended by stiff points of lace and a many-cornered collar, as if by turrets and bastions, reminded one of a fortress. Still, it is by no means certain that this fortress would have resisted an ass laden with gold, any more than did that of which Philip of Macedon spoke. The other lady, her sister, seemed her extreme antitype. If the one were descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the other was as certainly derived from the lean. Her face was but a mouth between two ears; her breast was as inconsolably comfortless and dreary as the Lüneburger heath; while her absolutely dried-up figure reminded one of a charity table for poor theological students. Both ladies asked me, in a breath, if respectable people lodged in the Hotel de Brübach. I assented to this question with a clear conscience, and as the charming trio drove away I waved my hand to them many times from the window. The landlord of The Sun laughed, however, in his sleeve, being probably aware that the Hotel de Brübach was a name bestowed by the students of Göttingen upon their university prison.

Beyond Nordheim mountain ridges begin to appear, and the traveler occasionally meets with a picturesque eminence. The wayfarers whom I encountered were principally peddlers, traveling to the Brunswick fair, and among them there was a group of women, every one of whom bore on her back an incredibly large cage nearly as high as a house, covered over with white linen. In this cage were every variety of singing birds, which continually chirped and sung, while their bearers merrily hopped along and chattered together. It seemed droll thus to behold one bird carrying others to market.

The night was as dark as pitch when I entered Osterode. I had no appetite for supper, and at once went to bed. I was as tired as a dog and slept like a god. In my dreams I returned to Göttingen and found myself in the library. I stood in a corner of the Hall of Jurisprudence, turning over old dissertations, lost myself in reading, and, when I finally looked up, remarked to my astonishment that it was night and that the hall was illuminated by innumerable over-hanging crystal chandeliers. The bell of the neighboring

church struck twelve, the hall doors slowly opened, and there entered a superb colossal female form, reverentially accompanied by the members and hangers-on of the legal faculty. The giantess, though advanced in years, retained in her countenance traces of severe beauty, and her every glance indicated the sublime Titaness, the mighty Themis. The sword and balance were carelessly grasped in her right hand, while with the left she held a roll of parchment. Two young *Doctores Juris* bore the train of her faded gray robe; by her right side the lean Court Councilor Rusticus, the Lycurgus of Hanover, fluttered here and there like a zephyr, declaiming extracts from his last hand-book of law, while on her left her *cavalier servente*, the privy-councilor of Justice Cujacius, hobbled gaily and gallantly along, constantly cracking legal jokes, himself laughing so heartily at his own wit that even the serious goddess often smiled and bent over him, exclaiming, as she tapped him on the shoulder with the great parchment roll, "You little scamp, who begin to trim the trees from the top!" All of the gentlemen who formed her escort now drew nigh in turn, each having something to remark or jest over, either a freshly worked-up miniature system, or a miserable little hypothesis, or some similar abortion of their own insignificant brains. Through the open door of the hall many strange gentlemen now entered, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrious Order — mostly angular suspicious-looking fellows, who with extreme complacency blazed away with their definitions and hair-splittings, disputing over every scrap of a title to the title of a pandect. And other forms continually flocked in, the forms of those who were learned in law in the olden time — men in antiquated costume, with long councilors' wigs and forgotten faces, who expressed themselves greatly astonished that they, the widely famed of the previous century, should not meet with special consideration; and these, after their manner, joined in the general chattering and screaming, which, like ocean breakers, became louder and madder around the mighty goddess, until she, bursting with impatience, suddenly cried, in a tone of the most agonized Titanic pain, "Silence! Silence! I hear the voice of the beloved Prometheus. Mocking cunning and brute force are chaining the Innocent One to the rock of martyrdom, and all your prattling and quarreling will not allay his wounds or break his fetters!" So cried the goddess, and rivulets of tears sprang from her eyes; the entire assembly howled as if in the agonies of death, the ceiling of the hall burst asunder, the books tumbled madly from their shelves. In vain did Münchhausen step out

of his frame to call them to order; it only crashed and raged all the more wildly. I sought refuge from this Bedlam broken loose in the Hall of History, near that gracious spot where the holy images of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici stand near each other, and I knelt at the feet of the Goddess of Beauty. In her glance I forgot all the wild excitement from which I had escaped, my eyes drank in with intoxication the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her infinitely blessed form; Hellenic calm swept through my soul, while above my head Phoebus Apollo poured forth, like heavenly blessings, the sweetest tones of his lyre.

Awaking, I continued to hear a pleasant, musical sound. The flocks were on their way to pasture, and their bells were tinkling. The blessed golden sunlight shone through the window, illuminating the pictures on the walls of my room. They were sketches from the War of Independence, which faithfully portrayed what heroes we all were; further, there were scenes representing executions on the guillotine, from the time of the revolution under Louis XIV., and other similar decapitations which no one could behold without thanking God that he lay quietly in bed drinking excellent coffee, and with his head comfortably adjusted upon neck and shoulders.

After I had drunk my coffee, dressed myself, read the inscriptions upon the window-panes, and settled my bill at the inn, I left Osterode.

This town contains a certain quantity of houses and a given number of inhabitants, among whom are divers and sundry souls, as may be ascertained in detail from Gottschalk's "Pocket Guide-Book for Harz Travelers." Ere I struck into the highway, I ascended the ruins of the very ancient Osteroder Burg. They consisted merely of the half of a great, thick-walled tower, which appeared to be fairly honeycombed by time. The road to Clausthal led me again uphill, and from one of the first eminences I looked back once more into the dale where Osterode with its red roofs peeps out from among the green fir-woods, like a moss-rose from amid its leaves. The sun cast a pleasant, tender light over the whole scene. From this spot the imposing rear of the remaining portion of the tower may be seen to advantage.

There are many other ruined castles in this vicinity. That of Hardenberg, near Nörten, is the most beautiful. Even when one has, as he should, his heart on the left — that is, the liberal side — he cannot banish all melancholy feeling on beholding the rocky nests of those privileged birds of prey, who left to their effete descendants only their fierce appetites. So it

happened to me this morning. My heart thawed gradually as I departed from Göttingen; I again became romantic, and as I went on I made up this poem:

Rise again, ye dreams forgotten;
Heart-gate, open to the sun!
Joys of song and tears of sorrow
Sweetly strange from thee shall run.

I will rove the fir-tree forest,
Where the merry fountain springs,
Where the free, proud stags are wandering,
Where the thrush, my darling, sings.

I will climb upon the mountains,
On the steep and rocky height,
Where the gray old castle ruins
Stand in rosy morning light.

I will sit awhile reflecting
On the times long passed away,
Races which of old were famous,
Glories sunk in deep decay.

Grows the grass upon the tilt-yard,
Where the all-victorious knight
Overcame the strongest champions,
Won the guerdon of the fight.

O'er the balcony twines ivy,
Where the fairest gave the prize,
Him who all the rest had vanquished
Overcoming with her eyes.

Both the victors, knight and lady,
Fell long since by Death's cold hand;
So the gray and withered scytheman
Lays the mightiest in the sand.

After proceeding a little distance, I met with a traveling journeyman who came from Brunswick, and who related to me that it was generally believed in that city that their young Duke had been taken prisoner by the Turks during his tour in the Holy Land, and could be ransomed only by an enormous sum. The extensive travels of the Duke probably originated this tale. The people at large still preserve that traditional fable-loving train of ideas which is so pleasantly shown in their "Duke Ernest." The narrator of this news was a tailor, a neat little youth, but so thin that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's misty ghosts. Altogether, he was made up of that eccentric mixture of humor and melancholy peculiar to the German people. This was especially expressed in the droll and affecting manner in which he sang that extraordinary popular ballad, "A beetle sat upon the hedge, *summ, summ!*" There is one fine thing about us Germans — no one is so crazy but that he may find a crazier comrade who will understand him. Only a German *can* appreciate that song, and in the same breath laugh and cry himself to death over it. On this occasion I also remarked the depth to which the words of Goethe have penetrated the national life. My lean comrade trilled occasionally as he went along—"Joyful and sorrowful, thoughts are free!" Such a corruption of text is usual among the multitude. He also sang a song in which "Lottie by the grave of Werther" wept. The tailor ran over with sentimentalism in the words —

"Sadly by the rose-beds now I weep,
Where the late moon found us oft alone!
Moaning where the silver fountains sleep,
Once which whispered joy in every tone."

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The hills here became steeper, the fir-woods below were like a green sea, and white clouds above sailed along over the blue sky. The wildness of the region was, as it were, tamed by its uniformity and the simplicity of its elements. Nature, like a true poet, abhors abrupt transitions. Clouds, however fantastically formed they may at times appear, still have a white, or at least a subdued hue, harmoniously corresponding with the blue heaven and the green earth; so that all the colors of a landscape blend into one another like soft music, and every glance at such a natural picture tranquilizes and reassures the soul. The late Hofmann would have painted

the clouds spotted and chequered. And, like a great poet, Nature knows how to produce the greatest effects with the most limited means. She has, after all, only a sun, trees, flowers, water, and love to work with. Of course, if the latter be lacking in the heart of the observer, the whole will, in all probability, present but a poor appearance; the sun is then only so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for firewood, the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet.

A little boy who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle pointed out to me the village of Lerrbach, whose little huts with gray roofs lie scattered along for over a mile through the valley. "There," said he, "live idiots with goitres, and white negroes." By white negroes the people mean "albinos." The little fellow lived on terms of peculiar understanding with the trees, addressing them like old acquaintances, while they in turn seemed by their waving and rustling to return his salutations. He chirped like a thistle-finch; many birds around answered his call, and, ere I was aware, he had disappeared amid the thickets with his little bare feet and his bundle of brush. "Children," thought I, "are younger than we; they can remember when they were once trees or birds, and are consequently still able to understand them. We of larger growth are, alas, too old for that, and carry about in our heads too many sorrows and bad verses and too much legal lore." But the time when it was otherwise recurred vividly to me as I entered Clausthal. In this pretty little mountain town, which the traveler does not behold until he stands directly before it, I arrived just as the clock was striking twelve and the children came tumbling merrily out of school. The little rogues, nearly all red-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, sprang and shouted and awoke in me melancholy and cheerful memories — how I once myself, as a little boy, sat all the forenoon long in a gloomy Catholic cloister school in Düsseldorf, without so much as daring to stand up, enduring meanwhile a terrible amount of Latin, whipping, and geography, and how I too hurrahed and rejoiced, beyond all measure when the old Franciscan clock at last struck twelve. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and greeted me in the most hospitable manner. One of the boys told me that they had just had a lesson in religion, and showed me the Royal Hanoverian Catechism, from which they were questioned on Christianity. This little book was very badly printed, so that I greatly feared that the doctrines of faith made thereby but an unpleasant blotting-paper sort of impression upon the children's minds. I was also shocked at

observing that the multiplication table — which surely seriously contradicts the Holy Trinity — was printed on the last page of the catechism, as it at once occurred to me that by this means the minds of the children might, even in their earliest years, be led to the most sinful skepticism. We Prussians are more intelligent, and, in our zeal for converting those heathen who are familiar with arithmetic, take good care not to print the multiplication table in the back of the catechism.

I dined at The Crown, at Clausthal. My repast consisted of spring-green parsley-soup, violet-blue cabbage, a pile of roast veal, which resembled Chimborazo in miniature, and a sort of smoked herring, called “Bückings,” from the inventor, William Bücking, who died in 1447, and who, on account of the invention, was so greatly honored by Charles V. that the great monarch in 1556 made a journey from Middleburg to Bievlied in Zeeland for the express purpose of visiting the grave of the great man. How exquisitely such dishes taste when we are familiar with their historical associations!

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In the silver refinery, as has so frequently happened in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this I have never been able to advance. On such occasions mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe that, if it should rain dollars from heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one in my hand as it came fresh from the stamp, and said to it, “Young Dollar, what a destiny awaits thee! What a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue! How thou wilt be beloved and accursed! How thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering! How thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until finally, laden with tresspasses and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an Abraham, who will melt thee down, purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being, perhaps an innocent little tea-spoon, with which my own great-great-grandson will mash his porridge.”

I will narrate in detail my visit to “Dorothea” and “Caroline,” the two principal Clausthaler mines, having found them very interesting.

Half an hour away from the town are situated two large dingy buildings. Here the traveler is transferred to the care of the miners. These men wear dark and generally steel-blue colored jackets, of ample girth, descending to the hips, with pantaloons of a similar hue, a leather apron tied on behind, and a rimless green felt hat which resembles a decapitated nine-pin. In such a garb, with the exception of the “back-leather,” the visitor is also clad, and a miner, his “leader,” after lighting his mine-lamp, conducts him to a gloomy entrance resembling a chimney-hole, descends as far as the breast, gives him a few directions relative to grasping the ladder, and requests him to follow fearlessly. The affair is entirely devoid of danger, though it at first appears quite otherwise to those unacquainted with the mysteries of mining. Even the putting on of the dark convict-dress awakens very peculiar sensations. Then one must clamber down on all fours, the dark hole is so *very* dark, and Lord only knows how long the ladder may be! But we soon remark that this is not the only ladder descending into the black eternity, for there are many, of from fifteen to twenty rounds apiece, each standing upon a board capable of supporting a man, and from which a new hole leads in turn to a new ladder. I first entered the “Caroline,” the dirtiest and most disagreeable Caroline with whom I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. The rounds of the ladders were covered with wet mud. And from one ladder we descend to another with the guide ever in advance, continually assuring us that there was no danger so long as we held firmly to the rounds and did not look at our feet, and that we must not for our lives tread on the side plank, where the buzzing barrel-rope runs, and where two weeks ago a careless man was knocked down, unfortunately breaking his neck by the fall. Far below is a confused rustling and humming, and we continually bump against beams and ropes which are in motion, winding up and raising barrels of broken ore or of water. Occasionally we pass galleries hewn in the rock, called “stulms,” where the ore may be seen growing, and where some solitary miner sits the livelong day, wearily hammering pieces from the walls. I did not descend to those deepest depths where it is reported that the people on the other side of the world, in America, may be heard crying, “Hurrah for Lafayette!” Between ourselves, where I did go seemed to me deep enough in all conscience; there was an endless roaring and rattling, uncanny sounds of machinery, the rush of subterranean

streams, sickening clouds of ore-dust continually rising, water dripping on all sides, and the miner's lamp gradually growing dimmer and dimmer. The effect was really benumbing, I breathed with difficulty, and had trouble in holding to the slippery rounds. It was not *fright* which overpowered me, but, oddly enough, down there in the depths, I remembered that a year before, about the same time, I had been in a storm on the North Sea, and I now felt that it would be an agreeable change could I feel the rocking of the ship, hear the wind with its thunder-trumpet tones, while amid its lulls sounded the hearty cry of the sailors, and all above was freshly swept by God's own free air — yes, sir! Panting for air, I rapidly climbed several dozens of ladders, and my guide led me through a narrow and very long gallery toward the “Dorothea” mine. Here it was airier and fresher, and the ladders were cleaner, though at the same time longer and steeper, than in the “Caroline.” I felt revived and more cheerful, particularly as I again observed traces of human beings. Far below I saw wandering, wavering lights; miners with their lamps came upwards one by one with the greeting, “Good luck to you!” and, receiving the same salutation from us, went onwards and upwards. Something like a friendly and quiet, yet, at the same time, painful and enigmatical recollection flitted across my mind as I met the deep glances and earnest pale faces of these young and old men, mysteriously illuminated by their lanterns, and thought how they had worked all day in lonely and secret places in the mines, and how they now longed for the blessed light of day and for the glances of wives and children.

My guide himself was an absolutely honest, thoroughly loyal German specimen. With inward joy he pointed out to me the “place” where the Duke of Cambridge, when he visited the mines, dined with all his train, and where the long wooden table yet stands; with the accompanying great chair, made of ore, in which the Duke sat. “This is to remain as an eternal memorial,” said the good miner, and he related with enthusiasm how many festivities had then taken place, how the entire “stulm” had been adorned with lamps, flowers, and decorations of leaves; how a miner boy had played on the cithern and sung; how the dear, delighted, fat Duke had drained many healths, and what a number of miners (himself especially) would cheerfully die for the dear, fat Duke, and for the whole house of Hanover. I am moved to my very heart when I see loyalty thus manifested in all its natural simplicity. It is such a beautiful sentiment, and such a purely

German sentiment! Other people may be wittier, more intelligent, and more agreeable, but none is so faithful as the real German race. Did I not know that fidelity is as old as the world, I would believe that a German heart had invented it. German fidelity is no modern “Yours very truly,” or “I remain your humble servant.” In your courts, ye German princes, ye should cause to be sung, and sung again, the old ballad of *The Trusty Eckhart and the Base Burgund* who slew Eckhart’s seven children, and still found him faithful. Ye have the truest people in the world, and ye err when ye deem that the old, intelligent, trusty hound has suddenly gone mad, and snaps at your sacred calves!

And, like German fidelity, the little mine-lamp has guided us quietly and securely, without much flickering or flaring, through the labyrinth of shafts and stulms. We ascend out of the gloomy mountain-night — sunlight flashes around— “Good luck to you!”

Most of the miners dwell in Clausthal, and in the adjoining small town of Zellerfeld. I visited several of these brave fellows, observed their little households, heard many of their songs, which they skilfully accompany with their favorite instrument, the cithern, and listened to old mining legends, and to their prayers which they are accustomed to offer daily in company ere they descend the gloomy shaft; and many a good prayer did I offer up with them! One old climber even thought that I ought to remain among them, and become a man of the mines; but as I took my leave notwithstanding, he gave me a message to his brother, who dwelt near Goslar, and many kisses for his darling niece.

Tranquil even to stagnation as the life of these people may appear, it is, nevertheless, a real and vivid life. That ancient trembling crone who sits behind the stove opposite the great clothes-press may have been there for a quarter of a century, and all her thinking and feeling is, beyond a doubt, intimately blended with every corner of the stove and the carvings of the press. And clothes-press and stove *live* — for a human being hath breathed into them a portion of her soul.

It was only in such deeply contemplative life as this, in such “direct relationship” between man and the things of the outer world, that the German fairy tale could originate, the peculiarity of which consists in the fact that in it not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently inanimate, speak and act. To thoughtful harmless people in the quiet homeliness of their lowly mountain cabins or forest huts, the inner life of

these objects was gradually revealed; they acquired a necessary and consistent character, a sweet blending of fantastic humor and purely human sentiment, and thus we find in the fairy tale — as something marvelous and yet at the same time quite natural — the pin and the needle wandering forth from the tailor's home and losing their way in the dark; the straw and the coal seeking to cross the brook and coming to grief; the dust-pan and broom quarreling and fighting on the stairs. Thus the mirror, when interrogated, shows the image of the fairest lady, and even drops of blood begin to utter obscure and fearful words of the deepest compassion. And this is the reason why our life in childhood is so infinitely significant, for then all things are of the same importance, nothing escapes our attention, there is equality in every impression; while, when more advanced in years, we must act with design, busy ourselves more exclusively with particulars, carefully exchange the pure gold of observation for the paper currency of book definitions, and win in *breadth* of life what we lost in depth.

Now, we are grown-up, respectable people, we often inhabit new dwellings; the housemaid daily cleans them and changes at her will the position of the furniture, which interests us but little, as it is either new or may belong today to Jack, tomorrow to Isaac. Even our very clothes are strange to us; we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat we wear — for we change our garments as often as possible, and none of them remains deeply identified with our external or inner history. We can hardly remember how that brown vest once looked, which attracted so much laughter, and yet on the broad stripes of which the dear hand of the loved one so gently rested!

The old dame who sat behind the stove opposite the clothes-press wore a flowered dress of some old-fashioned material, which had been the bridal robe of her departed mother. Her great-grandson, a fair-haired boy, with flashing eyes, clad in a miner's dress, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her dress. It may be that she has narrated to him many a story connected with that dress — many serious and pretty stories, which the boy will not readily forget, which will often recur to him when he, a grown-up man, works alone in the midnight galleries of the "Caroline," and which he in turn will narrate when the dear grandmother has long been dead, and he himself, a silver-haired, tranquil old man, sits amid the circle of *his* grandchildren behind the stove, opposite the great clothes-press.

I lodged that night too in The Crown, where the Court Councilor B ———, of Göttingen, had arrived meanwhile, and I had the pleasure of paying my respects to the old gentleman. After writing my name in the book of arrivals, I turned over the leaves of the month of July and found therein, among others, the much loved name of Adalbert von Chamisso, the biographer of the immortal *Schlemihl*. The landlord remarked of Chamisso that the gentleman had arrived during one terrible storm and departed in another.

The next morning I had again to lighten my knapsack, and threw overboard an extra pair of boots; then I arose and went on to Goslar, where I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up hill and down dale, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale; silver waters rippled and murmured, sweet woodbirds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many shaded green trees were gilded by the sun, and, over all, the blue silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that one could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sit at the feet of God, studying thorough-bass in the features of the eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, which I could not banish from my thoughts. It was an echo of the old legend — how a knight descended into a deep fountain beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a deathlike magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, watchful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing shrilly on horns, which summoned more and ever more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword the blood flowed, and I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming, long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then — O Heavens! — I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild turbulent sea! A wild turbulent sea, indeed, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the

departed madly chased one another, their white shrouds floating in the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many-colored harlequin — and I was the harlequin! Suddenly from the black waves the sea monsters raised their misshapen heads, snatched at me with extended claws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas, how the finest fairy tales may be spoiled! The knight, in fact, when he has found the sleeping princess, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and when, by his bravery, she has been awakened from her magic sleep and is again seated on her golden throne in her palace, the knight should approach her and say, “My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?” Then she will answer, “My bravest knight, I know thee not!” And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated. It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love-dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

The name of Goslar rings so pleasantly, and there are so many very ancient and imperial associations connected therewith, that I had hoped to find an imposing and stately town. But it is always the same old story when we examine celebrities too closely. I found a nest of houses, drilled in every direction with narrow streets of labyrinthine crookedness, and amid which a miserable stream, probably the Gose, winds its sad and muddy way. The pavement of the town is as ragged as Berlin hexameters. Only the antiquities which are imbedded in the frame or mounting of the city — that is to say, its remnants of walls, towers, and battlements — give the place a piquant look. One of these towers, known as the “Zwinger,” or donjonkeep, has walls of such extraordinary thickness that entire rooms are excavated therein. The open place before the town, where the world-renowned shooting matches are held, is a beautiful large plain surrounded by high mountains. The market is small, and in its midst is a spring fountain, the waters from which pours into a great metallic basin. When an alarm of fire is raised, they strike several times on this cup-formed basin, which gives out a very loud vibration. Nothing is known of the origin of this work. Some say that the devil placed it once during the night on the spot where it stands. In those days people were as yet fools, nor was the devil any wiser, and they mutually exchanged gifts.

The town hall of Goslar is a whitewashed guard-room. The Guildhall, hard by, has a somewhat better appearance. In this building, equidistant from roof and ceiling, stands the statues of German emperors. Blackened with smoke and partly gilded, in one hand the sceptre, and in the other the globe, they look like roasted college beadles. One of the emperors holds a sword instead of a sceptre. I cannot imagine the reason of this variation from the established order, though it has doubtless some occult signification, as Germans have the remarkable peculiarity of meaning something in whatever they do.

In Gottschalk's *Handbook* I had read much of the very ancient cathedral, and of the far-famed imperial throne at Goslar. But when I wished to see these curiosities, I was informed that the church had been torn down, and that the throne had been carried to Berlin. We live in deeply significant times, when millennial churches are destroyed and imperial thrones are tumbled into the lumber-room.

A few memorials of the late cathedral of happy memory are still preserved in the church of St. Stephen. These consist of stained glass pictures of great beauty, a few indifferent paintings, including a Lucas Cranach, a wooden Christ crucified, and a heathen altar of some unknown metal. The latter resembles a long square coffer, and is upheld by caryatides, which in a bowed position hold their hands above their heads in support, and are making the most hideous grimaces. But far more hideous is the adjacent large wooden crucifix of which I have just spoken. This head of Christ, with its real hair and thorns and blood-stained countenance, represents, in the most masterly manner, the death of a *man* — but not of a divinely-born Savior. Nothing but physical suffering is portrayed in this image — not the sublime poetry of pain. Such a work would be more appropriately placed in a hall of anatomy than in a house of the Lord.

The sacristan's wife — an artistic expert — who led me about, showed me a special rarity. This was a many-cornered, well-planed blackboard covered with white numerals, which hung like a lamp in the middle of the building. Oh, how brilliantly does the spirit of invention manifest itself in the Protestant Church! For who would think it! The numbers on this board are those of the Psalms for the day, which are generally chalked on a common black tablet, and have a very sobering effect on an esthetic mind, but which, in the form above described, even ornament the church and fully make up for the want of pictures by Raphael. Such progress delights me

infinitely, since I, as a Protestant and a Lutheran, am ever deeply chagrined when Catholic opponents ridicule the empty, God-forsaken appearance of Protestant churches.

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The churchyard at Goslar did not appeal to me very strongly, but a certain very pretty blonde-ringleted head which peeped smilingly from a parterre window *did*. After dinner I again sought out this fascinating window, but, instead of a maiden, I beheld a glass containing white bellflowers. I clambered up, stole the flowers, put them quietly in my cap, and descended, unheeding the gaping mouths, petrified noses, and goggle eyes, with which the people in the street, and especially the old women, regarded this qualified theft. As I, an hour later, passed by the same house, the beauty stood by the window, and, as she saw the flowers in my cap, she blushed like a ruby and started back. This time I had seen the beautiful face to better advantage; it was a sweet, transparent incarnation of summer-evening breeze, moonshine, nightingale notes, and rose perfume. Later, in the twilight hour, she was standing at the door. I came — I drew near — she slowly retreated into the dark entry. I followed, and, seizing her hand, said, “I am a lover of beautiful flowers and of kisses, and when they are not given to me I steal them.” Here I quickly snatched a kiss, and, as she was about to flee, whispered soothingly, “Tomorrow I leave this town, probably never to return.” Then I perceived a faint pressure of the lovely lips and of the little hand and I — hurried smilingly away. Yes, I must smile when I reflect that unconsciously I uttered the magic formula by which our red-and-blue-coated cavaliers more frequently win female hearts than by their mustachioed attractiveness— “Tomorrow I leave, probably never to return.”

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During the night which I passed at Goslar, a remarkably curious occurrence befell me. Even now I cannot think of it without terror. I am not cowardly by nature and Heaven knows that I have never experienced any special anguish when, for example, a naked blade has sought to make acquaintance with my nose or when I have lost my way at night in a wood of ill repute, or when, at a concert, a yawning lieutenant has threatened to swallow me — but *ghosts* I fear almost as much as the *Austrian Observer*³. What is fear?

Does it originate in the brain or in the emotions? This was a point which I frequently disputed with Dr. Saul Ascher, when we accidentally met in the Café Royal in Berlin, where for a long time I used to take dinner. The Doctor invariably maintained that we feared anything, because we recognized it as fearful, by a certain process of reasoning, for reason alone is an active power — the emotions are not. While I ate and drank my fill, the Doctor continued to demonstrate to me the advantages of reason. Toward the end of his demonstration, he was accustomed to look at his watch and remark conclusively, “Reason is the highest principle!” Reason! Never do I hear this word without recalling Dr. Saul Ascher, with his abstract legs, his tight-fitting transcendental-grey long coat, his forbidding icy face, which could have served as frontispiece for a textbook of geometry. This man, deep in the fifties, was a personified straight line. In his striving for the positive, the poor man had, by dint of philosophizing, eliminated all the splendid things from life, such as sunshine, religion, and flowers, so that there remained nothing for him but the cold positive grave. The Apollo Belvedere and Christianity were the two special objects of his malice, and he had even published a pamphlet against the latter, in which he had demonstrated its unreasonableness and untenableness. In addition to this, he has written a great number of books, in all of which *Reason* shines forth in all its peculiar excellence, and as the poor Doctor meant what he said in all seriousness, he was, so far, deserving of respect. But the great joke consisted precisely in this, that the Doctor invariably cut such a seriously absurd figure when he could not comprehend what every child comprehends, simply because it is a child. I visited the Doctor of Reason several times in his own house, where I found him in company with very pretty girls; for Reason, it seems, does not prohibit the enjoyment of the things of this world. Once, however, when I called, his servant told me the “Herr Doctor” had just died. I experienced as much emotion on this occasion as if I had been told that the “Herr Doctor” had just moved.

To return to Goslar. “The highest principle is Reason,” said I soothingly to myself, as I slid into bed. But it availed me nothing. I had just been reading in Varnhagen von Ense’s *German Tales*, which I had brought with me from Clausthal, that terrible story of the son who went about to murder his father and was warned in the night by the ghost of his mother. The wonderful truthfulness with which this story is depicted, caused, while reading it, a shudder of horror in all my veins. Ghost-stories invariably thrill

us with additional horror when read during a journey, and by night in a town, in a house, and in a room where we have never been before. We involuntarily reflect, “How many horrors may have been perpetrated on this very spot where I now lie!” Meanwhile, the moon shone into my room in a doubtful, suspicious manner; all kinds of uncalled-for shapes quivered on the walls, and as I raised myself in bed and glanced fearfully toward them, I beheld —

There is nothing so uncanny as when a man accidentally sees his own face by moonlight in a mirror. At the same instant there struck a deep-booming, yawning bell, and that so slowly and wearily that after the twelfth stroke I firmly believed that twelve full hours must have passed and that it would begin to strike twelve all over again. Between the last and next to the last tones, there struck in very abruptly, as if irritated and scolding, another bell, which was apparently out of patience with the slowness of its colleague. As the two iron tongues were silenced, and the stillness of death sank over the whole house, I suddenly seemed to hear, in the corridor before my chamber, something halting and shuffling along, like the unsteady steps of an old man. At last my door opened, and there entered slowly the late departed Dr. Saul Ascher. A cold fever ran through me. I trembled like an ivy leaf and scarcely dared to gaze upon the ghost. He appeared as usual, with the same transcendental-grey long coat, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face; only this latter was a little yellower than usual, the mouth, which formerly described two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, was pinched together, and the circles around the eyes had a somewhat greater radius. Tottering, and supporting himself as usual upon his Malacca cane, he approached me, and said in his usual drawling accent but in a friendly manner, “Do not be afraid, nor believe that I am a ghost. It is a deception of your imagination, if you believe that you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Define one. Deduce for me the conditions of the possibility of a ghost. What reasonable connection is there between such an apparition and reason? Reason, I say, *Reason!*” Here the ghost proceeded to analyze reason, cited from Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason*, part II, section I, book 2, *cha*, the distinction between phenomena and noumena, then went on to construct a hypothetical system of ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there are absolutely no ghosts. Meanwhile the cold sweat ran down my back, my teeth clattered like castanets, and from very agony of soul I nodded an unconditional assent to

every assertion which the phantom doctor alleged against the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and which he demonstrated with such zeal that once, in a moment of distraction, instead of his gold watch he drew a handful of grave-worms from his vest-pocket, and remarking his error, replaced them with a ridiculous but terrified haste. "Reason is the highest — !" Here the clock struck *one*, but the ghost vanished.

The next morning I left Goslar and wandered along, partly at random, and partly with the intention of visiting the brother of the Clausthal miner. Again we had beautiful Sunday weather. I climbed hill and mountain, saw how the sun strove to drive away the mists, and wandered merrily through the quivering woods, while around my dreaming head rang the bell-flowers of Goslar. The mountains stood in their white night-robcs, the fir-trees were shaking sleep out of their branching limbs, the fresh morning wind curled their drooping green locks, the birds were at morning prayers, the meadow-vale flashed like a golden surface sprinkled with diamonds, and the shepherd passed over it with his bleating flock.

* * * * *

After much circuitous wandering I came to the dwelling of the brother of my Clausthal friend. Here I stayed all night and experienced the following beautiful poem —

Stands the but upon the mountain
Where the ancient woodman dwells
There the dark-green fir-trees rustle,
Casts the moon its golden spells.

In the but there stands an arm-chair,
Richly carved and cleverly;
He who sits therein is happy,
And that happy man am I.

On the footstool sits a maiden,
On my lap her arms repose,
With her eyes like blue stars beaming,
And her mouth a new-born rose.

And the dear blue stars shine on me,
Wide like heaven's great arch their gaze;
And her little lily finger
Archly on the rose she lays.

Nay, the mother cannot see us,
For she spins the whole day long;
And the father plays the cithern
As he sings a good old song.

And the maiden softly whispers,
Softly, that none may hear;
Many a solemn little secret
Hath she murmured in my ear.

"Since I lost my aunt who loved me,
Now we never more repair
To the shooting-lodge at Goslar,
And it is so pleasant there!

"Here above it is so lonely,
On the rocks where cold winds blow;
And in winter we are always
Deeply buried in the snow.

"And I'm such a timid creature,
And I'm frightened like a child
At the evil mountain spirits,
Who by night are raging wild"

Silent falls the winsome maiden,
Frightened by her own surmise,
Little hands, so white and dimpled,
Pressing on her sweet blue eyes.

Louder now the fir-trees rustle,
Spinning-wheel more harshly drones;

In their pauses sounds the cithern,
And the old song's simple tones:

“Do not fear, my tender nursling,
Aught of evil spirits' might;
For good angels still are watching
Round thy pathway day and night.”

Now the fir-tree's dark-green fingers
Tap upon the window low,
And the moon, a yellow listener,
Casts within her sweetest glow.

Father, mother, both are sleeping,
Near at hand their rest they take;
But we two, in pleasant gossip,
Keep each other long awake.

“That thou prayest much too often,
Seems unlikely, I declare;
On thy lips there is a quiver
Which was never born of prayer.

“Ah! that heartless, cold expression
All my being terrifies —
Though my darkling fear is lessened
By thy frank and honest eyes.

“Yet I doubt if thou believest
What is held for truth by most;
Hast thou faith in God the Father,
In the Son and Holy Ghost?”

“Ah, my darling! when an infant
By my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father,
In the Ruler great and good.

“He who made the world so lovely,
Gave man beauty, gave him force,
And to sun and moon and planets
Pre-appointed each its course.

“As I older grew, my darling,
And my way in wisdom won,
I in reason comprehended,
And believe now in the Son —

“In the well-loved Son, who, loving,
Oped the gates of Love so wide;
And for thanks — as is the custom —
By the world was crucified.

“Now, that I in full-grown manhood
Reading, travel, wisdom boast;
Still my heart expands, and, truly
I believe the Holy Ghost,

“Who bath worked the greatest wonders —
Greater still he’ll work again;
He bath broken tyrants’ strongholds,
Broken every vassal’s chain.

“Ancient deadly wounds he healeth,
He renews man’s ancient right;
All to him, born free and equal,
Are as nobles in his sight.

“Clouds of evil flee before him,
And those cobwebs of the brain
Which forbade us love and pleasure,
Scowling grimly on our pain.

“And a thousand knights in armor
Hath he chosen and required

To fulfil his holy bidding —
All with noblest zeal inspired.

“Lo! I their precious swords are gleaming,
And their banners wave in fight!
What! Thou fain would'st see, my darling,
Such a proud and noble knight?

“Well, then, gaze on me, my dearest;
I am of that lordly host,
Kiss me! and you kiss a chosen
Champion of the Holy Ghost!”

Silently the moon conceals her
Down behind the sombre trees,
And the lamp which lights our chamber
Flickers in the evening breeze.

But the starry eyes are beaming
Softly o'er the dimpled cheeks,
And the purple rose is glowing,
While the gentle maiden speaks.

“Little people — fairy goblins —
Steal away our meat and bread;
In the chest it lies at evening,
In the morning it has fled.

“From our milk the little people
Steal the cream and all the best;
Then they leave the dish uncovered,
And our cat drinks up the rest.

“And the cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For by night, when storms arise,
Oft she seeks the haunted hill-top
Where the fallen tower lies.

“There was once a splendid castle.
Home of joy and weapons bright,
Where there swept in stately pageant
Lady, page, and armed knight.

“But a sorceress charmed the castle,
With its lords and ladies fair;
Now it is a lonely ruin,
And the owls are nesting there.

“But my aunt hath often told me,
Could I speak the proper word,
In the proper place up yonder,
When the proper hour occurred,

“I should see the ruins changing
Swiftly to a castle bright,
And again in stately dances
Dame and page and gallant knight.

“He who speaks the word of power
Wins the castle for his own,
And the knight with drum and trumpet
Loud will hail him lord alone.”

So the simple fairy pictures
From the little rose-mouth bloom,
And the gentle eyes are shedding
Star-blue lustre through the gloom.

Round my hand the little maiden
Winds her gold locks as she will,
Gives a name to every finger,
Kisses, smiles, and then is still.

All things in the silent chamber,
Seem at once familiar grown,

As if e'en the chairs and clothes-press,
Well of old to me were known.

Now the clock talks kindly, gravely,
And the cithern, as 'twould seem,
Of itself is faintly chiming,
And I sit as in a dream.

Now the proper hour is striking,
Here the charm should now be heard;
Child, how would'st thou be astonished,
Should I speak the magic word!

If I spoke that word, then fading
Night would thrill in fearful strife;
Trees and streams would roar together
As the mountains woke to life.

Ringling lutes and goblin ditties
From the clefted rock would sound,
Like a mad and merry spring-tide
Flowers grow forest-high around.

Thousand startling, wondrous flowers,
Leaves of vast and fabled form,
Strangely perfumed, wildly quivering,
As if thrilled with passion's storm.

In a crimson conflagration
Roses o'er the tumult rise;
Giant lilies, white as crystal,
Shoot like columns to the skies.

Great as suns, the stars above us
Gaze adown with burning glow;
Fill the lilies' cups gigantic
With their lights' abundant flow.

We ourselves, my little maiden,
Would be changed more than all;
Torchlight gleams o'er gold and satin
Round us merrily would fall.

Thou thyself would'st be the princess,
And this hut thy castle high;
Ladies, lords, and graceful pages
Would be dancing, singing by.

I, however, I have conquered
Thee, and all things, with the word!
Serfs and castle — lo! with trumpet
Loud they hail me as their Lord!

The sun rose. The mists flitted away like phantoms at the third crow of the cock. Again I wandered up hill and down dale, while above me soared the fair sun, ever lighting up new scenes of beauty. The Spirit of the Mountain evidently favored me, well knowing that a “poetical character” has it in his power to say many a fine thing of him, and on this morning he let me see his Harz as it is not, most assuredly, seen by every one. But the Harz also saw me as I am seen by few, and there were as costly pearls on my eyelashes as on the grass of the valley. The morning dew of love wet my cheeks; the rustling pines understood me; their twigs parted and waved up and down, as if, like mute mortals, they would express their joy with gestures of their hands, and from afar I heard beautiful and mysterious chimes, like the sound of bells belonging to some hidden forest church. People say that these sounds are caused by the cattle-bells, which, in the Harz ring with remarkable clearness and purity.

It was noon, according to the position of the sun, as I chanced upon such a flock, and its shepherd, a friendly, light-haired young fellow, told me that the great hill at whose base I stood was the old, world-renowned Brocken. For many leagues around there is no house, and I was glad enough when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a *déjeuner dînatoire*, consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep snatched up our crumbs, while pretty glossy heifers jumped around, ringing their bells roguishly, and laughing at us with great merry eyes. We made a royal meal,

my host appearing to me every inch a king; and as he is the only monarch who has ever given me bread, I will sing his praises right royally:

Kingly is the herd-boy's calling,
On the knoll his throne is set,
O'er his hair the sunlight falling
Gilds a living coronet.

Red-marked sheep that bleat so loudly
Are his courtiers cross-bedight,
Calves that strut before him proudly
Seem each one a stalwart knight.

Goats are actors nimbly springing,
And the cows and warblers gay
With their bell and flute-notes ringing
Form the royal orchestra.

And whene'er the music hushes,
Soft the pine-tree murmurs creep;
Far away a cataract rushes —
Look, our noble king's asleep!

Meanwhile through the kingdom bounding
Rules the dog as minister,
Till his bark from cliffs rebounding
Echoes to the sleeper's ear.

Yawning syllables he utters —
"Ruling is too hard a task.
Were I but at home," he mutters,
"With my queen 'tis all I'd ask.

"On her arm my head reposes
Free from care, how happily!
And her loving glance discloses
Kingdom wide enough for me."⁴

We took leave of each other in a friendly manner, and with a light heart I began to ascend the mountain. I was soon welcomed by a grove of stately firs, for which I entertain great respect in every regard, for these trees have not found growing to be such an easy business, and during the days of their youth it fared hard with them. The mountain is here sprinkled with a great number of blocks of granite, and most of the trees were obliged either to twine their roots over the stones, or to split them in two, and thus laboriously to search for the soil from which to draw their nourishment. Here and there stones lie on top of one another, forming, as it were, a gate, and over all rise the trees, twining their naked roots down over the stone portals, and only laying hold of the soil when they reach its base, so that they appear to be growing in the air; and yet, as they have forced their way up to that startling height and grown into one with the rocks, they stand more securely than their comfortable comrades, who are rooted in the tame forest soil of the level country. So it is in life with those great men who have strengthened and established themselves by resolutely overcoming the obstacles and hindrances of their early years. Squirrels climbed amid the fir-twigs, while, beneath, yellow deer were quietly grazing. I cannot comprehend, when I see such a noble, lovable animal, how educated and refined people can take pleasure in hunting and killing it. Such a creature was once more merciful than man, and suckled the pining Schmerzenreich of the holy Genofeva. Most beautiful were the golden sun-rays shooting through the dark-green of the firs. The roots of the trees formed a natural stairway, and everywhere my feet encountered swelling beds of moss, for the stones are here covered foot-deep, as if with light-green velvet cushions. Everywhere a pleasant freshness and the dreamy murmur of streams. Here and there we see water rippling silver-clear amid the rocks, washing the bare roots and fibres of trees. Bend down toward all this ceaseless activity and listen, and you will hear, as it were, the mysterious history of the growth of the plants, and the quiet pulsations of the heart of the mountain. In many places the water jets strongly up amid rocks and roots, forming little cascades. It is pleasant to sit in such places. There is such a wonderful murmuring and rustling, the birds pour forth broken lovesick strains, the trees whisper as if with a thousand maidens' tongues, the odd mountain flowers peep up at us as if with a thousand maidens' eyes, stretching out to us their curious, broad, drolly-scalloped leaves; the sun-rays flash here and there in sport; the herbs, as though endowed with reason, are telling one

another their green legends; all seems enchanted and it becomes more and more mysterious; an old, old dream is realized — the loved one appears! Alas, that she so quickly vanishes!

The higher we ascend, so much the shorter and more dwarflike do the fir-trees become, shrinking up, as it were, within themselves, until finally only whortleberries, bilberries, and mountain herbs remain. It is also sensibly colder. Here, for the first time, the granite boulders, which are frequently of enormous size, become fully visible. These may well have been the balls which evil spirits cast at one another on the Walpurgis night, when the witches come riding hither on brooms and pitchforks, when the mad, unhallowed revelry begins, as our credulous nurses have told us, and as we may see it represented in the beautiful Faust pictures of Master Retsch. Yes, a young poet, who, while journeying from Berlin to Gottingen passed the Brocken on the first evening in May, even noticed how certain ladies who cultivated *belles-lettres*, were holding their esthetic tea-circle in a rocky corner, how they comfortably read aloud the *Evening Journal*, how they praised as universal geniuses their poetic billy-goats which hopped bleating around their table, and how they passed a final judgment on all the productions of German literature. But when they at last fell upon *Ratcliff* and *Almansor*, utterly denying to the author aught like piety or Christianity, the hair of the youth rose on end, terror seized him — I spurred my steed and rode onwards!

In fact, when we ascend the upper half of the Brocken, no one can well help thinking of the amusing legends of the Blocksberg, and especially of the great mystical German national tragedy of Doctor Faust. It ever seemed to me that I could hear the cloven foot scrambling along behind, and some one breathing humorously. And I verily believe that “Mephisto” himself must breathe with difficulty when he climbs his favorite mountain, for it is a road which is to the last degree exhausting, and I was glad enough when I at last beheld the long-desired Brocken house.

This house, as every one knows from numerous pictures, is situated on the summit of the mountain, consists of a single story, and was erected in the year 1800 by Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, in behalf of whom it is managed as a tavern. On account of the wind and cold in winter its walls are incredibly thick. The roof is low. From its midst rises a towerlike

observatory, and near the house lie two little out-buildings, one of which in earlier times served as shelter to the Brocken visitors.

On entering the Brocken house, I experienced a somewhat unusual and unreal sensation. After a long solitary journey amid rocks and pines, the traveler suddenly finds himself in a house amid the clouds. Far below lie cities, hills, and forests, while above he encounters a curiously blended circle of strangers, by whom he is received, as is usual in such assemblies, almost like an expected companion — half inquisitively and half indifferently. I found the house full of guests, and, as becomes a wise man, I first thought of the night, and of the discomfort of sleeping on straw. With the voice of one dying I called for tea, and the Brocken landlord was reasonable enough to perceive that the sick gentleman must be provided with a decent bed. This he gave me in a narrow room, where a young merchant — a long emetic in a brown overcoat — had already established himself.

In the public room I found a full tide of bustle and animation. There were students from different universities. Some of the newly arrived were taking refreshments. Others, preparing for departure, buckled on their knapsacks, wrote their names in the album, and received Brocken bouquets from the housemaids. There was pinching of cheeks, singing, springing, trilling; questions asked, answers given, fragments of conversation such as — fine weather — footpath — *prosit* — luck be with you! — Adieu! Some of those leaving were also partly drunk, and these derived a twofold pleasure from the beautiful scenery, for a tipsy man sees double.

After recruiting my strength I ascended the observatory, and there found a little gentleman with two ladies, one of whom was young and the other elderly. The young lady was very beautiful — a superb figure, flowing locks, surmounted by a helm-like black satin *chapeau*, amid whose white plumes the wind played; fine limbs, so closely enwrapped by a black silk mantle that their exquisite form was made manifest, and great free eyes, calmly looking down into the great free world.

When a boy I thought of naught save tales of magic and wonder, and every fair lady who had ostrich feathers on her head I regarded as an elfin queen. If I observed that the train of her dress was wet I believed at once that she must be a water-fairy. Now I know better, having learned from natural history that those symbolical feathers are found on the most stupid of birds, and that the train of a lady's dress may become wet in a very

natural way. But if I had, with those boyish eyes, seen the aforesaid young lady in the aforesaid position on the Brocken, I would most assuredly have thought— “that is the fairy of the mountain, and she has just uttered the charm which has caused every thing down there to appear so wonderful.” Yes, at the first glance from the Brocken everything appears in a high degree marvelous. New impressions throng in on every side, and these, varied and often contradictory, unite in our soul in an as yet undefined uncomprehended sensation. If we succeed in grasping the sensation in its conception we shall comprehend the character of the mountain. This character is entirely German as regards not only its advantages but also its defects. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he points out to us — sharply and accurately defined as in a panorama — the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages which are principally situated to the north, and all the mountains, forests, rivers, and plains which extend endlessly in all directions. But for this very reason everything appears like a sharply designed and perfectly colored map, and nowhere is the eye gratified by really beautiful landscapes — just as we German compilers, owing to the honorable exactness with which we attempt to give all and everything, never appear to think of giving the details in a beautiful manner.

The mountain, in consequence, has a certain calm, German, intelligent, tolerant character, simply because he can see things so distant yet so distinctly. And when such a mountain opens his giant eyes, it may be that he sees somewhat more than we dwarfs, who with our weak eyes climb over him. Many indeed assert that the Blocksberg is very Philistian, and Claudius once sang “The Blocksberg is the lengthy Sir Philistine;” but that was an error. On account of his bald head, which he occasionally covers with a cloud-cap, the Blocksberg has indeed a somewhat Philistian aspect, but this with him, as with many other great Germans, is the result of pure irony; for it is notorious that he has his wild student and fantastic periods, as, for instance, on the first night of May. Then he casts his cloud-cap uproariously and merrily into the air, and becomes, like the rest of us, romantic mad, in real German fashion.

I soon sought to entrap the beauty into a conversation, for we begin to fully enjoy the beauties of nature only when we talk about them on the spot.

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While we conversed twilight stole, the air grew colder, the sun sank lower and lower, and the tower platform was filled with students, traveling mechanics, and a few honest citizens with their spouses and daughters, all of whom were desirous of witnessing the sunset. It is truly a sublime spectacle, which tunes the soul to prayer. For a full quarter of an hour all stood in solemn silence, gazing on the beautiful fire-ball as it gradually sank in the west; our faces were bathed in the rosy light; our hands were involuntarily folded; it seemed as if we, a silent congregation, stood in the nave of a giant cathedral, that the priest raised the body of the Lord, and the Palestrina's immortal hymns poured forth from the organ.

As I stood thus, lost in devotion, I heard some one near me exclaim, "Ah, how beautiful Nature is, as a general thing!" These words came from the sentimental heart of my room-mate, the young merchant. They brought me back to my week-day frame of mind, and I was now able to say a few neat things to the ladies about the sunset and to accompany them, as calmly as if nothing had happened, to their room. They permitted me to talk an hour longer with them. Our conversation, like the earth's course, was about the sun. The mother declared that the sun, as it sank in the snowy clouds, seemed like a red glowing rose, which the gallant heaven had thrown upon the white outspreading bridal-veil of his loved earth. The daughter smiled, and thought that a frequent observation of such phenomena weakened their impression. The mother corrected this error by a quotation from Goethe's *Letters of Travel*, and asked me if I had read *Werther*. I believe that we also spoke of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady, daintily lisping and sighing, recited several passages about the sunset. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, and who wished to become familiar with those poems, I recommended the translation of my fair and gifted countrywoman, the Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen. On this occasion, as is my custom when talking with young ladies, I did not fail to declaim against Byron's godlessness, heartlessness, cheerlessness, and heaven knows what besides.

After this business I took a walk on the Brocken, for there it is never quite dark. The mist was not heavy, and I could see the outlines of the two hills known as the Witch's Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired my pistol, but there was no echo. Suddenly, however, I heard familiar voices and found myself embraced and kissed. The newcomers were fellow-students from my own part of Germany, and had left Göttingen four days later than I.

Great was their astonishment at finding me again, alone on the Blocksberg. Then came a flood tide of narrative, of astonishment, and of appointment-making, of laughing, and of recollecting, and in the spirit we found ourselves again in our learned Siberia, where refinement is carried to such an extent that the bears are tied up in the taverns, and the sables wish the hunter good evening.⁵

In the great room we had supper. There was a long table, with two rows of hungry students. At first we indulged in the usual topic of university conversation — duels, duels, and once again duels. The company consisted principally of Halle students, and Halle formed, in consequence, the nucleus of their discourse. The window-panes of Court-Councilor Schütz were exegetically illuminated. Then it was mentioned that the King of Cyprus' last levee had been very brilliant; that the monarch had chosen a natural son; that he had married with the left hand a princess of the house of Lichtenstein; that the State-mistress had been forced to resign, and that the entire ministry, greatly moved, had wept according to rule. I need hardly explain that this all referred to certain beer dignitaries in Halle. Then the two Chinese, who two years before had been exhibited in Berlin, and who were now appointed lecturers on Chinese esthetics in Halle, were discussed. Then jokes were made. Some one supposed a case in which a live German might be exhibited for money in China, and to this end a placard was fabricated, in which the mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho certified that the man was a genuine Teuton, including a list of his accomplishments, which consisted principally of philosophizing, smoking, and endless patience. It concluded with the notice that visitors were prohibited from bringing any dogs with them at twelve o'clock (the hour for feeding the captive), as these animals would be sure to snap from the poor German all his titbits.

A young *Burschschafter*, who had recently passed his period of purification in Berlin, spoke much, but very partially, of this city. He had frequented both Wisotzki and the theatre, but judged falsely of both. "For youth is ever ready with a word," etc. He spoke of the sumptuousness of the costumes, of scandals among actors and actresses, and similar matters. The youth knew not that in Berlin, where outside show exerts the greatest influence (as is abundantly evidenced by the commonness of the phrase "so people do"), this ostentation must flourish on the stage preëminently, and consequently that the special care of the management must be for "the color

of the beard with which a part is played” and for the truthfulness of the costumes which are designed by sworn historians and sewed by scientifically instructed tailors. And this is indispensable. For if Maria Stuart wore an apron belonging to the time of Queen Anne, the banker, Christian Gumpel, would with justice complain that thereby all illusion was destroyed; and if Lord Burleigh in a moment of forgetfulness should don the hose of Henry the Fourth, then the War-Councilor Von Steinzopf’s wife, *née* Lilienthau, would not get the anachronism out of her head for the whole evening.... But little as this young man had comprehended the conditions of the Berlin drama, still less was he aware that the Spontini Janissary opera, with its kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and gongs, is a heroic means of inspiring our enervated people with warlike enthusiasm — a means once shrewdly recommended by Plato and Cicero. Least of all did the youth comprehend the diplomatic significance of the ballet. It was with great trouble that I finally made him understand that there was really more political science in Hoguet’s feet than in Buchholz’s head, that all his *tours de danse* signified diplomatic negotiations, and that his every movement hinted at state matters; as, for instance, when he bent forward anxiously, stretching his hands out wide and grasping at the air, he meant our Cabinet; that a hundred pirouettes on one toe without quitting the spot alluded to the German Diet; that he was thinking of the lesser princes when he tripped around with his legs tied; that he described the European balance of power when he tottered hither and thither like a drunken man; that he hinted at a Congress when he twisted his bended arms together like a skein; and finally, that he sets forth our altogether too great friend in the East, when, very gradually unfolding himself, he rises on high, stands for a long time in this elevated position, and then all at once breaks out into the most terrifying leaps. The scales fell from the eyes of the young man, and he now saw how it was that dancers are better paid than great poets, and why the ballet forms in diplomatic circles an inexhaustible subject of conversation. By Apis! how great is the number of the esoteric, and how small the array of the esoteric frequenters of the theatre! There sit the stupid audience, gaping and admiring leaps and attitudes, studying anatomy in the positions of Lemièrre, and applauding the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, prattling of “grace,” “harmony,” and “limbs” — no one remarking meanwhile that he has before him in chronological ciphers the destiny of the German Fatherland.

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The company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, songs were sung, and brotherhood was drunk in true student fashion. The old "Landsfather toast" and the beautiful songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang out with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of the floor of our room.

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During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely noticeable. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other, and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love, which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "Lora is dead now too!" said one, and, sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing over on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. "The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally the other said, "My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Companion of my sorrow! I love thee; thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they reëcho in my breast, but my soul is sad!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus they left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one by mistake, instead of the window, threw open the door of a large wardrobe, and both, standing before it with outstretched

arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain; far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of our fathers. Oh, that I could hunt with ye on your cloud-steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms toward the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a pair of yellow leather pantaloons which he mistook for the moon, "Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! Lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest in loveliness! The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark forms gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither, ah, whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they have fallen down, oh! lovely light, and thou hidest thyself often to bewail them! Yet the night must come at last when thou too will have passed away, and left thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, that were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. But now art clothed in thy beaming splendor and gazest down from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, oh! ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

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I can bear a tolerable quantity — modesty forbids me to say how many bottles — and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white night-cap and saffron yellow night-shirt of sanitary flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was from Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews, declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent. under manufacturers' prices.

A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic state, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain....

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sun rise. On the tower I found several people already waiting, and rubbing their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled up to us, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was reassembled, and we saw how, above the horizon, there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim, wintry light. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible, so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain what I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
Though the sun gleams fitfully;
Far and wide the mountain summits
Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-league boots for travel,
Like the fleeting winds I'd rove
Over valley, rock, and river,
To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping
Soft the curtain I would slip;
Softly kiss her childlike forehead,
Kiss the ruby of her lip.

Yet more softly would I whisper
In the little lily ear,

“Think in dreams we still are loving,
Think I never lost thee, dear.”

Meanwhile my longing for breakfast was also great, and, after paying a few compliments to my ladies, I hastened down to drink coffee in the warm public room. It was full time, for all within me was as sober and as sombre as in the St. Stephen's Church at Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage, the warm Orient thrilled through my limbs, Eastern roses breathed forth their perfumes, sweet bulbul songs resounded, the students were changed to camels, the Brocken housemaids, with their Congreverocket-glances, became *houris*, the Philistine noses, minarets, etc.

But the book which lay near me, though full of nonsense, was not the Koran. It was the so-called “Brocken-book,” in which all travelers who ascend the mountain write their names — most inscribing their thoughts, or, in default thereof, their “feelings.” Many even express themselves in verse. In this book one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine host on opportune occasions, such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic. The palace of the Prince of Pallagonia never contained such absurdities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it with especial splendor are Messrs. the excise collectors, with their moldy “high inspirations;” counter-jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the soul; old German revolution dilettanti with their Turner-Union phrases, and Berlin school-masters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. Mr. Snobbs will also for once show himself as author. In one page the majestic splendor of the sunrise is described, in another complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the mists which obstruct the view. A “Caroline” writes that in climbing the mountain her feet got wet, to which a naïve “Nanny,” who was impressed by this, adds, “I too, got wet while doing this thing.” “Went up wet without and came down wet within,” is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times. The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco and cheese; we might fancy it one of Clauren's novels.

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And now the students prepared to depart. Knapsacks were buckled, the bills, which were moderate beyond all expectation, were settled, the

susceptible housemaids, upon whose countenances the traces of successful amours were plainly visible, brought, as is their custom, their Brocken-bouquets, and helped some to adjust their caps; for all of which they were duly rewarded with either kisses or coppers. Thus we all went down the mountain, albeit one party, among whom were the Swiss and Greifswalder, took the road toward Schierke, and the others, about twenty men, among whom were my fellow “countrymen” and myself, led by a guide, went through the so-called “Snow Holes” down to Ilsenburg.

Such a head-over-heels, break-neck piece of business! Halle students travel quicker than the Austrian militia. Ere I knew where I was, the bald summit of the mountain, with groups of stones strewed over it, was behind us, and we went through the fir-wood which I had seen the day before. The sun poured down a cheerful light on the merry Burschen, in gaily colored garb, as they merrily pressed onward through the wood, disappearing here, coming to light again there, running across marshy places on trunks of trees, climbing over shelving steeps by grasping the projecting tree-roots; while they thrilled all the time in the merriest manner and received as joyous an answer from the twittering wood-birds, the invisibly plashing rivulets, and the resounding echo. When cheerful youth and beautiful nature meet, they mutually rejoice.

The lower we descend the more delightfully did subterranean waters ripple around us; only here and there they peeped out amid rocks and bushes, appearing to be reconnoitring if they might yet come to light, until at last one little spring jumped forth boldly. Then followed the usual show — the bravest one makes a beginning, and then to their own astonishment the great multitude of hesitators, suddenly inspired with courage, rush forth to join the first. Myriads of springs now leaped in haste from their ambush, united with the leader, and finally formed quite an important brook, which, with its innumerable waterfalls and beautiful windings, ripples down the valley. This is now the Ilse — the sweet, pleasant Ilse. She flows through the blest Ilse vale, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, being clad even to their base with beech-trees, oaks, and the usual shrubs, the firs and other needle-covered evergreens having disappeared; for that variety of trees grows preferably upon the “Lower Harz,” as the east side of the Brocken is called in contradistinction to the west side or Upper

Harz. Being in reality much higher, it is therefore better adapted to the growth of evergreens.

It is impossible to describe the merriment, simplicity, and charm with which the Ilse leaps down over the fantastically shaped rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place. amid rifted rocks, and in another pours forth in perfect arches through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then, lower down, trips away again over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes, the old legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who, in the full bloom of youth, runs laughing down the mountain side. How her white foam garment gleams in the sunshine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! The high beech-trees gaze down on her like grave fathers secretly smiling at the capricious self-will of a darling child; the white birch-trees nod their heads like delighted aunts, who are, however, anxious at such bold leaps; the proud oak looks on like a not over-pleased uncle, who must pay for all the fine weather; the birds joyfully sing their applause; the flowers on the bank whisper, "Oh, take us with thee, take us with thee, dear sister!" But the merry maiden may not be withheld, and she leaps onward and suddenly seizes the dreaming poet, and there streams over me a flower-rain of ringing gleams and flashing tones, and my senses are lost in all the beauty and splendor, and I hear only the voice, sweet pealing as a flute —

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest — and mine!

With ever-flowing fountains
I'll cool thy weary brow;
Thou'lt lose amid their rippling
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing,
And on my snow-white breast,
Thou'lt dream of old, old legends,
And sing in joy to rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day
I kissed the Emperor Henry,
Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent,
Only the living love;
And I am fair and blooming —
Dost feel my wild heart move!

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle rings,
Where many a knight and lady
In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
Spurs ring from night to morn,
And dwarfs are gaily drumming,
And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
My arms round thee shall fall;
I held his ears — he heard not
The trumpet's warning call.

We feel infinite happiness when the outer world blends with the world of our own soul, and green trees, thoughts, the songs of birds, gentle melancholy, the blue of heaven, memory, and the perfume of herbs, run together in sweet arabesques. Women best understand this feeling, and this may be the cause that such a sweet incredulous smile plays around their lips when we, with scholastic pride, boast of our logical deeds — how we have classified everything so nicely into subjective and objective; how our heads are provided, apothecary-like, with a thousand drawers, one of which contains reason, another understanding, the third wit, the fourth bad wit, and the fifth nothing at all — that is to say, the *Idea*.

As if wandering in dreams, I scarcely observed that we had left the depths of the Ilsethal and were now again climbing uphill. This was steep and difficult work, and many of us lost our breath; but, like our late

lamented cousin, who now lies buried at Moelln, we thought in advance of the descent, and were all the merrier in consequence. Finally we reached the Ilsenstein.

This is an enormous granite rock, which rises boldly on high from out a glen. On three sides it is surrounded by high woody hills, but on the fourth, the north side, there is an open view, and we gazed past the Ilsenburg and the Ilse lying below us, far away into the low lands. On the towerlike summit of the rock stands a great iron cross, and in case of need there is also room here for four human feet. And as Nature, through picturesque position and form, has adorned the Ilsenstein with fantastic charms, so legend likewise has shed upon it a rosy shimmer. According to Gottschalk, "People say that there once stood here an enchanted castle, in which dwelt the rich and fair Princess Ilse, who still bathes every morning in the Ilse. He who is fortunate enough to hit upon the exact time and place will be led by her into the rock where her castle lies and receive a royal reward." Others narrate a pleasant legend of the lovers of the Lady Ilse and of the Knight of Westenberg, which has been romantically sung by one of our most noted poets in the *Evening Journal*. Others again say that it was the Old Saxon Emperor Henry who had a royal good time with the water-nymph Ilse in her enchanted castle.

A later author, one Niemann, Esq., who has written a *Guide to the Harz* in which the height of the hills, variations of the compass, town finances, and similar matters are described with praiseworthy accuracy, asserts, however, that "what is narrated of the Princess Ilse belongs entirely to the realm of fable." Thus do all men speak to whom a beautiful princess has never appeared; but we who have been especially favored by fair ladies know better. And the Emperor Henry knew it too! It was not without cause that the Old Saxon emperors were so attached to their native Harz. Let any one only turn over the leaves of the fair *Lüneburg Chronicle*, where the good old gentlemen are represented in wondrously true-hearted woodcuts sitting in full armor on their mailed war-steeds, the holy imperial crown on their beloved heads, sceptre and sword in firm hands; and then in their dear mustachiod faces he can plainly read how they often longed for the sweet hearts of their Harz princesses, and for the familiar rustling of the Harz forests, when they sojourned in distant lands — yes, even when in Italy, so rich in oranges and poisons, whither they, with their followers, were often

enticed by the desire of being called Roman emperors, a genuine German lust for title, which finally destroyed emperor and empire.

I, however, advise every one who may hereafter stand on the summit of the Ilsenstein to think neither of emperor nor empire nor of the fair Ilse, but simply of his own feet. For as I stood there, lost in thought, I suddenly heard the subterranean music of the enchanted castle, and saw the mountains around begin to stand on their heads, while the red-tiled roofs of Ilsenburg were dancing, and green trees flew through the air, until all was green and blue before my eyes, and I, overcome by giddiness, would assuredly have fallen into the abyss, had I not, in the dire need of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross. No one who reflects on the critically ticklish situation in which I was then placed can possibly find fault with me for having done this.

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BOYHOOD DAYS.⁶

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when far away, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over your soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go straight home. And when I say *home* I mean the *Bolkerstrasse* and the house in which I was born. This house will some day be a great curiosity, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the tips which the distinguished green-veiled English ladies will one day give the servant girl when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk — O Lord! Madame, should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

(1823-1826)

But my fame as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not yet spread its perfume through the wide world, and the green-veiled English ladies, when they come to Düsseldorf as yet leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the market-place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This is supposed to represent the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armor and a long wig hanging down his back. When a boy, I heard the legend that the artist who made this statue became aware, to his horror, while it was being cast, that he had not metal enough to fill the mold, and then all the citizens of the town came running with all their silver spoons, and threw them in to make up the deficiency; and I often stood for hours before the statue wondering how many spoons were concealed in it, and how many apple-tarts the silver would buy. Apple-tarts were then my passion — now it is love, truth, liberty, and crab-soup — and not far from the statue of the Prince Elector, at the theatre corner, generally stood a curiously constructed bow-legged fellow with a white apron, and a basket girt around him full of delightfully steaming apple-tarts, whose praises he well knew how to call out in an irresistible high treble voice, “Here you are! hot apple-tarts! just from the oven — smelling deliciously!” Truly, whenever in my later years the Evil One sought to get the better of me, he always spoke in just such an enticing

high treble voice, and I should certainly have never remained twelve full hours with the Signora Giulietta, if she had not thrilled me with her sweet perfumed apple-tart tones. And, in fact, the apple-tarts would never have so sorely tempted me if the crooked Hermann had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white apron; and it is aprons, you know, which — but I wander from the subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in it, and no soup, and which represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm.

He was a brave gentleman, 'tis reported, a lover of art and handy therein himself. He founded the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf; and in the observatory there, they still show us an extremely artistic piece of work, consisting of one wooden cup within another which he himself had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty.

In those days princes were not the harassed creatures they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew nightcaps over them besides and slept in peace, and their people slumbered calmly at their feet; and when they awoke in the morning they said, “Good morning, father!” and the princes replied, “Good morning, dear children!”

But there came a sudden change over all this, for one morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf and wanted to say, “Good morning, father!” the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a sort of funereal atmosphere, and people crept silently through the market and read the long placard placed on the door of the City Hall. The weather was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woolen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out dismally, and his thin lips quivered as he murmured the words of the placard to himself. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and at certain phrases a transparent tear ran down his white, honorable old mustache. I stood near him, and wept with him, and then asked why we wept; and he replied, “The Prince Elector has abdicated.” Then he read further, and at the words “for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects,” “and hereby release you from your allegiance,” he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran’s face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the

City Hall, and everything began to appear as oppressively desolate as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The city councilors went about at an abdicating, slow gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius again stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, with foolish grimaces, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around the gutter, singing, “Ça ira! Ça ira!” But I went home, weeping and lamenting because “the Prince Elector had abdicated!” My mother tried hard to comfort me, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end — that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows were taken up from the ground and rolled away, like carpets; that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, “I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon.” And it grew darker and darker — a few stars glimmered meagrely on high, and these too, at length, fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; one by one all men vanished, and I, poor child, wandered around in anguish, and finally found myself before the willow fence of a deserted farmhouse, where I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head — but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave — and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing, and spelling out “The Prince Elector has abdicated.”

When I awoke the sun shone as usual through the window, there was a sound of drums in the street, and as I entered the sitting-room and said “good morning” to my father, who was sitting in his white dressing-gown, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he dressed his hair, narrate very minutely that allegiance would be sworn to the Grande Duke Joachim that morning at the City Hall. I heard, too, that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man; that he wore his beautiful black hair in flowing locks, that he would shortly make his entrance into the town, and, in fine, that he was sure to please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I went out before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching in that joyous people of glory, who, singing and playing, swept over the world, the serious and yet merry-faced grenadiers,

the bear-skin shakoes, the tri-colored cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs*, full of vivacity and *point d'honneur*, and the omnipotent giant-like silver-laced tambour major, who could cast his *baton* with a gilded head as high as the first story, and his eyes even to the second, where also there were pretty girls sitting at the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house — in which my mother differed from me — and I hastened to the market-place. There everything looked changed, somewhat as though the world had been newly whitewashed. A new coat-of-arms was placed on the City Hall, its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery. French grenadiers stood as sentinels; the old city councilors had put on new faces, and donned their Sunday coats, and looked at each other Frenchily, and said, “*Bonjour!*” Ladies gazed from every window, curious citizens and glittering soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the great bronze horse of the Prince Elector, and thence stared down on the motley crowd.

Our neighbors, Pitter and the tall Kunz, nearly broke their necks in accomplishing this feat, and it would have been better if they had been killed outright, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot at Mayence; while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pockets, was on this account elected active member of a public treadmill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to the latter and to his fatherland, he safely crossed the channel, and eventually died in London through wearing an all too tight neck-tie which automatically drew together, when a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Tall Kunz told us that there was no school today on account of the ceremonies connected with taking the oath of allegiance. We had to wait a long time ere these commenced. Finally, the balcony of the City Hall was filled with gaily dressed gentlemen, with flags and trumpets, and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like Indian rubber, or like a knitted nightcap into which one has thrown a stone — only that it was not the philosopher’s stone — and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases — for instance, that “we are now to be made happy;” and at the last words the trumpets sounded out, the flags were waved, the drums were beaten, the people cried, Hurrah! and while I myself cried hurrah, I held fast to the old Prince Elector. And it was really necessary that I should, for I began to grow giddy. It seemed to me as

if the people were standing on their heads, because the world whizzed around, while the old Prince Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me!" and not till the cannon reechoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climbed slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home, I saw the crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and I also beheld crooked Gumpertz rolling in the gutter and growling, "Ça ira, ça ira," and I said to my mother, "We are all to be made happy; on that account there is no school today."

II

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were learned by heart as before — the Roman kings, dates, the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic — Lord! my head is still giddy with it! — all had to be learned by heart. And much of it was eventually to my advantage; for had I not learned the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned those dates, how could I ever, in later years, have found out any one in big Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head! At that time I associated with every acquaintance some historical event, which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor, I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; when I saw the well-groomed banker, Christian Gumpel, I immediately remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; when I caught sight of a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, I thought at once of the flight of Mahomet; when I met the university judge, a man whose probity is well known, I thought of the death of Haman; and as soon as I laid eyes on Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Taken all in all, she was an old woman; we oft shall look upon her like

again!” But, as I said, dates are necessary. I know men who had nothing in their heads but a few dates, and with their aid knew where to find the right houses in Berlin, and are now already regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with the multitude of numbers; and as to actual arithmetic, that was even worse! I understood best of all subtraction, and for this there is a very practical rule: “Four can’t be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one”; but I advise all in such a case to borrow a few extra groschen, for no one can tell what may happen.

But oh, the Latin! Madame, you can really have no idea of how complicated it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin. Lucky dogs! they already knew in their cradles which nouns have their accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn them by heart, in the sweat of my brow, but still it is well that I know them. For if I, for example, when I publicly disputed in Latin in the College Hall of Göttingen, on the 20th of July, 1825 — Madame, it was well worth while to hear it — if I on that occasion had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the blunder would have been evident to the Freshmen, and an endless shame for me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis* — these words, which have attracted so much attention in the world, effected this, inasmuch as they belonged to a distinct class, and yet withal remained an exception; therefore I highly respect them, and the fact that I have them ready at my fingers’ ends when I perhaps need them in a hurry, often affords me in life’s darkened hours much internal tranquillity and consolation. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia* — they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that the boys in learning them got more whippings — are terribly difficult. In the musty archways of the Franciscan cloister near our schoolroom there hung a large Christ — crucified of grey wood, a dismal image, that even yet at times rises in my dreams and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes. Before this image I often stood and prayed, “Oh, Thou poor and also tormented God, I pray Thee, if it be possible, that I may get by heart the irregular verbs!”

I will say nothing of Greek, otherwise I should vex myself too much. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very much in the wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the devil. Lord knows what I suffered through it! It went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they crucify my good name up to the

present hour, and yet I never could get as far in Hebrew as my watch did, which had much intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits — for instance, it would not go on Saturday, and it also learned the sacred language, subsequently even studying it grammatically; for often when sleepless in the night I have, to my amazement, heard it industriously ticking away to itself: *katal, katalta, katalti, kittel, kittalta, katalti-pokat, pokadeti-pikat, pik, pik*.

Meanwhile I learned more of German than of any other tongue, though German itself is not such child's play, after all. For we poor Germans, who have already been sufficiently vexed with having soldiers quartered on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other exactions, must needs, over and above all this, bag Mr. Adelung and torment one another with accusatives and datives. I learned much German from the old Rector Schallmeyer, a brave, clerical gentleman, whose protégé I was from childhood. But I also learned something of the kind from Professor Schramm, a man who had written a book on eternal peace, and in whose class my school-fellows quarreled and fought more than in any other.

And while I have thus been writing away without a pause and thinking about all sorts of things, I have unexpectedly chattered myself back among old school stories, and I avail myself of this opportunity to mention, Madame, that it was not my fault if I learned so little of geography that later in life I could not make my way in the world. For in those days the French displaced all boundaries; every day the countries were recolored on the world's map; those which were once blue suddenly became green, many indeed were even dyed blood-red; the old stereotyped souls of the school-books became so confused and confounded that the devil himself would never have recognized them. The products of the country were also changed; chickory and beets now grew where only hares and country gentlemen pursuing them were once to be seen; even the character of the nations changed; the Germans became pliant, the French paid compliments no longer; the English ceased making ducks and drakes of their money, and the Venetians were not subtle enough; there was promotion among princes, old kings received new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes; many potentates were chased, on the other hand, from house and home, and had to find some new way of earning their bread, and some therefore went at once into trade, and manufactured, for instance, sealing wax, or — Madame, this paragraph must be brought to an end, or I shall be

out of breath — in fine, in such times it is impossible to advance far in geography.

I succeeded better in natural history, for there we find fewer changes, and we always have standard engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, etc., etc. And having many such pictures in my memory, it often happens that at first sight many mortals appeared to me like old acquaintances.

I also did well in mythology, and took a real delight in the mob of gods and goddesses who, so jolly and naked, governed the world. I do not believe that there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the principal points of his catechism — that is, the loves of Venus — better than I. To tell the plain truth, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them from the first; and we have not, perhaps, gained so much with our New-Roman Trinity or still less with our Jewish unity. Perhaps the old mythology was not in reality so immoral as we imagine, and it was, for example, a very decent idea of Homer to give to much-loved Venus a husband.

But I succeeded best in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *émigré*, who had written a number of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about very nervously when he lectured on his *Art poétique* and his *Histoire Allemande*. He was the only one in the whole gymnasium who taught German history. Still, French has its difficulties, and to learn it there must be much quartering of troops, much drumming, much *apprendre par coeur*, and, above all, no one must be a *bête allemande*. There was here, too, many a hard nut to crack; and I can remember as plainly as though it happened but yesterday that I once got into a bad scrape through *la religion*. I was asked at least six times in succession, “Henry, what is French for ‘the faith?’” And six times, with an ever increasing inclination to weep, I replied, “It is called *le crédit*.” And after the seventh question the furious examiner, purple in the face, cried, “It is called *la religion*” — and there was a rain of blows and a thunder of laughter from all my schoolmates. Madame, since that day I never hear the word *religion* without having my back turn pale with terror, and my cheeks turn red with shame. And to tell the honest truth, *le crédit* has during my life stood me in the better stead than *la religion*. It occurs to me just at this instant that I still owe the landlord of The Lion in Bologna five dollars. And I pledge you my sacred word of honor that I would willingly owe him five dollars more if I could

only be certain that I should never again hear that unlucky word, *la religion*, as long as I live.

Parbleu, Madame! I have succeeded tolerably well in French; for I understand not only *patois*, but even patrician, governess French. Not long ago, when in an aristocratic circle, I understood nearly one-half of the conversation of two German countesses, each of whom could count at least sixty-four years, and as many ancestors. Yes, in the *Café Royal* in Berlin, I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens talking French, and could understand every word he spoke, though there was no understanding in anything he said. We must know the *spirit* of a language, and this is best learned by drumming. *Parbleu!* how much do I not owe to the French drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like a devil, and yet had the good heart of an angel, and withal drummed so divinely!

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black mustache, beneath which red lips sprang forth defiantly, while his wild eyes shot fiery glances all round.

I, a young shaver, stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to clean his military buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest — for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well — and I followed him to the guard house, to the roll-call, to the parade-ground — in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment — *les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand knew but a little broken German, only the three principal words, “Bread,” “Kiss,” “Honor” — but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I knew not what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the *Marseillaise* — and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march —

“Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne!”

and I understood him. If I did not know what *Bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also declares, drummed in Champagne — and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word *l’Allemagne* (or Germany), and he drummed the all too *simple* melody which on market-days is played to dancing-dogs, namely, *dum-dum-dum!* I was vexed, but I understood him for all that!

In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not understand, it is true, the words which he spoke, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I knew what he meant. This is, fundamentally, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastille, of the Tuileries, and the like, cannot be correctly understood until we know how *the drumming* was done on such occasions. In our school compendiums of history we merely read: "Their Excellencies the Barons and Counts and their noble spouses, their Highnesses the Dukes and Princes and their most noble spouses were beheaded. His Majesty the King, and his most illustrious spouse, the Queen, were beheaded." — But when you hear the red march of the guillotine drummed, you understand it correctly for the first time, and with it the how and the why. Madame, that is really a wonderful march! It thrilled through marrow and bone when I first heard it, and I was glad that I forgot it. People are apt to forget things of this kind as they grow older, and a young man has nowadays so much and such a variety of knowledge to keep in his head — whist, Boston, genealogical registers, decrees of the Federal Council, dramaturgy, the liturgy, carving — and yet, I assure you that really, despite all the jogging up of my brain, I could not for a long time recall that tremendous time! And only to think, Madame! Not long ago I sat one day at table with a whole menagerie of counts, princes, princesses, chamberlains, court-marshales, seneschals, upper court mistresses, court keepers of the royal plate, court hunters' wives, and whatever else these aristocratic domestics are termed, and *their* under-domestics ran about behind their chairs and shoved full plates before their mouths; but I, who was passed by and neglected, sat idle without the least occupation for my jaws, and kneaded little bread-balls, and drummed with my fingers, from boredom, and, to my astonishment, I found myself suddenly drumming the red, long-forgotten guillotine march.

"And what happened?" Madame, the good people were not in the least disturbed, nor did they know that *other* people, when they can get nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and that, too, very queer marches, which people have long forgotten.

Is drumming now an inborn talent, or was it early developed in me? Enough, it lies in my limbs, in my hands, in my feet, and often involuntarily manifests itself. At Berlin, I once sat in the lecture-room of the Privy Councilor Schmaltz, a man who had saved the state by his book on the *Red and Black Coat Danger*. You remember, perhaps, Madame, that in

Pausanias we are told that by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from Livy, or from Becker's *History of the World*, that geese once saved the Capitol, and you must certainly know from Sallust that by the chattering of a loquacious *putaine*, the Lady Fulvia, the terrible conspiracy of Catiline came to light. But to return to the mutton aforesaid. I was listening to the law and rights of nations, in the lecture-room of the Herr Privy Councilor Schmaltz, and it was a lazy sleepy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench, and little by little I listened less and less — my head had gone to sleep — when all at once I was awakened by the noise of my own feet, which had *not* gone to sleep and had probably heard that just the contrary of the law and rights of nations was being taught and constitutional principles were being reviled, and which with the little eyes of their corns had seen better how things go in the world than the Privy Councilor with his great Juno eyes — these poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their immeasurable meaning by words, strove to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly that I thereby came near getting into a terrible scrape.

Cursèd, unreflecting feet! They once played me a little trick, when I, on a time in Göttingen, was temporarily attending the lectures of Professor Saalfeld, and as this learned gentleman, with his angular agility, jumped about here and there in his desk, and wound himself up to curse the Emperor Napoleon in regular set style — no, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming *then* — indeed, I would not have blamed you if in your dumb *naïveté* you had expressed yourselves by still more energetic movements. How dare I, the scholar of Le Grand, hear the Emperor cursed? The Emperor! the Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer-green and golden. A long avenue of lindens in bloom arises before me, and on the leafy twigs sit nightingales, singing; the waterfall murmurs, in full round beds flowers are growing, and dreamily nodding their fair heads. I was on a footing of wondrous intimacy with them; the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me; the nervous sick lilies nodded to me with tender melancholy, the wine-red roses laughed at me from afar; the night-violets sighed; with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the mignonette, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend. — I am speaking of the Court garden of Düsseldorf, where

I often lay upon the grass and piously listened there when Monsieur Le Grand told of the martial feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed while the deeds were performed, so that I saw and heard it all vividly. I saw the passage over the Simplon — the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and the glaciers thundered in the distance; I saw the Emperor with glove in hand on the bridge of Lodi; I saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo; I saw the Emperor on horseback in the battle of the Pyramids, naught around save powder, smoke, and Mamelukes; I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz — ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road! I saw, I heard the battle of Jena-dum, dum, dune; I saw, I heard the battle of Eylau, of Wagram — no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that my own eardrum nearly burst.

III

But what were my feelings when my very own eyes were first blessed with the sight of him, *him* — Hosannah! the Emperor.

It was precisely in the avenue of the Court garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the “general march” — yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation that no one should dare ride through the middle of the avenue under penalty of five dollars fine. And the Emperor with his *cortège* rode directly through the middle of the avenue. The trembling trees bowed toward him as he advanced, the sun-rays quivered, frightened, yet curious, through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his unpretentious-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly — had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost laxly, holding his rein with one hand, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand — one of the pair which subdued the many headed monster of anarchy, and regulated the conflict of nations — and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman

busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as those of the ancients, and on that countenance was plainly written "Thou shalt have no gods before me!" A smile, which warmed and tranquilized every heart, flitted over the lips — and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle *et la Prusse n'existait plus* — those lips needed but to whistle and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing — those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman Empire would have danced. And these lips smiled, and the eye too smiled. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men; it saw at a glance all things in the world at once, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one, and then only their colored shadows. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and from time to time there was a quiver which swept over this brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-league-boots thoughts, wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world; and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have furnished a German author plentiful material to write about all the days of his life.

The Emperor rode calmly, straight through the middle of the avenue; no policeman stopped him; behind him proudly rode his cortège on snorting steeds and loaded with gold and ornaments. The drums rolled, the trumpets pealed; near me crazy Aloysius spun round, and snarled the names of his generals; not far off bellowed the tipsy Gumpert, and the multitude cried with a thousand voices, "Es lebe der Kaiser!" — Long live the Emperor!

IV

The Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows shake out their green hair, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring style, has written thereon invisible words, which will resound, like ghostly tones, through the centuries.

Britannia, the sea is thine! But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame which that mighty one hath bequeathed to thee in dying. Not thy wind bag, Sir Hudson — no; thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo whom perjured kings lured that they might secretly revenge on the man of

the people that which the people had once openly inflicted on one of themselves. And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the *Bellerophon*, and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the strait, there will be a blush on the cheek of every honorable Briton. But a day will come when this song will ring thither, and there will be no Britannia in existence — when the people of pride will be humbled to the earth, when Westminster's monuments will be broken, and when the royal dust which they inclosed will be forgotten. And St. Helena is the holy grave whither the races of the east and of the west will make their pilgrimage in ships, with pennons of many a hue, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly savior, who suffered and died under Sir Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the evangelists, Las Cases, O'Meara, and Autommarchi.

Strange! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor: Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still, as before, professor in Göttingen.

LAFAYETTE.⁸

(1833)

PARIS, January 19, 1832.

The *Temps* remarks today that the *Allgemeine Zeitung* now publishes articles which are hostile to the royal family, and that the German censorship, which does not permit the least remark to be leveled at absolute kings, does not show the least mercy toward a citizen-king. The *Temps* is really the shrewdest and cleverest journal in the world! It attains its object with a few mild words much more readily than others with the most blustering polemics. Its crafty hint is well understood, and I know of at least one liberal writer who no longer considers it honorable to use, under the permission of the censorship, such inimical language of a citizen-king as would not be allowed when applied to an absolute monarch. But in return for that, let Louis Philippe do us one single favor — which is to remain a citizen-king; for it is because he is becoming every day more and more like an absolute king that we must complain of him. He is certainly perfectly honorable as a man, an estimable father of a family, a tender spouse and a good economist, but it is vexatious to see how he allows all the trees of liberty to be felled and stripped of their beautiful foliage that they may be sawed into beams to support the tottering house of Orleans. For that, and that only, the Liberal press blames him, and the spirits of truth, in order to make war on him, even condescend to lie. It is melancholy and lamentable that through such tactics even the family of the King must suffer, although its members are as innocent as they are amiable. As regards this, the German Liberal press, less witty but much kinder than its French elder sister, is guilty of no cruelties. “You should at least have pity on the King,” lately cried the good-tempered *Journal des Débats*. “Pity on Louis Philippe!” replied the *Tribune*. “This man asks for fifteen millions and our pity! Did he have pity on Italy, on Poland?” — *et cetera*.

I saw a few days ago the young orphan of Menotti, who was hanged in Modena. Nor is it long since I saw Señora Luisa de Torrijos, a poor deathly-pale lady, who quickly returned to Paris when she learned on the Spanish frontier the news of the execution of her husband and of his fifty-two companions in misfortune. Ah! I really pity Louis Philippe.

La Tribune, the organ of the openly declared Republican party, is pitiless as regards its royal enemy, and every day preaches the Republic. The *National*, the most reckless and independent journal in France, has recently chimed in to the same air in a most surprising manner. And terrible as an echo from the bloodiest days of the Convention sounded the speeches of those chiefs of the *Société des Amis du Peuple* who were placed last week before the court of assizes, “accused of having conspired against the existing Government in order to overthrow it and establish a republic.” They were acquitted by the jury, because they proved that they had in no way conspired, but had simply uttered their convictions publicly. “Yes, we desire the overthrow of this feeble Government, we wish for a republic.” Such was the refrain of all their speeches before the tribunal.

While on one side the serious Republicans draw the sword and growl with words of thunder, the *Figaro* flashes lightning, and laughs and swings its light lash most effectually. It is inexhaustible in clever sayings as to “the best republic,” a phrase with which poor Lafayette is mocked, because he, as is well known, once embraced Louis Philippe before the Hôtel de Ville and cried, “Vous êtes la meilleure république!” The *Figaro* recently remarked that we of course now require no republic, since we have seen the best. And it also said as cruelly, in reference to the debates on the civil list, that “*la meilleure république coute quinze millions.*” The Republican party will never forgive Lafayette his blunder in advocating a king. They reproach him with this, that he had known Louis Philippe long enough to be aware beforehand what was to be expected of him. Lafayette is now ill — *malade de chagrin* — heart-sick. All! the greatest heart of two worlds must feel bitterly the royal deception. It was all in vain that he in the very beginning continually insisted on the *Programme de l’Hôtel de Ville*, on the republican institutions with which the monarchy should be surrounded, and on similar promises. But he was out-cried by the *doctrinaire* gossips and chatterers, who proved from the English history of 1688 that people in Paris in July, 1830, had fought simply to maintain the Charter, and that all their sacrifices and struggles had no other object than to replace the elder line of the Bourbons by the younger, just as all was finished in England by putting the House of Orange in place of the Stuarts. Thiers, who does not think with this party, though he now acts as their spokesman, has of late given them a good push forward. This indifferentist of the deepest dye, who knows so admirably how to preserve moderation in the clearness, intelligence, and

illustration of his style, this Goethe of politics, is certainly at present the most powerful defender of the system of P rier, and, in fact, with his pamphlet against Chateaubriand he well-nigh annihilated that Don Quixote of Legitimacy, who sat so pathetically on his winged Rosinante, whose sword was more shining than sharp, and who shot only with costly pearls instead of good, piercing, leaden bullets.

In their irritation at the lamentable turn which events have taken, many of the enthusiasts for freedom go so far as to slander Lafayette. How far a man can go astray in this direction is shown by the book of Belmontet, which is also an attack on the well-known pamphlet by Chateaubriand, and in which the Republic is advocated with commendable freedom. I would here cite the bitter passages against Lafayette contained in this work, were they not on one side too spiteful, and on the other connected with a defense of the Republic which is not suitable to this journal. I therefore refer the reader to the work itself, and especially to a chapter in it entitled "The Republic." One may there see how evil fortune may make even the noblest men unjust.

I will not here find fault with the brilliant delusion of the possibility of a republic in France. A royalist by inborn inclination, I have now, in France, become one from conviction. For I am convinced that the French could never tolerate any republic, neither according to the constitution of Athens or of Sparta, nor, least of all, to that of the United States. The Athenians were the student-youths of mankind; their constitution was a species of academic freedom, and it would be mere folly to seek to introduce it in this our matured age, to revive it in our senile Europe. And how could we put up with that of Sparta, that great and tiresome manufactory of patriotism, that soldiers' barrack of republican virtue, that sublimely bad kitchen of equality, in which black broth was so vilely cooked that Attic wits declared it made men despise life and defy death in battle? How could such a constitution flourish in the very *foyer* of gourmands, in the fatherland of V ry, of V four, and of Car me? This latter would certainly have thrown himself, like Vatel, on his sword, as a Brutus of cookery and as the last gastronome. Indeed, had Robespierre only introduced Spartan cookery, the guillotine would have been quite superfluous, for then the last aristocrats would have died of terror, or emigrated as soon as possible. Poor Robespierre! you would introduce stern republicanism to Paris — to a city in which one hundred and fifty thousand milliners and dressmakers, and as

many barbers and perfumers, exercise their smiling, curling, and sweet-smelling industries!

The monotony, the want of color, and the petty domestic citizens' life of America would be even more intolerable in the home of the "love of the spectacular," of vanity, fashion, and novelties. Indeed, the passion for decorations flourishes nowhere so much as in France. Perhaps, with the exception of August Wilhelm Schlegel, there is not a woman in Germany so fond of gay ribbons as the French; even the heroes of July, who fought for freedom and equality, afterward wore blue ribbons to distinguish themselves from the rest of the people. Yet, if I on this account doubt the success of a republic in Europe, it still cannot be denied that everything is leading to one; that the republican respect for law in place of veneration of royal personages is showing itself among the better classes, and that the Opposition, just as it played at comedy for fifteen years with a king, is now continuing the same game with royalty itself, and that consequently a republic may be for a short time, at least, the end of the song. The Carlists are aiding this movement, since they regard it as a necessary phase which will enable them to reëstablish the absolute monarchy of the elder branch; therefore they now bear themselves like the most zealous republicans. Even Chateaubriand praises the Republic, calls himself a Republican from inclination, fraternizes with Marrast, and receives the accolade from Béranger. The *Gazette* — the hypocritical *Gazette de France* — now yearns for republican state forms, universal franchise, primary meetings, *et cetera*. It is amusing to see how these disguised priestlings now play the bully-braggart in the language of Sans-culottism, how fiercely they coquet with the red Jacobin cap, yet are ever and anon afflicted with the thought that they might forgetfully have put on in its place the red cap of a prelate; they take for an instant from their heads their borrowed covering and show the tonsure unto all the world. Such men as these now believe that they may insult Lafayette, and it serves as an agreeable relaxation from the sour republicanism, the compulsory liberty, which they must assume.

But let deluded friends and hypocritical enemies say what they will, Lafayette is, after Robespierre, the purest character of the French Revolution, and, next to Napoleon, its most popular hero. Napoleon and Lafayette are the two names which now bloom most beautifully in France. Truly their fame is each of a different kind. The latter fought for peace, not victory; the former rather for the laurel wreath than for that of oak leaves. It

would indeed be ridiculous to measure the greatness of the two heroes with the same metre, and put one on the pedestal of the other, even as it would be absurd to set the statue of Lafayette on the Vendôme column — that monument made of the cannon conquered on so many fields of battle, the sight of which, as Barbier sings, no French mother can endure. On this bronze column place Napoleon, the man of iron, here, as in life, standing on his fame, earned by cannon, rising in terrible isolation to the clouds, so that every ambitious soldier, when he beholds him, the unattainable one, there on high, may have his heart humbled and healed of the vain love of celebrity, and thus this colossal column of metal, as a lightning conductor of conquering heroism, will do much for the cause of peace in Europe.

Lafayette has raised for himself a better column than that of the Place Vendôme, and a better monumental image than one of metal or marble. Where is there marble as pure as the heart of old Lafayette, or metal as firm as his fidelity? It is true that he was always one-sided, but one-sided like the magnetic needle, which always points to the north, and never once veers to south or west. So he has for forty years said the same thing, and pointed constantly to North America. He is the one who opened the Revolution with the declaration of the rights of man; to this hour he perseveres in this belief, without which there is no salvation and no health to be hoped for — the one-sided man with his one-sided heavenly region of freedom. He is indeed no genius, as was Napoleon, in whose head the eagles of inspiration built their nests, while the serpents of calculation entwined in his heart; but then he was never intimidated by eagles nor seduced by serpents. As a young man he was wise as a graybeard, as a graybeard fiery as a youth, a protector of the people against the wiles of the great, a protector of the great against the rage of the people, compassionating yet combating, never arrogant and never discouraged, equally firm and mild — the unchangeable Lafayette! and so, in his one-sidedness and equanimity, he has remained on the same spot from the days of Marie Antoinette to the present hour. And, as a trusty Eckart of liberty, he still stands leaning on his sword before the entrance to the Tuileries, warning the world against that seductive Venusberg, whose magic tones sing so enticingly, and from whose sweet snares the poor wretches who are once entangled in them can never escape.

It is certainly true that the dead Napoleon is more beloved by the French than is the living Lafayette. This is perhaps because he is dead, which is to me the most delightful thing connected with him; for, were he alive, I

should be obliged to fight against him. The world outside of France has no idea of the boundless devotion of the French people to Napoleon. Therefore the discontented, when they determine on a decided and daring course, will begin by proclaiming the young Napoleon, in order to secure the sympathy of the masses. Napoleon is, for the French, a magic word which electrifies and benumbs them. There sleep a thousand cannon in this name, even as in the column of the Place Vendôme, and the Tuileries will tremble should these cannon once awake. As the Jews never idly uttered the name of their God, so Napoleon is here very seldom called by his, and people speak of him as *l'homme*, “the man.” But his picture is seen everywhere, in engravings and plaster casts, in metal and wood. On all boulevards and carrefours are orators who praise and popular minstrels who sing him — the Man — and his deeds. Yesterday evening, while returning home, I came into a dark and lonely lane, in which there stood a child some three years old, who, by a candle stuck into the earth, lisped a song praising the Emperor. As I threw him a sou on the handkerchief spread out, something slid up to me, begging for another. It was an old soldier, who could also sing a song of the glory of the great Emperor, for this glory had cost him both legs. The poor man did not beg in the name of God, but implored with most believing fervor, “*Au nom de Napoléon, donnez-moi un sou.*” So this name is the best word to conjure with among the people. Napoleon is its god, its cult, its religion, and this religion will, by and by, become tiresome, like every other.

Lafayette, on the contrary, is venerated more as a man or as a guardian angel. He, too, lives in picture and in song, but less heroically; and — honorably confessed! — it had a comic effect on me when, last year, on the 28th July, I heard in the song of *La Parisienne* the words —

“Lafayette aux cheveux blancs,”

while I saw him in person standing near me in his brown wig. It was the Place de la Bastille; the man was in his right place, but still I needs must laugh to myself. It may be that such a comic combination brings him humanly somewhat nearer to our hearts. His good-nature, his *bonhomie*, acts even on children, and they perhaps understand his greatness better than do the grown people. And here I will tell a little story about a beggar which will show the characteristic contrast between the glory of Lafayette and that of Napoleon. I was lately standing at a street corner before the Pantheon, and as usual lost in thought in contemplating that beautiful building, when a

little Auvergnat came begging for a sou, and I gave him half-a-franc to be rid of him. But he approached me all the more familiarly with the words, "*Est-ce que vous connaissez le général Lafayette?*" and as I assented to this strange question, the proudest satisfaction appeared on the naïve and dirty face of the pretty boy, and with serio-comic expression he said, "*Il est de mon pays,*" for he naturally believed that any man who was generous enough to give him ten sous must be, of course, an admirer of Lafayette, and judged me worthy that he should present himself as a compatriot of that great man. The country folk also have for Lafayette the most affectionate respect, and all the more because he chiefly busies himself with agriculture. From this, result the freshness and simplicity which might be lost in constant city life. In this he is like one of those great Republicans of earlier days who planted their own cabbages, but who in time of need hastened from the plough to the battle or the tribune, and after combat and victory returned to their rural work. On the estate where Lafayette passes the pleasant portion of the year, he is generally surrounded by aspiring young men and pretty girls. There hospitality, be it of heart or of table, rules supreme; there are much laughing and dancing; there is the court of the sovereign people; there any one may be presented who is the son of his own works and has never made *mésalliance* with falsehood — and Lafayette is the master of ceremonies. The name of this country place is Lagrange, and it is very charming when the hero of two worlds relates to the young people his adventures; then he appears like an epos surrounded by the garlands of an idyll.

But it is in the real middle-class more than any other, that is, among tradespeople and small shop-keepers, that there is the most veneration for Lafayette. They simply worship him. Lafayette, the establisher of order, is their idol. They adore him as a kind of Providence on horseback, an armed tutelary patron of public peace and security, as a genius of freedom, who also takes care in the battle for freedom that nothing is stolen and that everybody keeps his little property. The great army of public order, as Casimir Périer called the National Guard, the well-fed heroes in great bearskin caps into which small shopmen's heads are stuck, are drunk with delight when they speak of Lafayette, their old general, their Napoleon of peace. Truly he is the Napoleon of the small citizen, of those brave folks who always pay their bills — those uncle tailors and cousin glove-makers who are indeed too busy by day to think of Lafayette, but who praise him

afterward in the evening with double enthusiasm, so that one may say that it is about eleven o'clock at night, when the shops are shut, that his fame is in full bloom.

I have just before used the expression "master of ceremonies." I now recall that Wolfgang Menzel has in his witty trifling called Lafayette a master of ceremonies of Liberty. This was when the former spoke in the *Literaturblatt* of the triumphal march of Lafayette across the United States, and of the deputations, addresses, and solemn discourses which attended such occasions. Other much less witty folk wrongly imagine that Lafayette is only an old man who is kept for show or used as a machine. But they need hear him speak only once in public to learn that he is not a mere flag which is followed or sworn by, but that he is in person the *gonfalonière* in whose hands is the good banner, the oriflamme of the nations. Lafayette is perhaps the most prominent and influential speaker in the Chamber of Deputies. When he speaks, he always hits the nail, and his nailed-up enemies, on the head.

When it is needed, when one of the great questions of humanity is discussed, then Lafayette ever rises, eager for strife as a youth. Only the body is weak and tottering, broken by age and the battles of his time, like a hacked and dented old iron armor, and it is touching when he totters under it to the tribune and has reached his old post, to see how he draws a deep breath and smiles. This smile, his delivery, and the whole being of the man while speaking on the tribune, are indescribable. There is in it all so much that is winsome and yet so much delicate irony, that one is enchained as by a marvelous curiosity, a sweet, strange enigma. We know not if these are the refined manners of a French marquis or the straightforward simplicity of an American citizen. All that is best in the *ancien régime*, the chivalresque courtesy and tact, are here wondrously fused with what is best in the modern *bourgeoisie*, love of equality, simplicity, and honesty. Nothing is more interesting than when mention is made, in the Chamber, of the first days of the Revolution, and some one in *doctrinaire* fashion tears some historical fact from its true connection and turns it to his own account in speech. Then Lafayette destroys with a few words the erroneous deduction by illustrating or correcting the true sense of such an event by citing the circumstances relating to it. Even Thiers must in such a case strike sail, and the great historiographer of the Revolution bows before the outburst of its great and living monument, General Lafayette.

There sits in the Chamber, just before the tribune a very old man, with long silvery hair falling over his black clothing. His body is girted with a very broad tricolored scarf; he is the old messenger who has always filled that office in the Chamber since the beginning of the Revolution, and who in this post has witnessed the momentous events of the world's history from the days of the first National Assembly till the *juste milieu*. I am told that he often speaks of Robespierre, whom he calls *le bon Monsieur Robespierre*. During the Restoration the old man suffered from colic, but since he has wound the tricolored scarf round his waist he finds himself well again. His only trouble now, in the dull and lazy times of the *juste milieu*, is drowsiness. I once even saw him fall asleep while Mauguin was speaking. Indeed, the man has, doubtless, in his time heard better than Mauguin, who is, however, one of the best orators of the Opposition, though he is not found to be very startling or effective by one *qui a beaucoup connu ce bon Monsieur de Robespierre*. But when Lafayette speaks, then the old messenger awakes from his twilight drowsiness, he seems to be aroused like an old war-horse of hussars when he hears the sound of a trumpet — there rise within him sweet memories of youth, and he nods delightedly with his silver-white head.

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THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.²

(1833-35)

But what was the Romantic School in Germany? It was nothing else but the reawakening of the poetry of the Middle Ages, as it had shown itself in its songs, images, and architecture, in art and in life. But this poetry had risen from Christianity; it was a passion-flower which had sprung from the blood of Christ. I do not know whether the melancholy passion-flower of Germany is known by that name in France, or whether popular legend attributes to it the same mystical origin. It is a strange, unpleasantly colored blossom, in whose calyx we see set forth the implements which were used in the crucifixion of Christ, such as the hammer, pincers, and nails — a flower which is not so much ugly as ghostly, and even whose sight awakens in our soul a shuddering pleasure, like the convulsively agreeable sensations which come from pain itself. From this view the flower was indeed the fittest symbol for Christianity itself, whose most thrilling chain was the luxury of pain.

Though in France only Roman Catholicism is understood by the word Christianity, I must specially preface that I speak only of the latter. I speak of that religion in whose first dogmas there is a damnation of all flesh, and which not only allows to the spirit power over the flesh, but will also kill this to glorify the spirit. I speak of that religion by whose unnatural requisitions sin and hypocrisy really came into the world, in that by the condemnation of the flesh the most innocent sensuous pleasures became sins, and because the impossibility of a man's becoming altogether spiritual naturally created hypocrisy. I speak of that religion which, by teaching the doctrine of the casting away of all earthly goods and of cultivating a dog-like, abject humility and angelic patience, became the most approved support of despotism. Men have found out the real life and meaning (*Wesen*) of this religion, and do not now content themselves with promises of supping in Paradise; they know that matter has also its merits, and is not all the devil's, and they now defend the delights of this world, this beautiful garden of God, our inalienable inheritance. And therefore, because we have grasped so entirely all the consequences of that absolute spiritualism, we may believe that the Christian Catholic view of the world has reached its

end. Every age is a sphinx, which casts itself into the abyss when man has guessed its riddle.

Yet we do in no wise deny the good results which this Christian Catholic view of the world established in Europe. It was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the cruelly colossal materialism which had developed itself in the Roman realm and threatened to destroy all spiritual human power. As the lascivious memoirs of the last century form the *pièces justificatives* of the French Revolution, as the terrorism of a *comité du salut public* seems to be necessary physic when we read the confessions of the aristocratic world of France, so we recognize the wholesomeness of ascetic spiritualism when we read Petronius or Apuleius, which are to be regarded as the *pièces justificatives* of Christianity. The flesh had become so arrogant in this Roman world that it required Christian discipline to chasten it. After the banquet of a Trimalchion, such a hunger-cure as Christianity was a necessity.

Or was it that as lascivious old men seek by being whipped to excite new power of enjoyment, so old Rome endured monkish chastisement to find more exquisite delight in torture and voluptuous rapture in pain? Evil excess of stimulant! it took from the body of the state of Rome its last strength. It was not by division into two realms that Rome perished. On the Bosphorus, as by the Tiber, Rome was devoured by the same Jewish spiritualism, and here, as there, Roman history was that of a long dying agony which lasted for centuries. Did murdered Judea, in leaving to Rome its spiritualism, wish to revenge itself on the victorious foe, as did the dying centaur who craftily left to the son of Hercules the deadly garment steeped in his own blood? Truly Rome, the Hercules among races, was so thoroughly devoured by Jewish poison that helm and harness fell from its withered limbs, and its imperial war-voice died away into the wailing cadences of monkish prayer and the soft trilling of castrated boys.

But what weakens old age strengthens youth. That spiritualism had a healthy action on the too sound and strong races of the North; the too full-blooded barbarous bodies were spiritualized by Christianity, and European civilization began. The Catholic Church has in this respect the strongest claims on our regard and admiration, for it succeeded by subduing with its great genial institutions the bestiality of Northern barbarians and by mastering brutal matter.

The Art-work of the Middle Ages manifests this mastery of mere material by mind, and it is very often its only mission. The epic poems of this period may be easily classed according to the degree of this subjection or influence. There can be no discussion here of lyrical and dramatic poems, for the latter did not exist, and the former are as like in every age as are the songs of nightingales in spring.

Although the epic poetry of the Middle Ages was divided into sacred and profane, both were altogether Christian according to their kind; for if sacred poesy sang of the Jewish race and its history, the only race which was regarded as holy, or of the heroes and legends of the Old and New Testaments, and, in brief, the Church — still all the life of the time was reflected in profane poetry with its Christian views and action. The flower of the religious poetic art in the German Middle Ages is perhaps *Barlaam and Josaphat*, in which the doctrine of abnegation, of abstinence, and the denial and contempt of all worldly glory, is set forth most consistently. Next to this I would class the *The Eulogium of St. Hanno* (*Lobgesang auf den heiligen Anno*) as the best of the religious kind; but this is of a far more secular character, differing from the first as the portrait of a Byzantine saint differs from an old German one. As in those Byzantine pictures, so we see in *Barlaam and Josaphat* the utmost simplicity; there is no perspective side-work, and the long, lean, statue-like forms and the idealistic serious faces come out strongly drawn, as if from a mellow gold ground. On the other hand, in the song of praise of St. Hanno, the side-work or accessories are almost the subject, and, notwithstanding the grandeur of the plan, the details are treated in the minutest manner, so that we know not whether to admire in it the conception of a giant or the patience of a dwarf. But the evangel-poem of Ottfried, which is generally praised as the masterpiece of sacred poetry, is far less admirable than the two which I have mentioned.

In profane poetry we find, as I have already signified, first the cycle of sagas of the *Nibelungen* and the *Heldenbuch*, or *Book of Heroes*. In them prevails all the pre-Christian manner of thought and of feeling; in them rude strength has not as yet been softened by chivalry. There the stern Kempe-warriors of the North stand like stone images, and the gentle gleam and the more refined breath of Christianity have not as yet penetrated their iron armor. But little by little a light dawns in the old Teutonic forest; the ancient idolatrous oak-trees are felled, and we see a brighter field of battle where Christ wars with the heathen. This appears in the saga-cycle of

Charlemagne, in which what we really see is the Crusades reflecting themselves with their religious influences. And now from the spiritualizing power of Christianity, chivalry, the most characteristic feature of the Middle Ages, unfolds itself, and is at last sublimed into a spiritual knighthood. This secular knighthood appears most attractively glorified in the sagacycle of King Arthur, in which the sweetest gallantry, the most refined courtesy, and the most adventurous passion for combat prevail. Among the charmingly eccentric arabesques and fantastic flower-pictures of this poem we are greeted by the admirable Iwain, the all-surpassing Lancelot du Lac, and the bold, gallant, and true, but somewhat tiresome, Wigalois. Nearly allied and interwoven with this cyclus of sagas is that of the Holy Grail, in which the spiritual knighthood is glorified; and in this epoch we meet three of the grandest poems of the Middle Ages, the *Titirel*, the *Parsifal*, and the *Lohengrin*. Here indeed we find ourselves face to face with Romantic Poetry. We look deeply into her great sorrowing eyes; she twines around us, unsuspectingly, her fine scholastic nets, and draws us down into the bewildering, deluding depths of medieval mysticism.

At last, however, we come to poems of that age which are not unconditionally devoted to Christian spiritualism; nay, it is often indirectly reflected on, where the poet disentangles himself from the bonds of abstract Christian virtues and plunges delighted into the world of pleasure and of glorified sensuousness; and it is not the worst poet, by any means, who has left us the principal work thus inspired. This is *Tristan and Isolde*; and I must declare that Gottfried von Strassburg, the composer of this most beautiful poem of the Middle Ages, is perhaps also its greatest poet, towering far above all the splendor of Wolfram von Eschenbach, whom we so admire in *Parsifal* and the fragments of *Titirel*. We are at last permitted to praise Gottfried unconditionally, though in his own time his book was certainly regarded as godless, and similar works, among them the *Lancelot*, were considered as dangerous. And some very serious results did indeed ensue. The fair Francesca da Polenta and her handsome friend had to pay dearly for the pleasure of reading on a summer day in such a book; but the trouble came not from the reading, but from their suddenly ceasing to read.

There is in all these poems of the Middle Ages a marked character which distinguishes them from those of Greece and Rome. We characterize this difference by calling the first Romantic and the other Classic. Yet these appellations are only uncertain rubrics, and have led hitherto to the most

discouraging, wearisome entanglements, which become worse since we give to antique poetry the designation of "Plastic," instead of "Classic." From this arose much misunderstanding; for, justly, all poets should work their material plastically, be it Christian or heathen; they should set it forth in clear outlines; in short, plastic form should be the main desideratum in modern Romantic art, quite as much as in the ancient. And are not the figures in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante or in the pictures of Raphael as plastic as those in Virgil? The difference lies in this, that the plastic forms in ancient art are absolutely identical with the subject or the idea which the artist would set forth, as, for example, that the wanderings of Ulysses mean nothing else than the journeyings of a man named Odysseus, who was son of Laërtes and husband of Penelope; and further, that the Bacchus which we see in the Louvre is nothing else than the graceful, winsome son of Semele, with audacious melancholy in his eyes and sacred voluptuousness on his soft and arching lips. It is quite otherwise in Romantic art, in which the wild wanderings of a knight have ever an esoteric meaning, symbolizing perhaps the erring course of life. The dragon whom he overcomes is sin; the almond which from afar casts comforting perfume to the traveler is the Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, which are three in one, as shell, fibre, and kernel make one nut. When Homer describes the armor of a hero, it is a good piece of work, worth such and such a number of oxen; but when a monk of the Middle Ages describes in his poems the garments of the Mother of God, one may be sure that by this garb he means as many virtues, and a peculiar significance lies hidden under this holy covering of the immaculate virginity of Maria, who, as her son is the almond-kernel, is naturally sung as the almond-flower. That is the character of the medieval poetry which we call Romantic.

Classic art had only to represent the finite or determined, and its forms could be one and the same with the idea of the artist. Romantic art had to set forth, or rather signify, the infinite and purely spiritual, and it took refuge in a system of traditional, or rather of parabolistic symbols, as Christ himself had sought to render clear his spiritualistic ideas by all kinds of beautiful parables. Hence the mystical, problematic, marvelous, and transcendental in the artwork of the Middle Ages, in which fantasy makes her most desperate efforts to depict the purely spiritual by means of sensible images, and invents colossal follies, piling Pelion on Ossa and *Parsifal* on *Titirel* to attain to heaven.

Among other races where poetry attempted to display the infinite, and where monstrous fancies appeared, as, for instance, among the Scandinavians and Indians, we find poems which, being romantic, are given that classification.

We cannot say much as to the music of the Middle Ages, for original documents, which might have served for our guidance, are wanting. It was not till late in the sixteenth century that the masterpieces of Catholic church music, which cannot be too highly praised, appeared. These express in the most exquisite manner pure Christian spirituality. The recitative arts, which are spiritual from their very nature, could indeed flourish fairly in Christianity, yet it was less favorable to those of design, for as these had to represent the victory of mind over matter, and yet must use matter as the means wherewith to work, they had to solve a problem against Nature. Hence we find in sculpture and painting those revolting subjects — martyrdoms, crucifixions, dying saints, and the flesh crushed in every form. Such themes were martyrdom for sculpture; and when I contemplate those distorted images in which Christian asceticism and renunciation of the senses are expressed by distorted, pious heads, long thin arms, starveling legs, and awkwardly fitting garments, I feel an indescribable compassion for the artists of that time. The painters were indeed more favored, for the material for their work, because of its susceptibility to varied play of color, did not antagonize spirituality so obstinately as the material of the sculptors, and yet they were obliged to load the sighing canvas with the most repulsive forms of suffering. In truth, when we regard many galleries which contain nothing but scenes of bloodshed, scourging, and beheading, one might suppose that the old masters had painted for the collection of an executioner.

But human genius can transform and glorify even the unnatural; many painters solved this problem of making what was revolting beautiful and elevating — the Italians, especially, succeeding in paying tribute to beauty at the expense of spirituality, and in rising to that ideality which attained perfection in so many pictures of the Madonna. As regards this subject the Catholic clergy always made some concession to the physical. This image of immaculate beauty which is glorified by maternal love and suffering had the privilege of being made famous by poets and painters, and adorned with all charms of the sense, for it was a magnet which could attract the multitude to the lap of Christianity. Madonna Maria was the beautiful *dame*

du comptoir of the Catholic Church, who, with her beautiful eyes, attracted and held fast its customers, especially the barbarians of the North.

Architecture had in the Middle Ages the same character as the other arts, as indeed all the manifestations of life then harmonized so marvelously with one another. The tendency to parable shows itself here, as in poetry. When we now enter a Gothic cathedral, we hardly suspect the esoteric sense of its stone symbolism; only a general impression pierces our soul; we realize an elevation of feeling and mortification of the flesh. The interior is a hollow cross, and we wander among the instruments of martyrdom itself; the variegated windows cast on us red and green light, like blood and corruption; funeral songs wail about us; under our feet are mortuary tablets and decay; and the soul soars with the colossal columns to a giddy height, tearing itself with pain from the body, which falls like a weary, worn-out garment to the ground. But when we behold the exteriors of these Gothic cathedrals, these enormous buildings which are wrought so aërially, so finely, delicately, transparently, cut as it were into such open work that one might take them for Brabant lace in marble, then we feel truly the power of that age which could so master stone itself that it seems spectrally transfused with spiritual life, and thus even the hardest material declares Christian spirituality.

But arts are only the mirror of life, and, as Catholicism died away, so its sounds grew fainter and its lights dimmer in art. During the Reformation Catholic song gradually disappeared in Europe, and in its place we see the long-slumbering poetry of Greece re-awakening to life. But it was only an artificial spring, a work of the gardener, not of the sun, and the trees and flowers were in close pots, and a glass canopy protected them from cold and northern winds.

In the world's history no event is the direct result of another; all events rather exert a mutual influence. It was by no means due only to the Greek scholars who emigrated to Europe after the fall of Byzantium that a love for Grecian culture and the desire to imitate it became so general among us; a similar Protestantism prevailed then in art as well as in life. Leo X., that splendid Medici, was as zealous a Protestant as Luther, and as there was a Latin prose protest in Wittenberg, so they protested poetically in Rome in stone, color, and *ottaverime*. And do not the mighty marble images of Michelangelo, the laughing nymphs of Giulio Romano, and the joyous intoxication of life in the verses of Ludovico Ariosto form a protesting

opposition to the old, gloomy, worn-out Catholicism? The painters of Italy waged a polemic against priesthood which was perhaps more effective than that of the Saxon theologian. The blooming rosy flesh in the pictures of Titian is all Protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are more thorough *theses* than those which the German monk pasted on the church door of Wittenberg. Then it was that men felt as if suddenly freed from the force and pressure of a thousand years; the artists, most of all, again breathed freely as the nightmare of Christianity seemed to spin whirling from their breasts, and they threw themselves with enthusiasm into the sea of Greek joyousness from whose foam rose to them goddesses of beauty. Painters once more limned the ambrosial joys of Olympus; sculptors carved, with the joy of yore, old heroes from the marble; poets again sang the house of Atreus and Laius; and so the age of new classic poetry began.

As modern life was most perfectly developed in France under Louis XIV., so the new classic poetry received there its most finished perfection, and, in a measure, an independent originality. Through the political influence of that great king this poetry spread over Europe; in Italy, its home, it assumed a French color, and thence the heroes of French tragedy went with the Anjous to Spain; it passed with Henrietta Maria to England, and we Germans, as a matter of course, built our clumsy temples to the powdered Olympus of Versailles. The most famous high-priest of this religion was Gottsched, that wonderful long wig whom our dear Goethe has so admirably described in his memoirs.

Lessing was the literary Arminius who delivered our theatre from this foreign rule. He showed us the nothingness, the laughableness, the flat and faded folly of those imitations of the French theatre, which were in turn imitated from the Greek. But he became the founder of modern German literature, not only by his criticism, but by his own works of art. This man pursued with enthusiasm and sincerity art, theology, antiquity, and archæology, the art of poetry, history — all with the same zeal and to the same purpose. There lives and breathes in all his works the same great social idea, the same progressive humanity, the same religion of reason, whose John he was, and whose Messiah we await. This religion he always preached, but, alas! too often alone and in the desert. And there was one art only of which he knew nothing — that of changing stones into bread, for he consumed the greatest part of his life in poverty and under hard pressure — a curse which clings to nearly all great German geniuses, and will last, it

may be, till ended by political freedom. Lessing was more inspired by political feelings than men supposed, a peculiarity which we do not find among his contemporaries, and we can now see for the first time what he meant in sketching the duo-despotism in *Emilia Galotti*. He was regarded then as a champion of freedom of thought and against clerical intolerance; for his theological writings were better understood. The fragments *On the Education of the Human Race*, which Eugène Rodrigue has translated into French, may give an idea of the vast comprehensiveness of Lessing's mind. The two critical works which exercised the most influence on art are his *Hamburg Dramatic Art* (*Hamburgische Dramaturgie*), and his *Laokoon, or the Limits of Painting and Poetry*. His most remarkable theatrical pieces are *Emilia Galotti*, *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *Nathan the Wise*.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born at Camenz in Lausitz, January 22, 1729, and died in Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He was a thorough-going man who, when he destroyed something old in a battle, at the same time always created something new and better. "He was," says a German author, "like those pious Jews, who, during the second building of the Temple, were often troubled by attacks of the enemy, and so fought with one hand while with the other they worked at the house of God." This is not the place where I can say more of Lessing, but I cannot refrain from remarking that he is, of all who are recorded in the whole history of literature, the writer whom I love best.

I will here mention another author who worked in the same spirit, with the same object, as Lessing, and who may be regarded as his successor. It is true that his eulogy is here also out of place, since he occupies an altogether peculiar position in literature, and a unique relation to his time and to his contemporaries. It is Johann Gottfried Herder, born in 1744 at Mohrungen, in East Prussia, and who died at Weimar in the year 1803.

Literary history is the great "Morgue" where every one seeks his dead, those whom he loves or to whom he is related. When I see there, among so many dead who were of little interest, a Lessing or a Herder, with their noble, manly countenances, my heart throbs; I cannot pass them by without hastily kissing their dead lips.

Yet if Lessing did so much to destroy the habit of imitating French second-hand Greekdom, he still, by calling attention to the true works of art of Greek antiquity, gave an impulse to a new kind of ridiculous imitations. By his battling with religious superstition he advanced the sober search for

clearer views which spread widely in Berlin, which had in the late blessed Nicolai its chief organ, and in the General German Library its arsenal. The most deplorable mediocrity began to show itself more repulsively than ever, and flatness and insipidity blew themselves up like the frog in the fable.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Goethe, who had already come before the world, was at once universally recognized as a writer of commanding genius. His *Götz von Berlichingen* and his *Werther* were received with a degree of enthusiasm, to be sure; but so, too, were the works of common bunglers, and Goethe had but a small niche in the temple of literature. As I have said, *Götz* and *Werther* had a spirited reception, but more on account of the subject-matter than their artistic merits, which very few appreciated in these masterworks. *Götz* was a dramatized romance of chivalry, and such writings were then the rage. In *Werther* the world saw the reproduction of a true story, that of young Jerusalem, who shot himself dead for love, and thereby, in those dead-calm days, made a great noise. People read with tears his touching letters; some shrewdly observed that the manner in which Werther had been banished from aristocratic society had increased his weariness of life. The discussion of suicide caused the book to be still more discussed; it occurred to several fools on this occasion to make away with themselves, and the book, owing to its subject, went off like a shot. The novels of August Lafontaine were just as much read, and, as this author wrote incessantly, he was more famous than Wolfgang von Goethe. Wieland was the great poet then, with whom perhaps might be classed the ode-maker, Rambler of Berlin. Wieland was honored idolatrously, far more at that time than Goethe. Iffland ruled the theatre with his dreary *bourgeois* dramas, and Kotzebue with his flat and frivolously witty jests.

It was in opposition to this literature that there sprang up in Germany, at the end of the last century, a school which we call the Romantic, and of which August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel have presented themselves as managing agents. Jena, where these and many other souls in like accord found themselves "off and on," was the centre from which the new esthetic doctrine spread. I say doctrine, for this school began with judgments of the art-works of the past and recipes for art-works of the future, and in both directions the Schlegel school rendered great service to esthetic criticism. By judging of such works of art as already existed, either their faults and failures were indicated, or their merits and beauties brought to light. In controversy and in indicating artistic shortcomings, the Schlegels were

entirely imitators of old Lessing; they obtained possession of his great battle-blade, but the arm of August William Schlegel was too tenderly weak and the eyes of his brother Friedrich too mystically clouded for the former to strike so strongly and the latter so keenly and accurately as Lessing. True, in descriptive criticism, where the beauties of a work of art are to be set forth — where it came to a delicate detection of its characteristics and bringing them home to our intelligence — then, compared to the Schlegels, old Lessing was nowhere. But what shall I say as to their recipes for preparing works of art? There we find in the Schlegels a weakness which we think may also be detected in Lessing; for the latter is as weak in affirming as he is strong in denying. He rarely succeeds in laying down a fundamental principle, still more seldom a correct one. He wants the firm basis of a philosophy or of a philosophical system. And this is still more sadly the case with the brothers Schlegel.

Much is fabled as to the influence of Fichtean Idealism and Schelling's Philosophy of Nature on the Romantic school, which is even declared to have sprung from it. But I see here, at the most, only the influence of certain fragments of thoughts from Fichte and Schelling, and not at all that of a philosophy. This may be explained on the simple ground that Fichte's philosophy had lost its hold, and Fichte himself had made it lose its interest by a mingling of tenets and ideas from Schelling; and because, on the other hand, Schelling had never set forth a philosophy, but only a vague philosophizing, an unsteady, vacillating improvisation of poetical philosophemes. It may be that it was from the Fichtean Idealism — that deeply ironical system, where the I is opposed to the not — I and annihilates it — that the Romantic school took the doctrine of irony which the late Solger especially developed, and which the Schlegels at first regarded as the soul of art, but which they subsequently found to be fruitless and exchanged for the more positive axioms of the Theory of Identity of Schelling. Schelling, who then taught in Jena, had indeed a great personal influence on the Romantic school; he is, what is not generally known in France, also a bit of a poet; and it is said that he was in doubt whether he should not deliver all his philosophical doctrines in a poetic or even metrical form. This doubt characterizes the man.

THE RABBI OF BACHARACH.^{[10](#)}

(1840)

With kindly greeting, the Legend of the Rabbi of Bacharach is dedicated to his friend HENRY LAUBE by the AUTHOR

A FRAGMENT

CHAPTER I

On the Lower Rhine, where its banks begin to lose their smiling aspect, where the hills and cliffs with their romantic ruined castles rise more defiantly, and a wilder, sterner majesty prevails, there lies, like a strange and fearful tale of olden times, the gloomy and ancient town of Bacharach. But these walls, with their toothless battlements and blind turrets, in whose nooks and niches the winds whistle and the sparrows build their nests, were not always so decayed and fallen, and in these poverty-stricken, repulsive muddy lanes which one sees through the ruined gate, there did not always reign that dreary silence which only now and then is broken by the crying of children, the scolding of women, and the lowing of cows. These walls were once proud and strong, and these lanes were alive with fresh, free life, power and pomp, joy and sorrow, much love and much hate. For Bacharach once belonged to those municipalities which were founded by the Romans during their rule on the Rhine; and its inhabitants, though the times which came after were very stormy, and though they had to submit first to the Hohenstaufen, and then to the Wittelsbach authority, managed, following the example of the other cities on the Rhine, to maintain a tolerably free commonwealth. This consisted of an alliance of separate social elements, in which the patrician elders and those of the guilds, who were subdivided according to their different trades, both strove for power; so that while they were bound in union to resist and guard against outside robber-nobles, they were, nevertheless, constantly having domestic dissensions over disputed interests. Consequently there was but little social intercourse, much mistrust, and not infrequently actual outbursts of passion. The ruling governor sat in his lofty castle of Sareck, and swooped down like his falcon, whenever he was called, and often when not called. The clergy ruled in darkness by darkening the souls of others. One of the most forsaken and helpless of the social elements, which had been gradually bound down by local laws, was the little Jewish community. This had first settled in Bacharach in the days of the Romans, and during the later persecution of the Jews it had taken in many a flock of fugitive co-religionists.

The great oppression of the Jews began with the crusades, and raged most furiously about the middle of the fourteenth century, at the end of the great pestilence, which, like all other great public disasters, was attributed to the Jews, because people declared they had drawn down the wrath of

God, and, with the help of the lepers, had poisoned the wells. The enraged populace, especially the hordes of Flagellants, or half-naked men and women, who, lashing themselves for penance and singing a mad hymn to the Virgin, swept over South Germany and the Rhenish provinces, murdered in those days many thousand Jews, tortured others, or baptized them by force. There was another accusation which in earlier times and all through the Middle Ages, even to the beginning of the last century, cost much blood and suffering. This was the ridiculous story, recurring with disgusting frequency in chronicle and legend, that the Jews stole the consecrated wafer, and pierced it with knives till blood ran from it; and to this it was added that at the feast of the Passover the Jews slew Christian children to use their blood in the night sacrifice.

Consequently on the day of this festival the Jews, hated for their wealth, their religion, and the debts due to them, were entirely in the hands of their enemies, who could easily bring about their destruction by spreading the report of such a child-murder, and perhaps even secretly putting a bloody infant's corpse in the house of a Jew thus accused. Then at night they would attack the Jews at their prayers, and murder, plunder, and baptize them; and great miracles would be wrought by the dead child aforesaid, whom the Church would eventually canonize. Saint Werner is one of these holy beings, and in his honor the magnificent abbey of Oberwesel was founded. The latter is now one of the most beautiful ruins on the Rhine, and with the Gothic grandeur of its long ogival windows, proud and lofty pillars, and marvelous stone-carving, it strangely enchants us when we wander by it on some bright, green summer's day, and do not know the story of its origin. In honor of this saint there were also three great churches built on the Rhine, and innumerable Jews murdered and maltreated. All this happened in the year 1287; and in Bacharach, where one of these Saint Werner's churches stood, the Jews suffered much misery and persecution. However, they remained there for two centuries after, protected from such outbreaks of popular rage, though they were continually subject to spite and threats.

Yet the more they were oppressed by hate from without, the more earnestly and tenderly did the Jews of Bacharach cherish their domestic life within, and the deeper was the growth among them of piety and the fear of God. An ideal example of a life given to God was seen in their Rabbi Abraham, who, though still a young man, was famed far and wide for his

learning. He was born in Bacharach, and his father, who had been the rabbi there before him, had charged him in his last will to devote his life to that office and never to leave the place unless for fear of life. This command, except for a cabinet full of rare books, was all that his parent, who had lived in poverty and learning, left him. Rabbi Abraham, however, was a very rich man, for he had married the only daughter of his father's brother, who had been a prosperous dealer in jewelry, and whose possessions he had inherited. A few gossips in the community hinted now and then that the Rabbi had married for money. But the women all denied this, declaring that the Rabbi, long ere he went to Spain, had been in love with "Beautiful Sara," and recalling how she had awaited his return for seven years, while, as a matter of fact, he had already wedded her against the will of her father, and even without her own consent, by the betrothal-ring. For every Jew can make a Jewish girl his lawful wife, if he can succeed in putting a ring on her finger, and say at the same time: "I take thee for my wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel." And when Spain was mentioned, the same gossips were wont to smile in the same significant manner, all because of a vague rumor that Rabbi Abraham, though he had studied the holy law industriously enough at the theological school in Toledo, had nevertheless followed Christian customs and become imbued with habits of free thinking, like many of the Spanish Jews who at that time had attained a very remarkable degree of culture.

And yet in the bottom of their hearts these gossips put no faith in such reports; for ever since his return from Spain the daily life of the Rabbi had been pure, pious, and earnest in every way. He performed every detail of all religious customs and ceremonies with painstaking conscientiousness; he fasted every Monday and Thursday — only on Sabbaths and feast days did he indulge in meat or wine; his time was passed in prayer and study; by day he taught the Law to students, whom his fame had drawn to Bacharach; and by night he gazed on the stars in heaven, or into the eyes of Beautiful Sara. His married life was childless, yet there was no lack of life or gaiety in his home. The great hall in his house, which stood near the synagogue, was open to the whole community, so that people went in and out without ceremony, some to offer short prayers, others to gather news, or to hold a consultation when in trouble. Here the children played on Sabbath mornings while the weekly "section" was being read; here people met for wedding and funeral processions, and quarreled or were reconciled; here, too, those

who were cold found a warm stove, and those who were hungry, a well-spread table. And, moreover, the Rabbi, as well as his wife, had a multitude of relatives, brothers and sisters, with their wives and children, and an endless array of uncles and cousins, all of whom looked up to the Rabbi as the head of the family, and so made themselves at home in his house, never failing to dine with him on all great festivals.

Special among these grand gatherings in the Rabbi's house was the annual celebration of the Passover, a very ancient and remarkable feast which the Jews all over the world still hold every year in the month Nissen, in eternal remembrance of their deliverance from Egyptian servitude. This takes place as follows:

As soon as it is dark the matron of the family lights the lamps, spreads the table-cloth, places in its midst three flat loaves of unleavened bread, covers them with a napkin, and places on them six little dishes containing symbolical food, that is, an egg, lettuce, horse-radish, the bone of a lamb, and a brown mixture of raisins, cinnamon, and nuts. At this table the father of the family sits with all his relatives and friends, and reads to them from a very curious book called the *Agade*, whose contents are a strange mixture of legends of their forefathers, wondrous tales of Egypt, disputed questions of theology, prayers, and festival songs. During this feast there is a grand supper, and even during the reading there is at specified times tasting of the symbolical food and nibbling of Passover bread, while four cups of red wine are drunk. Mournfully merry, seriously gay, and mysteriously secret as some old dark legend, is the character of this nocturnal festival, and the traditional singing intonation with which the *Agade* is read by the father, and now and then reëchoed in chorus by the hearers, first thrills the inmost soul as with a shudder, then calms it as mother's lullaby, and again startles it so suddenly into waking that even those Jews who have long fallen away from the faith of their fathers and run after strange joys and honors, are moved to their very hearts, when by chance the old, well-known tones of the Passover songs ring in their ears.

And so Rabbi Abraham once sat in his great hall surrounded by relatives, disciples, and many other guests, to celebrate the great feast of the Passover. Everything was unusually brilliant; over the table hung the gaily embroidered silk canopy, whose gold fringes touched the floor; the plates of symbolic food shone invitingly, as did the tall wine goblets, adorned with embossed pictures of scenes in holy legends. The men sat in their black

cloaks and black low hats, and white collars, the women, in wonderful glittering garments of Lombard stuffs, wore on their heads and necks ornaments of gold and pearls, while the silver Sabbath lamp cast its festive light on the cheerful, devout faces of parents and children. On the purple velvet cushions of a chair, higher than the others, reclined, as custom requires, Rabbi Abraham, who read and sang the *Agade*, while the gay assembly joined in, or answered in the appointed places. The Rabbi also wore the prescribed black festival garment, his nobly-formed, but somewhat severe features had a milder expression than usual, his lips smiled through his dark-brown beard as if they would fain say something kind, while in his eyes one could see happy remembrances combined with some strange foreboding. Beautiful Sara, who sat on the high velvet cushion with her husband, as hostess, had on none of her jewelry — nothing but white linen enveloped her slender form and innocent face. This face was touchingly beautiful, even as all Jewish beauty is of a peculiarly moving kind; for the consciousness of the deep wretchedness, the bitter ignominy, and the evil dangers amid which their kindred and friends dwell, imparts to their lovely features an expression of soulful sadness and watchful, loving anxiety, which particularly charms our hearts. So on this evening Beautiful Sara sat looking into the eyes of her husband, yet glancing ever and anon at the beautiful parchment book of the *Agade* which lay before her, bound in gold and velvet.

It was an old heirloom, with ancient wine stains on it, and had come down from the days of her grandfather; and in it there were many boldly and brightly-colored pictures, which as a little girl she had often looked at so eagerly on Passover evenings. They represented all kinds of Bible incidents — Abraham breaking with a hammer the idols of his father and the angels appearing to him; Moses slaying Mizri; Pharaoh sitting in state on his throne, and the frogs giving him no peace even at the table; his death by drowning — the Lord be praised! — the children of Israel cautiously crossing the Red Sea, and then standing open-mouthed, with their sheep, cows, and oxen, before Mount Sinai; pious King David playing the harp; and, finally, Jerusalem, with its towers and battlements, shining in the splendor of the setting sun.

The second wine-cup had been served, the faces and voices of the guests were growing merrier, and the Rabbi, as he took a loaf of unleavened bread

and raised it with a cheerful smile, read these words from the *Agade*: “Behold! This is the food which our fathers ate in Egypt! Let every one who is hungry come and enjoy it! Let every one who is sorrowful come and share the joy of our Passover! This year we celebrate it here, but in years to come in the land of Israel. This year we celebrate it as servants, but in the years to come as sons of freedom!”

Then the hall door opened, and two tall, pale men, wrapped in very loose cloaks, entered and said:

“Peace be with you. We are men of your faith on a journey, and wish to share the Passover-feast with you!” And the Rabbi replied promptly and kindly:

“Peace be with you! Sit ye down near me!” The two strangers immediately sat down at the table, and the Rabbi read on. Several times while the others were repeating a sentence after him, he said an endearing word to his wife; once, alluding to the old humorous saying that on this evening a Hebrew father of a family regards himself as a king, he said to her, “Rejoice, oh my Queen!” But she replied with a sad smile, “The Prince is wanting,” meaning by that a son, who, as a passage in the *Agade* requires, has to ask his father, with a certain formula of words, what the meaning of the festival is? The Rabbi said nothing, but pointed with his finger to an opened page of the *Agade*, on which was a pretty picture, showing how the three angels came to Abraham, announcing that he would have a son by his wife Sara, who, meanwhile, urged by feminine curiosity, is slyly listening to it all behind the tent-door. This little sign caused a threefold blush to color the cheeks of Beautiful Sara, who first looked down, and then glanced pleasantly at her husband, who went on chanting the wonderful story how Rabbi Jesua, Rabbi Eliezer, Rabbi Asaria, Rabbi Akiba, and Rabbi Tarphen sat reclining in Bona-Brak, and conversed all night long of the Exodus from Egypt, till their disciples came to tell them that it was daylight, and that the great morning prayer was being read in the synagogue.

While Beautiful Sara sat devoutly listening to and looking at her husband, she saw his face suddenly assume an expression of agony or horror, his cheeks and lips become deathly pale, and his eyes harden like two balls of ice; but almost immediately he regained his previous composure and cheerfulness, his cheeks and lips grew ruddy, and he looked about him gaily — nay, it seemed as if a strange, wild humor, such as was foreign to his nature, had seized him. Beautiful Sara was frightened as she

had never been before in all her life, and a cold shudder went through her — due less to the momentary manifestation of dumb horror which she had seen in her husband's face, than to the cheerfulness which followed it, and which was now gradually developing into jubilant hilarity. The Rabbi cocked his cap comically, first on one ear, then on the other, pulled and twisted his beard ludicrously, and sang the *Agade* texts as if they were tavern-songs; and in the enumeration of the Egyptian plagues, where it is usual to dip the forefinger in the full wine-cup and flip off the drops that adhere, he sprinkled the young girls near him with the red wine, so that there was great wailing over spoiled collars, combined with loud laughter. Every moment Beautiful Sara was becoming more amazed by this convulsive merriment of her husband, and she was oppressed with nameless fears as she gazed on the buzzing swarm of gaily glittering guests who were comfortably enjoying themselves here and there, nibbling the thin Passover cakes, drinking wine, gossiping, or joyfully singing aloud.

Then came the time for supper. All rose to wash, and Beautiful Sara brought the large silver basin, richly adorned with embossed gold figures, which was held before all the guests in turn, while water was poured over their hands. As she was doing this for the Rabbi, he gave her a significant glance, and quietly slipped out of the door. When Beautiful Sara walked out after him, he grasped her hand, and in the greatest haste hurried her through the dark lanes of Bacharach, out of the city gate to the highway which leads along the Rhine to Bingen.

It was one of those spring nights which, to be sure, are mild and starry enough, yet which inspire the soul with strange, uncanny feelings. There was something funereal in the odor of the flowers, the birds chirped spitefully and at the same time apprehensively, the moon cast malicious yellow stripes of light over the dark murmuring stream, the lofty banks of the Rhine looked like vague, threatening giants' heads. The watchman on the tower of Castle Strahleck blew a melancholy blast, and with it rang in jarring discord the funeral bell of Saint Werner's.

Beautiful Sara still had the silver basin in her right hand, while the Rabbi held her left, and she felt that his fingers were ice-cold, and that his arm was trembling; but still she went on with him in silence, perhaps because she had become accustomed to obey her husband blindly and unquestioningly — perhaps, too, because her lips were mute with fear and anxiety.

Below Castle Sonneck, opposite Lorch, about the place where the hamlet of Nieder Rheinbach now lies, there rises a cliff which arches out over the Rhine bank. The Rabbi ascended this with his wife, looked around on every side, and gazed on the stars. Trembling and shivering, as with the pain of death, Beautiful Sara looked at his pale face, which seemed ghastly in the moonlight, and seemed to express by turns pain, terror, piety, and rage. But when the Rabbi suddenly snatched from her hands the silver basin and threw it far out into the Rhine, she could no longer endure the agony of uncertainty, and crying out "*Schadai*, be merciful!" threw herself at his feet and conjured him to explain the dark mystery.

At first unable to speak, the Rabbi moved his lips without uttering a sound; but finally he cried, "Dost thou see the Angel of Death? There below he sweeps over Bacharach. But we have escaped his sword. God be praised!" Then, in a voice still trembling with excitement, he told her that, while he was happily and comfortably singing the *Agade*, he happened to glance under the table, and saw at his feet the bloody corpse of a little child. "Then I knew," continued the Rabbi, "that our two guests were not of the community of Israel, but of the army of the godless, who had plotted to bring that corpse into the house by stealth so as to accuse us of child-murder, and stir up the people to plunder and murder us. Had I given a sign that I saw through that work of darkness I should have brought destruction on the instant down upon me and mine, and only by craft did I save our lives. Praised be God! Grieve not, Beautiful Sara. Our relatives and friends shall also be saved; it was only my blood which the wretches wanted. I have escaped them, and they will be satisfied with my silver and gold. Come with me, Beautiful Sara, to another land. We will leave misfortune behind us, and so that it may not follow us I have thrown to it the silver ewer, the last of my possessions, as an offering. The God of our fathers will not forsake us. Come down, thou art weary. There is Dumb William standing by his boat; he will row us up the Rhine."

Speechless, and as if every limb were broken, Beautiful Sara sank into the arms of the Rabbi, who slowly bore her to the bank. There stood William, a deaf and dumb but very handsome youth, who, to support his old foster-mother, a neighbor of the Rabbi, caught and sold fish, and kept his boat in this place. It seemed as if he had divined the intention of Abraham, and was waiting for him, for on his silent lips there was an expression of

tender sympathy, and his large blue eyes rested as with deep meaning on Beautiful Sara, as he lifted her carefully into the boat.

The glance of the silent youth roused Beautiful Sara from her lethargy, and she realized at once that all which her husband had told her was not a mere dream. A stream of bitter tears poured over her cheeks, which were as white as her garment. Thus she sat in the boat, a weeping image of white marble, and beside her sat her husband and Dumb William, who was busily rowing.

Whether it is due to the measured beat of the oars, or to the rocking of the boat, or to the fresh perfume from those steep banks whereon joy grows, it ever happens that even the most sorrowful heart is marvelously relieved when on a night in spring it is lightly borne along in a small boat on the dear, limpid waters of the Rhine. For, in truth, kind-hearted, old Father Rhine cannot bear to see his children weep, and so, drying their tears, he rocks them on his trusty arm, and tells them his most beautiful stories, and promises them his most golden treasures, perhaps even the old, old, long-sunk Nibelungen hoard. Gradually the tears of Beautiful Sara ceased to flow; her extreme sorrow seemed to be washed away by the whispering waves, while the hills about her home bade her the tenderest farewell. But especially cordial seemed the farewell greeting of Kedrich, her favorite mountain; and far up on its summit, in the strange moonlight, she imagined she saw a lady with outstretched arms, while active little dwarfs swarmed out of their caverns in the rocks, and a rider came rushing down the side in full gallop. Beautiful Sara felt as if she were a child again, and were sitting once more in the lap of her aunt from Lorch, who was telling her brave tales of the bold knight who freed the stolen damsel from the dwarfs, and many other true stories of the wonderful Wisperthal over there, where the birds talk as sensibly as men, and of Gingerbread Land, where good, obedient children go, and of enchanted princesses, singing trees, crystal castles, golden bridges, laughing water-fairies.... But suddenly in the midst of these pleasant tales, which began to send forth notes of music and to gleam with lovely light, Beautiful Sara heard the voice of her father, scolding the poor aunt for putting such nonsense into the child's head. Then it seemed to her as if they set her on the little stool before her father's velvet-covered chair, and that he with a soft hand smoothed her long hair, smiling as if well pleased, while he rocked himself comfortably in his loose, Sabbath dressing-gown of blue silk. Yes, it must be the Sabbath, for the flowered

cover was spread on the table, all the utensils in the room were polished like looking-glasses, the white-bearded usher sat beside her father, eating raisins and talking in Hebrew; even little Abraham came in with a very large book, and modestly begged leave of his uncle to expound a portion of the Holy Scripture, that he might prove that he had learned much during the past week, and therefore deserved much praise — and a corresponding quantity of cakes.... Then the lad laid the book on the broad arm of the chair, and set forth the history of Jacob and Rachel — how Jacob raised his voice and wept when he first saw his cousin Rachel, how he talked so confidently with her by the well, how he had to serve seven years for her, and how quickly the time passed, and how he at last married and loved her for ever and ever.... Then all at once Beautiful Sara remembered how her father cried with merry voice, “Wilt thou not also marry thy cousin Sara like that?” To which little Abraham gravely replied, “That I will, and she shall wait seven years too.” These memories stole like twilight shadows through the soul of the young wife, and she recalled how she and her little cousin — now so great a man and her husband — played together as children in the leafy tabernacle; how delighted they were with the gay carpets, flowers, mirrors, and gilded apples; how little Abraham caressed her more and more tenderly, till little by little he began to grow larger and more self-interested, and at last became a man and scarcely noticed her at all.... And now she sits in her room alone on a Saturday evening; the moon shines brightly. Suddenly the door flies open, and cousin Abraham, in traveling garb, and as pale as death, enters, grasps her hand, puts a gold ring on her finger, and says, solemnly, “I hereby take thee to be my wife, according to the laws of God and of Israel.” “But now,” he adds, with a trembling voice, “now I must go to Spain. Farewell! For seven years thou must wait for me.” With that he hurried away, and Sara, weeping, told the tale to her father, who roared and raged, “Cut off thy hair, for thou art now a married woman.” Then he wanted to ride after Abraham to compel him to write a letter of divorce; but Abraham was over the hills and far away, and the father silently returned to his house. And when Beautiful Sara was helping him to draw off his boots, and trying to soothe him, saying that Abraham would return in seven years, he cursed, and cried, “Seven years shalt thou be a beggar,” and shortly after he died.

And so old memories swept through her soul like a hurried play of shadows, the images intermixing and blending strangely, while between

them came and went half-familiar, half-strange bearded faces, and large flowers with marvelously spreading foliage. Then the Rhine seemed to murmur the melodies of the *Agade*, and from its waters the pictures, as large as life, but wild and distorted, came forth one by one. There was Father Abraham anxiously breaking the idols into pieces which immediately flew together again; Mizri defending himself fiercely against the maddened Moses; Mount Sinai flashing and flaming; King Pharaoh swimming in the Red Sea, holding his pointed gold crown tightly in his teeth, while frogs with human faces swam along behind, in the foaming, roaring waves, and a dark giant-hand rose up threatening from below.

Yonder was the Mouse Tower of Bishop Hatto, and the boat was just shooting through the Bingen Eddy. By this time Beautiful Sara had somewhat awakened from her dreams, and she gazed at the hills on the shore, on the summits of which lights of castles were gleaming, and at the foot of which the mist, shimmering in the moonlight, was beginning to rise. Suddenly she seemed to see her friends and relatives, as they, with corpse-like faces and flowing shrouds, passed in awful procession along the Rhine.... The world grew dark before her eyes, an icy current ran through her soul, and, as if in sleep, she only heard the Rabbi repeating the night-prayer slowly and painfully, as if at a deathbed. Dreamily she stammered the words, "Ten thousand to the right, ten thousand to the left, to protect the king from the terrors of the night."

Then all at once the oppressive gloom and terror passed away, the dark curtain was torn from heaven, and far above there appeared the holy city Jerusalem, with its towers and gates; the Temple gleamed in golden splendor, and in its fore-court Sara saw her father in his yellow Sabbath dressing-gown, smiling as if well pleased. All her friends and relatives were looking out from the round windows of the Temple, cordially greeting her; in the Holy of Holies knelt pious King David, with his purple mantle and golden crown; sweetly rang his song and the tones of his harp, and smiling happily, Beautiful Sara awoke.

CHAPTER II

As Beautiful Sara opened her eyes they were almost dazzled by the rays of the sun. The high towers of a great city rose before her, and Dumb William, with his oar upright, was standing in the boat, pushing and guiding it through the lively confusion of many vessels, gay with their pennons and streamers, whose crews were either gazing idly at passers-by, or else were busily loading with chests, bales, and casks the lighters which were to bear them to the shore. And with it all was a deafening noise, the constant halloh cry of steersmen, the calling of traders from the shore, and the scolding of the custom-house officials who, in their red coats and with their white maces and white faces, jumped from boat to boat.

“Yes, Beautiful Sara,” said the Rabbi, cheerfully smiling to his wife, “this is the famous, free, imperial, and commercial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and we are now passing along the river Main. Do you see those pleasant-looking houses up there, surrounded by green hills? That is Sachsenhausen, from which our lame Gumpert brings us the fine myrrh for the Feast of the Tabernacles. Here you see the strong Main Bridge with its thirteen arches, over which many men, wagons, and horses can safely pass. In the middle of it stands the little house where Auntie Täubchen says there lives a baptized Jew, who pays six farthings, on account of the Jewish community, to every man who brings him a dead rat; for the Jews are obliged to deliver annually to the State council five thousand rats’ tails for tribute.”

At the thought of this war, which the Frankfort Jews were obliged to wage with the rats, Beautiful Sara burst out laughing. The bright sunlight, and the new gay world now before her, had driven all the terrors and horrors of the past night from her soul, and as she was helped ashore from the boat by Dumb William and her husband, she felt inspired as with a sense of joyful safety. Dumb William for a long time fixed his beautiful, deep-blue eyes on hers, half sadly, half cheerfully, and then, casting a significant glance at the Rabbi, sprang back into his boat and was soon out of sight.

“Dumb William much resembles my brother who died,” said Beautiful Sara. “All the angels are alike,” answered the Rabbi; and, taking his wife by the hand, led her through the dense crowd on the shore, where, as it was the time of the Easter Fair, a great number of wooden booths had been erected

by traders. Then passing through the gloomy Main Gate, they found themselves in quite as noisy a crowd. Here, in a narrow street, the shops stood close beside one another, every house, as was usual in Frankfort, being specially adapted to trade. There were no windows on the ground floor, but broad, open arches, so that the passer-by, looking in, could see at a glance all there was for sale. And how astonished Beautiful Sara was at the mass of magnificent wares, and at the splendor, such as she had never seen before! Here stood Venetians, who offered cheaply all the luxuries of the Orient and Italy, and Beautiful Sara was enchanted by the sight of the ornaments and jewels, the gay caps and bodices, the gold bangles and necklaces, and the whole display of finery which women so admire and love to wear. The richly embroidered stuffs of velvet and silk seemed fairly to speak to Beautiful Sara, and to flash and sparkle strange wonders back into her memory, and she really felt as if she were a little girl again, and as if Aunty Täubchen had kept her promise and taken her to the Frankfort Fair, and as if she were now at last standing before the beautiful garments of which she had heard so much. With a secret joy she reflected what she should take back with her to Bacharach, and which of her two little cousins, Posy and Birdy, would prefer that blue silk girdle, and whether the green stockings would suit little Gottschalk. But all at once it flashed on her, "Ah, Lord! they are all grown up now, and yesterday they were slain!" She shuddered, and the pictures of the previous night filled her soul with all their horror again. But the gold-embroidered cloths glittered once more with a thousand roguish eyes, and drove the gloomy thoughts from her mind, and when she looked into her husband's face she saw that it was free from clouds, and bore its habitual, serious gentleness. "Shut your eyes, Sara!" said the Rabbi, and he led his wife on through the crowd.

What a gay, active throng! Most prominent were the tradesmen, who were loudly vying one another in offering bargains, or talking together and summing on their fingers, or, following heavily loaded porters, who at a dog-trot were leading the way to their lodgings. By the faces of others one could see that they came from curiosity. The stout councilman was recognizable by his scarlet cloak and golden chain; a black, expensive-looking, swelling waistcoat betrayed the honorable and proud citizen. An iron spike-helmet, a yellow leather jerkin, and rattling spurs, weighing a pound, indicated the heavy cavalry-man. Under little black velvet caps, which came together in a point over the brow, there was many a rosy girl-

face, and the young fellows who ran along after them, like hunting-dogs on the scent, showed that they were finished dandies by their saucily feathered caps, their squeaking peaked shoes, and their colored silk garments, some of which were green on one side and red on the other, or else striped like a rainbow on the right and checkered with harlequin squares of many colors on the left, so that the mad youths looked as if they were divided in the middle.

Carried along by the crowd, the Rabbi and his wife arrived at the Römer. This is the great market-place of the city, surrounded by houses with high gables, and takes its name from an immense building, "the Römer," which was bought by the magistracy and dedicated as the town-hall. In it the German Emperor was elected, and before it tournaments were often held. King Maximilian, who was passionately fond of this sport, was then in Frankfort, and in his honor the day before there had been great tilting in the Römer. Many idle men still stood on or about the scaffolding, which was being removed by carpenters, telling how the Duke of Brunswick and the Margrave of Brandenburg had charged one another amid the sound of drums and of trumpets, and how Lord Walter the Vagabond had knocked the Knight of the Bear out of his saddle so violently that the splinters of the lances flew high into the air, while the tall, fair-haired King Max, standing among his courtiers upon the balcony, rubbed his hands for joy. The golden banners were still to be seen on the balconies and in the Gothic windows of the town-hall. The other houses of the market-place were still likewise festively bedecked and adorned with shields, especially the Limburg house, on whose banner was painted a maiden with a sparrow-hawk in her hand, and a monkey holding out to her a mirror. Many knights and ladies standing on the balcony were engaged in animated conversation, or looking at the crowd below, which, in wild groups and processions, surged back and forth. What a multitude of idlers of all ages and ranks were crowded together here to gratify their curiosity! There was laughing, grumbling, stealing, rib-poking, hurrahing, while every now and then blared the trumpet of the mountebank, who, in a red cloak and with his clown and monkey, stood on a high stand loudly boasting of his own skill, and sounding the praises of his marvelous tinctures and salves, ere he solemnly examined the glass of urine brought by some old woman, or applied himself to pull a poor peasant's tooth. Two fencing-masters, dancing about in gay ribbons and brandishing their rapiers, met as if by accident and began to cut and pass

with great apparent anger; but after a long bout each declared that the other was invincible, and took up a collection. Then the newly-organized guild of archers marched by with drummers and pipers, and these were followed by the constable, who was carrying a red flag at the head of a flock of traveling strumpets, hailing from the brothel known as “The Ass,” in Würzburg, and bound for Rosendale, where the highly honorable authorities had assigned them quarters during the fair. “Shut your eyes, Sara,” said the Rabbi. For indeed these fantastic, and altogether too scantily clad women, among whom were a few really beautiful girls, behaved in a most immodest manner, baring their bold, white breasts, chaffing those who went by with shameless words, and swinging their long walking sticks; and using the latter as hobby-horses, they rode down toward the gate of St. Katherine, singing in shrill tones the witch-song —

“Where is the goat? the hellish beast;
Where is the goat? Oh bring him quick!
And if there is no goat, at least
We’ll ride upon the stick.”

This wild sing-song, which rang afar, was finally drowned out by the long-drawn, sacred tones of a church procession. It was a solemn train of bare-headed and bare-footed monks, who carried burning wax tapers, banners with pictures of the saints, and large silver crucifixes. Before it ran boys clad in red and white gowns, bearing censers of smoking frankincense. In the middle of the procession, under a beautiful canopy, marched priests in white robes adorned with costly lace, or in bright-colored, silk stoles; one of them held in his hand a sun-like, golden vessel, which, on arriving at a shrine by the market-corner, he raised on high, while he half-sang, half-spoke in Latin — when all at once a little bell rang, and all the people around, becoming silent, fell to their knees and made the sign of the cross. “Shut your eyes, Sara!” cried the Rabbi again, and he hastily drew her away through a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, and at last over the desolate, empty place which separated the new Jewish quarter from the rest of the city.

Before that time the Jews dwelt between the Cathedral and the bank of the Main, that is, from the bridge down as far as the Lumpenbrunnen, and from the Mehlwage as far as Saint Bartholomew’s. But the Catholic priests

obtained a Papal bull forbidding the Jews to live so near the high church, for which reason the magistrates assigned them a place on the Wollgraben, where they built their present quarter. This was surrounded by high walls, the gate of which was held by iron chains to keep out the rabble. For here, too, the Jews lived in misery and anxiety, and with far more vivid memories of previous suffering than they have at present. In 1240 the unrestrained populace had caused awful bloodshed among them, which people called the first Jewish massacre. In 1349, when the Flagellants, in passing through the town, set fire to it, and accused the Jews of the deed, the latter were nearly all murdered or burned alive in their own houses; this was called the second Jewish massacre. After this the Jews were often threatened with similar slaughter, and during the internal dissensions of Frankfort, especially during a dispute between the council and the guilds, the mob was often on the point of breaking into the Jewish quarter, which, as has been said, was surrounded by a wall. The latter had two gates in it, which on Catholic holidays were closed from without and on Jewish holidays from within, and before each gate was a watch-house with city soldiers.

When the Rabbi with his wife came to the entrance to the Jewish quarter, the soldiers, as one could see through the open windows, lay on the wooden bench inside the watch-house, while out before the door in the sunshine sat the drummer beating capriciously on his large drum. He was a heavy, fat fellow, wearing a jerkin and hose of fiery yellow, greatly puffed out at his arms and thighs, and profusely dotted with small red tufts, sewed on, which looked as if innumerable tongues were protruding from him. His breast and back were padded with cushions of black cloth, against which hung his drum. He had on his head a flat, round black cap, which in roundness and flatness was equaled by his face, and the latter was also in keeping with his dress, being an orange-yellow, spotted with red pimples, and distorted into a gaping grin. So the fellow sat and drummed to the melody of a song which the Flagellants had sung at the Jewish massacre, while he gurgled, in a coarse, beery voice —

“Our dear Lady true
Walked in the morning dew,
Kyrie eleison!”

“Hans, that is a terrible tune,” cried a voice from behind the closed gate of the Jewish quarter. “Yes, Hans, and a bad song too—doesn’t suit the drum; doesn’t suit it at all — by my soul — not the day of the fair and on Easter morning — bad song — dangerous song — Jack, Jacky, little drum — Jacky boy — I’m a lone man — and if thou lovest me, the Star, the tall Star, the tall Nose Star — then stop it!”

These words were uttered by the unseen speaker, now in hasty anxiety, now in a sighing drawl, with a tone which alternated between mild softness and harsh hoarseness, such as one hears in consumptive people. The drummer was not moved, and went on drumming and singing —

“There came a little youth,
His beard had run away, in truth,
Halleluja!”

“Jack,” again cried the voice of the invisible speaker, “Jack, I’m a lone man, and that is a dangerous song, and I don’t like it; I have my reasons for it, and if you love me, sing something else, and tomorrow we will drink together.”

At the word “drink” Jack ceased his drumming and singing, and said in friendly tone, “The devil take the Jews! But thou, dear Nose Star, art my friend, I protect thee; and if we drink together often enough I shall have thee converted. Yea, I shall be thy godfather, and when thou art baptized thou shalt be eternally happy; and if thou hast genius and wilt study industriously under me, thou mayest even become a drummer. Yes, Nose Star, thou mayest yet become something great. I will drum the whole catechism into thee when we drink together tomorrow. But now open the gate, for here are two strangers who wish to enter.”

“Open the gate?” cried Nose Star, and his voice almost deserted him. “That can’t be done in such a hurry, my dear Jack; one can’t tell — one can never tell, you know — and I’m a lone man. Veitel Oxhead has the key, and he is now standing in the corner mumbling his eighteen-prayer, and he must not be interrupted. And Jäkel the Fool is here too, but he is making water; I’m a lone man.”

“The devil take the Jews!” cried the drummer, and, laughing loudly at this, his one and only joke, he trudged off to the guard-room and lay down on the bench.

While the Rabbi stood with his wife before the locked gate, there rose from behind it a snarling, nasal, somewhat mocking voice. "Starry — don't groan so much. Take the keys from Oxheady's coat pockets, or else go stick your nose in the keyhole, and so unlock the gate. The people have been standing and waiting a long time." "People!" cried the anxious voice of the man called Nose Star, "I thought there was only one! I beg you, Fool — dear Jäkel Fool — look out and see who is there."

A small, well-grated window in the gate opened, and there appeared in it a yellow cap with two horns, and the funny, wrinkled, and twisted jest-maker's face of Jäkel the Fool. The window was immediately shut again, and he cried angrily, "Open the gate — it is only a man and a woman."

"A man and a woman!" groaned Nose Star. "Yes, but when the gate's opened the woman will take her skirt off, and become a man; and then there'll be two men, and there are only three of us!"

"Don't be a hare," replied Jäkel the Fool. "Be a man and show courage!"

"Courage!" cried Nose Star, laughing with bitter vexation. "Hare! Hare is a bad comparison. The hare is an unclean animal. Courage! I was not put here to be courageous, but cautious. When too many come I am to give the alarm. But I alone cannot keep them back. My arm is weak, I have a seton, and I'm a lone man. If one were to shoot at me, I should be a dead man. Then that rich man, Mendel Reiss, would sit on the Sabbath at his table, and wipe the raisin-sauce from his mouth, and rub his belly, and perhaps say, 'Tall Nose Star was a brave fellow after all; if it had not been for him, perhaps they would have burst open the gate. He let himself be shot for us. He was a brave fellow; too bad that he's dead!'"

Here the voice became tender and tearful, but all at once it rose to a hasty and almost angry tone. "Courage! and so that the rich Mendel Reiss may wipe away the raisin-sauce from his mouth, and rub his belly, and call me a brave fellow, I'm to let myself be shot! Courage! Be a man! Little Strauss was a man, and yesterday went to the Römer to see the tilting, thinking they would not know him because he wore a frock of violet velvet — three florins a yard-covered with fox-tails and embroidered with gold — quite magnificent; and they dusted his violet frock for him till it lost its color, and his own back became violet and did not look human. Courage, indeed! The crippled Leser was courageous, and called our scoundrel of a magistrate a blackguard, and they hung him up by the feet between two

dogs, while Jack drummed. Courage! Don't be a hare! Among many dogs the hare is helpless. I'm a lone man, and I am really afraid."

"That I'll swear to," cried Jäkel.

"Yes; I *have* fear," replied Nose Star, sighing. "I know that it runs in my blood, and I got it from my dear mother" —

"Yes, yes," interrupted Jäkel, "and your mother got it from her father, and he from his, and so all thy ancestors one from the other, back to the forefather who marched under King Saul against the Philistines, and was the first to take to his heels. But look! Oxheady is all ready — he has bowed his head for the fourth time; now he is jumping like a flea at the Holy, Holy, Holy, and feeling cautiously in his pocket."

In fact the keys rattled, the gate grated and creaked and opened, and the Rabbi led his wife into the empty Jews' Street. The man who opened it was a little fellow with a good-naturedly sour face, who nodded dreamily, like one who did not like to be disturbed in his thoughts, and after he had carefully closed the gate again, without saying a word he sank into a corner, constantly mumbling his prayers. Less taciturn was Jäkel the Fool, a short, somewhat bow-legged fellow, with a large, red, laughing face, and an enormous leg-of-mutton hand, which he now stretched out of the wide sleeve of his gaily-chequered jacket in welcome. Behind him a tall, lean figure showed, or rather, hid itself — the slender neck feathered with a fine white cambric ruff, and the thin, pale face strangely adorned with an incredibly long nose, which peered with anxious curiosity in every direction.

"God's welcome to a pleasant feast-day!" cried Jäkel the Fool. "Do not be astonished that our street is so empty and quiet just now. All our people are in the synagogue, and you have come just in time to hear the history of the sacrifice of Isaac read. I know it— 'tis an interesting story, and if I had not already heard it thirty-three times, I would willingly listen to it again this year. And it is an important history, too, for if Abraham had really killed Isaac and not the goat, then there would be more goats in the world now — and fewer Jews." And then with mad, merry grimaces, Jäkel began to sing the following song from the *Agade*:¹¹

"A kid, a kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid!
A kid!

There came a cat which ate the kid, which my father
bought for two pieces of money. A kid!

There came a dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father
bought for two pieces of money. A kid!

There came a stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the
kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

There came a fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit
the cat, who ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money.
A kid! A kid!

There came the water, which quenched the fire, which burnt the stick,
which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father
bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

There came an ox, who drank the water, which quenched the fire, which
burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid,
which my father bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!

There came the butcher, who slew the ox, who drank the water, which
quenched the fire, which burnt the stick, which beat the dog, who bit the
cat, that ate the kid, which my father bought for two pieces of money.
A kid! A kid!

“Then came the Angel of Death, who slew the butcher, who killed the
ox, who drank the water, which quenched the fire, which burnt the stick,
which beat the dog, who bit the cat, who ate the kid, which my father
bought for two pieces of money. A kid! A kid!”¹²

“Yes, beautiful lady,” added the singer, “and the day will come when the
Angel of Death will slay the slayer, and all our blood come over Edom, for
God is a God of vengeance.”

But all at once, casting aside with a violent effort the seriousness into
which he had involuntarily fallen, Jäkel plunged again into his mad
buffoonery, and went on in his harsh jester tones, “Don’t be afraid, beautiful
lady, Nose Star will not harm you. He is only dangerous to old Schnapper-
Elle. She has fallen in love with his nose — which, faith! deserves it. Yea,

for it is as beautiful as the tower which looketh forth toward Damascus, and as lofty as a cedar of Lebanon. Outwardly it gleameth like gold loaf and syrup, and inwardly it is all music and loveliness. It bloometh in summer and in winter it is frozen up — but in summer and winter it is petted and pulled by the white hands of Schnapper-Elle. Yes, she is madly in love with him. She nurses him, and feeds him, and for her age she is young enough. When he is fat enough, she means to marry him; and whoever comes to Frankfort, three hundred years hence, will not be able to see the heavens for Nose Stars.”

“Ah, you are Jäkel the Fool,” exclaimed the Rabbi, laughing. “I mark it by your words. I have often heard of you.”

“Yes — yes,” replied Jäkel, with comical modesty. “Yes, that is what reputation does. A man is often known far and wide as a bigger fool than he himself has any idea of. However, I take great pains to be a fool, and jump and shake myself to make the bells ring; others have an easier time. But tell me, Rabbi, why do you journey on a holiday?”

“My justification,” replied the Rabbi, “is in the Talmud, where it says, ‘Danger drives away the Sabbath.’”

“Danger!” screamed the tall Nose Star, in mortal terror. “Danger! danger! Drummer Jack! — drum, drum. Danger! danger! Drummer Jack!” From without resounded the deep, beery voice of Drummer Jack, “Death and destruction! The devil take the Jews. That’s the third time today that you’ve roused me out of a sound sleep, Nose Star! Don’t make me mad! For when I am mad I’m the very devil himself; and then as sure as I’m a Christian, I’ll up with my gun and shoot through the grated window in your gate — and then fellow, let everybody look out for his nose!”

“Don’t shoot! don’t shoot! I’m a lonely man,” wailed Nose Star piteously, pressing his face against the wall, and trembling and murmuring prayers in this position.

“But say, what has happened?” cried Jäkel the Fool, with all the impatient curiosity which was even then characteristic of the Frankfort Jews.

But the Rabbi impatiently broke loose from them, and went his way along the Jews’ Street. “See, Sara!” he exclaimed, “how badly guarded is

our Israel. False friends guard its gates without, and within its watchers are Folly and Fear.”

They wandered slowly through the long empty street, where only here and there the head of some young girl showed itself in a window, against the polished panes of which the sun was brilliantly reflected. At that time the houses in the Jewish quarter were still neat and new, and much lower than they now are, since it was only later on that the Jews, as their number greatly increased, while they could not enlarge their quarter, built one story over another, squeezed themselves together like sardines, and were thus stunted both in body and soul. That part of the Jewish quarter which remained standing after the great fire, and which is called the Old Lane, those high blackened houses, where a grinning, sweaty race of people bargains and chaffers, is a horrible relic of the Middle Ages. The older synagogue exists no more; it was less capacious than the present one, which was built later, after the Nuremberg exiles were taken into the community, and lay more to the north.

The Rabbi had no need to ask where it was. He recognized it from afar by the buzz of many loud voices. In the court of the House of God he parted from his wife, and after washing his hands at the fountain there, he entered the lower part of the synagogue where the men pray, while Sara ascended a flight of stairs and entered the place reserved for women. The latter was a kind of gallery with three rows of seats painted a reddish brown, whose backs were fitted with a hanging board, which held the prayer-books, and which could be raised and lowered. Here the women either sat gossiping or stood up in deep prayer. They often went and peered with curiosity through the large grating on the eastern side, through the thin, green lattice of which one could look down on the lower floor of the synagogue. There, behind high praying-desks, stood the men in their black cloaks, their pointed beards shooting out over white ruffs, and their skull-capped heads more or less concealed by a four-cornered scarf of white wool or silk, furnished with the prescribed tassels, and in some instances also adorned with gold lace. The walls of the synagogue were uniformly white-washed, and no ornament was to be seen other than the gilded iron grating around the square stage, where extracts from the Law were read, and the holy ark, a costly embossed chest, apparently supported by marble columns with gorgeous capitals, whose flower-and leaf-work shot up in beautiful profusion, and covered with a curtain of purple velvet, on which a pious inscription was worked in gold

spangles, pearls, and many colored gems. Here hung the silver memorial-lamp, and there also rose a trellised dais, on whose crossed iron bars were all kinds of sacred utensils, among them the seven-branched candlestick. Before the latter, his countenance toward the ark, stood the choir-leader, whose song was accompanied, as if instrumentally, by the voices of his two assistants, the bass and the treble. The Jews have banished all instrumental music from their church, maintaining that hymns in praise of God are more edifying when they rise from the warm breast of man, than from the cold pipes of an organ.

Beautiful Sara felt a childish delight when the choir-leader, an admirable tenor, raised his voice and sounded forth the ancient, solemn melodies, which she knew so well, in a fresher loveliness than she had ever dreamed of, while the bass sang in harmony the deep, dark notes, and, in the pauses, the treble's voice trilled sweetly and daintily. Such singing Beautiful Sara had never heard in the synagogue of Bacharach, where the presiding elder, David Levi, was the leader; for when this elderly, trembling man, with his broken, bleating voice, tried to trill like a young girl, and in his forced effort to do so, shook his limp and drooping arm feverishly, it inspired laughter rather than devotion.

A sense of pious satisfaction, not unmingled with feminine curiosity, drew Beautiful Sara to the grating, where she could look down on the lower floor, or the so-called men's division. She had never before seen so many of her faith together, and it cheered her heart to be in such a multitude of those so closely allied by race, thought, and sufferings. And her soul was still more deeply moved when three old men reverentially approached the sacred ark, drew aside the glittering curtain, raised the lid, and very carefully brought forth the Book which God wrote with His own hand, and for the maintenance of which Jews have suffered so much — so much misery and hate, disgrace and death — a thousand years' martyrdom. This Book — a great roll of parchment — was wrapped like a princely child in a gaily embroidered scarlet cloak of velvet; above, on both wooden rollers, were two little silver shrines, in which many pomegranates and small bells jingled and rang prettily, while before, on a silver chain, hung gold shields with many colored gems. The choir-leader took the Book, and, as if it really were a child — a child for whom one has greatly suffered, and whom one loves all the more on that account — he rocked it in his arms, skipped about with it here and there, pressed it to his breast, and, thrilled by its holy touch,

broke forth into such a devout hymn of praise and thanksgiving, that it seemed to Beautiful Sara as if the pillars under the holy ark began to bloom; and the strange and lovely flowers and leaves on the capitals shot ever higher, the tones of the treble were converted into the notes of the nightingale, the vaulted ceiling of the synagogue resounded with the tremendous tones of the bass singer, while the glory of God shone down from the blue heavens. Yes, it was a beautiful psalm. The congregation sang in chorus the concluding verse, and then the choir-leader walked slowly to the raised platform in the middle of the synagogue bearing the holy Book, while men and boys crowded about him, eager to kiss its velvet covering, or even to touch it. On the platform, the velvet cover, as well as the wrappings covered with illuminated letters, were removed, and the choir-leader, in the peculiar intonation which in the Passover service is still more peculiarly modulated, read the edifying narrative of the temptation of Abraham.

Beautiful Sara had modestly withdrawn from the grating, and a stout, much ornamented woman of middle age, with a forward, but benevolent manner, had with a nod invited her to share her prayer-book. This lady was evidently no great scholar, for as she mumbled to herself the prayers as the women do, not being allowed to take part in the singing, Sara observed that she made the best she could of many words, and skipped several good lines altogether. But after a while the watery blue eyes of the good woman were languidly raised, an insipid smile spread over her red and white porcelain face, and in a voice which she strove to make as genteel as possible, she said to Beautiful Sara, "He sings very well. But I have heard far better singing in Holland. You are a stranger, and perhaps do not know that the choir-leader is from Worms, and that they will keep him here if he will be content with four hundred florins a year. He is a charming man, and his hands are as white as alabaster. I admire beautiful hands; they make one altogether beautiful." Having said this, the good lady laid her own hand, which was really a fine one, on the shelf before her, and with a polite nod which intimated that she did not like to be interrupted while speaking, she added, "The little singer is a mere child, and looks very much worn out. The basso is too ugly for anything; our Star once made the witty remark: 'The bass singer is a bigger fool than even a basso is expected to be!' All three eat in my restaurant — perhaps you don't know that I'm Elle Schnapper?"

Beautiful Sara expressed thanks for this information, whereupon Schnapper-Elle proceeded to narrate in detail how she had once been in

Amsterdam, how she had been subjected to the advances of men on account of her beauty, how she had come to Frankfort three days before Whitsuntide and married Schnapper, how he had died, and what touching things he had finally said on his deathbed, and how hard it was to carry on the restaurant business and keep one's hands nice. Several times she glanced aside with a contemptuous air, apparently at some giggling girls, who seemed to be eyeing her clothes. And the latter were indeed remarkable enough — a very loose skirt of white satin, on which all the animals of Noah's Ark were embroidered in gaudy colors; a jacket of gold cloth, like a cuirass, with sleeves of red velvet, yellow slashed; a very high cap on her head, with a mighty ruff of stiff white linen around her neck, which also had around it a silver chain hung with all kinds of coins, cameos, and curiosities, among them a large picture of the city of Amsterdam, which rested on her bosom.

But the dresses of the other women were no less remarkable. They consisted of a variety of fashions of different ages, and many a woman there was so covered with gold and diamonds as to look like a wandering jeweler's shop. It is true that there was at that time a fashion of dress prescribed by law to the Frankfort Jews, and to distinguish them from Christians the men had to wear yellow rings on their cloaks, and the women very stiff, blue-striped veils on their caps. However, in the Jewish quarter the law was little observed, and there, in the synagogue, especially on festival days, the women put on as much magnificent apparel as they could — partly to arouse envy of others, and partly to advertise the wealth and credit of their husbands.

While passages from the Books of Moses are being read on the lower floor of the synagogue, the devotion is usually somewhat lulled. Many make themselves comfortable and sit down, whispering perhaps business affairs with a friend, or go out into the court to get a little fresh air. Small boys take the liberty of visiting their mothers in the women's balcony; and here worship is still more loosely observed, as there is gossiping, chattering, and laughing, while, as always happens, the young quizz the old, and the latter censure the light-headedness of the girls and the general degeneracy of the age.

And just as there was a choir-leader on the floor below, so was there a gossip-leader in the balcony above. This was Puppy Reiss, a vulgar, greenish woman, who found out about everybody's troubles, and always

had a scandal on her tongue. The usual butt of her pointed sayings was poor Schnapper-Elle, and she could mock right well the affected genteel airs and languishing manner with which the latter accepted the insincere compliments of young men.

“Do you know,” cried Puppy Reiss, “Schnapper-Elle said yesterday, ‘If I were not beautiful and clever, and beloved, I had rather not be alive.’”

Then there was loud tittering, and Schnapper-Elle, who was not far distant, noting that this was all at her expense, lifted her nose in scorn, and sailed away, like a proud galley, to some remote corner. Then Birdie Ochs, a plump and somewhat awkward lady, remarked compassionately that Schnapper-Elle might be a little vain and small of mind, but that she was an honest, generous soul, and did much good to many folk in need.

“Particularly to Nose Star,” snapped Puppy Reiss. And all who knew of this tender relation laughed all the louder.

“Don’t you know,” added Puppy spitefully, “that Nose Star now sleeps in Schnapper-Elle’s house! But just look at Susy Flörsheim down there, wearing the necklace which Daniel Fläsch pawned to her husband! Fläsch’s wife is vexed about it — *that* is plain. And now she is talking to Mrs. Flörsheim. *How* amiably they shake hands! — and hate each other like Midian and Moab! How sweetly they smile on each other! Oh, you dear souls, *don’t* eat each other up out of pure love! I’ll just steal up and listen to them!”

And so, like a sneaking wildcat, Puppy Reiss crept up and listened to the two women bewailing to each other how they had worked all the past week to clean up the house and scour the kitchen things, and complaining about all they had to do before Passover, so that not a crumb of leavened bread should stick to anything. And such troubles as they had baking the unleavened bread! Mrs. Fläsch had special cause for complaint — for she had had no end of trouble over it in the public bakery, where, according to the ticket she drew, she could not bake till the afternoon of the very last day, just before Passover Eve; and then old Hannah had kneaded the dough badly, and the maids had rolled it too thin, and half of it was scorched in baking, and worst of all, rain came pouring through the bake-house roof; and so, wet and weary, they had had to work till late in the night.

“And, my dear Mrs. Flörsheim,” said Mrs. Fläsch, with gracious friendliness most insincere, “you were a little to blame for that, because you did not send your people to help me in baking.”

“Ah! pardon,” replied the other. “My servants were so busy — the goods for the fair had to be packed — my husband” —

“Yes, I know,” interrupted Mrs. Fläsch, with cutting irony in her speech. “I know that you have much to do — many pledges and a good business, and necklaces” —

And a bitter word was just about to slip from the lips of the speaker, and Dame Flörsheim had turned as red as a lobster, when Puppy Reiss cried out loudly, “For God’s sake! — the strange lady lies dying — water! water!”

Beautiful Sara lay in a faint, as pale as death, while a swarm of excited women crowded around her, one holding her head, another her arm, while some old women sprinkled her with the glasses of water which hung behind their prayer desks for washing the hands in case they should by accident touch their own bodies. Others held under her nose an old lemon full of spices, which was left over from the last feast-day, when it had served for smelling and strengthening the nerves. Exhausted and sighing deeply, Beautiful Sara at last opened her eyes, and with mute glances thanked them for their kind care. But now the eighteen-prayer, which no one dared neglect, was being solemnly chanted below, and the busy women hurried back to their places and offered the prayer as the rite ordains, that is, standing up with their faces turned toward the east, which is that part of the heavens where Jerusalem lies. Birdie Ochs, Schnapper-Elle, and Puppy Reiss stayed to the last with Beautiful Sara — the first two to aid her as much as possible, the other two to find out why she had fainted so suddenly.

Beautiful Sara had swooned from a singular cause. It is a custom in the synagogue that any one who has escaped a great danger shall, after the reading of the extracts from the Law, appear in public and return thanks for his divine deliverance. As Rabbi Abraham rose to his feet to make his prayer, and Beautiful Sara recognized her husband’s voice, she noticed that his voice gradually subsided into the mournful murmur of a prayer for the dead. She heard the names of her dear kinsfolk, accompanied by the words which convey the blessing on the departed; and the last hope vanished from her soul, for it was torn by the certainty that those dear ones had really been slain, that her little niece was dead, that her little cousins Posy and Birdy were dead, that little Gottschalk too was dead — all murdered and dead! And she, too, would have succumbed to the agony of this realization, had not a kind swoon poured forgetfulness over her senses.

CHAPTER III

When Beautiful Sara, after divine service was ended, went down into the courtyard of the synagogue, the Rabbi stood there waiting for her. He nodded to her with a cheerful expression, and accompanied her out into the street, where there was no longer silence but a noisy multitude. It was like a swarm of ants — bearded men in black coats, women gleaming and fluttering like gold-chafers, boys in new clothes carrying prayer-books after their parents, young girls who, because they could not enter the synagogue, now came bounding to their parents, bowing their curly heads to receive their blessing — all gay and merry, and walking up and down the street in the happy anticipation of a good dinner, the savory odor of which — causing their mouths to water — rose from many black pots, marked with chalk, and carried by smiling girls from the large community kitchens.

In this multitude particularly conspicuous was the form of a Spanish cavalier, whose youthful features bore that fascinating pallor which ladies generally attribute to an unfortunate — and men, on the contrary, to a very fortunate — love affair. His gait, although naturally carefree, had in it, however, a somewhat affected daintiness. The feathers in his cap were agitated more by the aristocratic motion of his head than by the wind; and his golden spurs, and the jeweled hilt of his sword, which he bore on his arm, rattled rather more than was necessary. A white cavalier's cloak enveloped his slender limbs in an apparently careless manner, but, in reality, betrayed the most careful arrangement of the folds. Passing and repassing, partly with curiosity, partly with an air of a connoisseur, he approached the women walking by, looked calmly at them, paused when he thought a face was worth the trouble, gave to many a pretty girl a passing compliment, and went his way heedless as to its effect. He had met Beautiful Sara more than once, but every time had seemed to be repelled by her commanding look, or else by the enigmatical smile of her husband. Finally, however, proudly conquering all diffidence, he boldly faced both, and with foppish confidence made, in a tenderly gallant tone, the following speech: "Señora! — list to me! — I swear — by the roses of both the kingdoms of Castile, by the Aragonese hyacinths and the pomegranate blossoms of Andalusia! by the sun which illumines all Spain, with its flowers, onions, pea-soups, forests, mountains, mules, he-goats, and Old Christians! by the canopy of

heaven, on which this sun is merely a golden tassel! and by the God who abides in heaven and meditates day and night over the creation of new forms of lovely women! — I swear that you, Señora, are the fairest dame whom I have seen in all the German realm, and if you please to accept my service, then I pray of you the favor, grace, and leave to call myself your knight and bear your colors henceforth in jest or earnest!”

A flush of pain rose in the face of Beautiful Sara, and with one of those glances which cut the deeper when they come from gentle eyes, and with a tone such as is bitterest coming from a beautiful voice, the lady answered, as one deeply hurt:

“My noble lord, if you will be my knight you must fight whole races, and in the battle there will be little thanks to win and less honor; and if you will wear my colors, then you must sew yellow rings on your cloak, or bind yourself with a blue-striped scarf, for such are my colors — the colors of my house, the House of Israel, which is wretched indeed, one mocked in the streets by the sons of fortune.”

A sudden purple red shot into the cheeks of the Spaniard; an inexpressible confusion seemed to have seized him as he stammered —

“Señora, you misunderstood me — an innocent jest — but, by God, no mockery, no scorn of Israel. I myself am sprung from that house; my grandfather was a Jew, perhaps even my father.”

“And it is very certain, Señor, that your uncle is one,” suddenly exclaimed the Rabbi, who had calmly witnessed this scene; and with a merry, quizzical glance, he added, “And I myself will vouch that Don Isaac Abarbanel, nephew of the great Rabbi, is sprung from the best blood of Israel, if not from the royal race of David!”

The chain of the sword rattled under the Spaniard’s cloak, his cheeks became deadly white, his upper lip twitched as with scorn in which there was pain, and angry death grinned in his eyes, as in an utterly changed, ice-cold, keen voice he said:

“Señor Rabbi, you know me. Well, then, you know also who I am. And if the fox knows that I belong to the blood of the lion, let him beware and not bring his fox-beard into danger of death, nor provoke my anger. Only he who feels like the lion can understand his weakness.”

“Oh, I understand it well,” answered the Rabbi, and a melancholy seriousness came over his brow. “I understand it well, how the proud lion, out of pride, casts aside his princely coat and goes about disguised in the

scaly armor of the crocodile, because it is the fashion to be a grinning, cunning, greedy crocodile! What can you expect the lesser beasts to be when the lion denies his nature? But beware, Don Isaac, *thou* wert not made for the element of the crocodile. For water — thou knowest well what I mean — is thy evil fortune, and thou shalt drown. Water is not thy element; the weakest trout can live in it better than the king of the forest. Hast thou forgotten how the current of the Tagus was about to draw thee under — ?”

Bursting into loud laughter, Don Isaac suddenly threw his arms round the Rabbi's neck, covered his mouth with kisses, leapt with jingling spurs high into the air, so that the passing Jews shrank back in alarm, and in his own natural hearty and joyous voice cried —

“Truly thou art Abraham of Bacharach! And it was a good joke, and more than that, a friendly act, when thou, in Toledo, didst leap from the Alcantara bridge into the water, and grasp by the hair thy friend, who could drink better than he could swim, and drew him to dry land. I came very near making a really deep investigation as to whether there is actually gold in the bed of the Tagus, and whether the Romans were right in calling it the golden river. I assure you that I shiver even now at the mere thought of that water-party.”

Saying this the Spaniard made a gesture as if he were shaking water from his garments. The countenance of the Rabbi expressed great joy as he again and again pressed his friend's hand, saying every time —

“I am indeed glad.”

“And so, indeed, am I,” answered the other. “It is seven years now since we met, and when we parted I was as yet a mere greenhorn, and thou — thou wert already a staid and serious man. But whatever became of the beautiful Doña who in those days cost thee so many sighs, which thou didst accompany with the lute?”

“Hush, hush! the Doña hears us — she is my wife, and thou thyself hast given her today proof of thy taste and poetic skill.”

It was not without some trace of his former embarrassment that the Spaniard greeted the beautiful lady, who amiably regretted that she, by expressing herself so plainly, had pained a friend of her husband.

“Ah, Señora,” replied Don Isaac, “he who grasps too clumsily at a rose must not complain if the thorns scratch. When the star of evening reflects its golden light in the azure flood” —

“I beg of you!” interrupted the Rabbi, “to cease! If we wait till the star of evening reflects its golden light in the azure flood, my wife will starve, for she has eaten nothing since yesterday, and suffered much in the meanwhile.”

“Well, then, I will take you to the best restaurant of Israel,” said Don Isaac, “to the house of my friend Schnapper-Elle, which is not far away. I already smell the savory odors from the kitchen! Oh, didst thou but know, O Abraham, how this odor appeals to me. This it is which, since I have dwelt in this city, has so often lured me to the tents of Jacob. Intercourse with God’s people is not a hobby of mine, and truly it is not to pray, but to eat, that I visit the Jews’ Street.”

“Thou hast never loved us, Don Isaac.”

“Well,” continued the Spaniard, “I like your food much better than your creed — which wants the right sauce. I never could rightly digest you. Even in your best days, under the rule of my ancestor David, who was king over Judah and Israel, I never could have held out, and certainly I should some fine morning have run away from Mount Zion and emigrated to Phoenicia or Babylon, where the joys of life foamed in the temple of the gods.”

“Thou blasphemest, Isaac, blasphemest the one God,” murmured the Rabbi grimly. “Thou art much worse than a Christian — thou art a heathen, a servant of idols.”

“Yes, I am a heathen, and the melancholy, self-tormenting Nazarenes are quite as little to my taste as the dry and joyless Hebrews. May our dear Lady of Sidon, holy Astarte, forgive me, that I kneel before the many sorrowed Mother of the Crucified and pray. Only my knee and my tongue worship death — my heart remains true to life. But do not look so sourly,” continued the Spaniard, as he saw what little gratification his words seemed to give the Rabbi. “Do not look at me with disdain. My nose is not a renegade. When once by chance I came into this street at dinner time, and the well-known savory odors of the Jewish kitchen rose to my nose, I was seized with the same yearning which our fathers felt for the fleshpots of Egypt — pleasant tasting memories of youth came back to me. In imagination I saw again the carp with brown raisin sauce which my aunt prepared so sustainingly for Friday eve; I saw once more the steamed mutton with garlic and horseradish, which might have raised the dead, and the soup with dreamily swimming dumplings in it — and my soul melted

like the notes of an enamored nightingale — and since then I have been eating in the restaurant of my friend Doña Schnapper-Elle.”

Meanwhile they had arrived at this highly lauded place, where Schnapper-Elle stood at the door cordially greeting the strangers who had come to the fair, and who, led by hunger, were now streaming in. Behind her, sticking his head out over her shoulder, was the tall Nose Star, anxiously and inquisitively observing them. Don Isaac with an exaggerated air of dignity approached the landlady, who returned his satirical reverence with endless curtsies. Thereupon he drew the glove from his right hand, wrapped it, the hand, in the fold of his cloak, and grasping Schnapper-Elle’s hand, slowly drew it over his moustache, saying:

“Señora! your eyes rival the brilliancy of the sun! But as eggs, the longer they are boiled the harder they become, so *vice versa* my heart grows softer the longer it is cooked in the flaming flashes of your eyes. From the yolk of my heart flies up the winged god Amor and seeks a confiding nest in your bosom. And oh, Señora, wherewith shall I compare that bosom? For in all the world there is no flower, no fruit, which is like to it! It is the one thing of its kind! Though the wind tears away the leaves from the tenderest rose, your bosom is still a winter rose which defies all storms. Though the sour lemon, the older it grows the yellower and more wrinkled it becomes, your bosom rivals in color and softness the sweetest pineapple. Oh, Señora, if the city of Amsterdam be as beautiful as you told me yesterday, and the day before, and every day, the ground on which it rests is far lovelier still.”

The cavalier spoke these last words with affected earnestness, and squinted longingly at the large medallion which hung from Schnapper-Elle’s neck. Nose Star looked down with inquisitive eyes, and the much-bepraised bosom heaved so that the whole city of Amsterdam rocked from side to side.

“Ah!” sighed Schnapper-Elle, “virtue is worth more than beauty. What use is my beauty to me? My youth is passing away, and since Schnapper is gone — anyhow, he had handsome hands — what avails beauty?”

With that she sighed again, and like an echo, all but inaudible, Nose Star sighed behind her. “Of what avail is your beauty?” cried Don Isaac. “Oh, Dona Schnapper-Elle, do not sin against the goodness of creative Nature! Do not scorn her most charming gifts, or she will reap most terrible revenge. Those blessed, blessing eyes will become glassy balls, those winsome lips grow flat and unattractive, that chaste and charming form be

changed into an unwieldy barrel of tallow, and the city of Amsterdam at last rest on a spongy bog.” Thus he sketched piece by piece the appearance of Schnapper-Elle, so that the poor woman was bewildered, and sought to escape the uncanny compliments of the cavalier. She was delighted to see Beautiful Sara appear at this instant, as it gave her an opportunity to inquire whether she had quite recovered from her swoon. Thereupon she plunged into lively chatter, in which she fully developed her sham gentility, mingled with real kindness of heart, and related with more prolixity than discretion the awful story of how she herself had almost fainted with horror when she, as innocent and inexperienced as could be, arrived in a canal boat at Amsterdam, and the rascally porter, who carried her trunk, led her — not to a respectable hotel, but oh, horrors! — to an infamous brothel! She could tell what it was the moment she entered, by the brandy-drinking, and by the immoral sights! And she would, as she said, really have swooned, if it had not been that during the six weeks she stayed in the disorderly house she only once ventured to close her eyes.

“I dared not,” she added, “on account of my virtue. And all that was owing to my beauty! But virtue will stay — when good looks pass away.”

Don Isaac was on the point of throwing some critical light on the details of this story when, fortunately, Squinting Aaron Hirschkuh from Homburg-on-the-Lahn came with a white napkin on his arm, and bitterly bewailed that the soup was already served, and that the boarders were seated at table, but that the landlady was missing.

(The conclusion and the chapters which follow are lost, not from any fault of the author.)

ENDNOTES.

¹ Names of Student's Corps.

² Name of the University of Göttingen.

³ Name of an Austrian periodical.

⁴ Translator: Charles Wharton Stork.

⁵ According to that dignified and erudite work, the *Burschikoses Woerterbuch*, or Student-Slang Dictionary, "to bind a bear" signifies to contract a debt. The definition of a "sable," as given in the dictionary above cited is, "A young lady anxious to please."

⁶ From *Ideen: Das Buch Le Grand* (Chaps. VI-IX). Permission E.P. Dutton & Co., New York, and William Heinemann, London.

⁷ From *Pictures of Travel*, permission W. Heinemann, London.

⁸ From *French. Affairs*; permission of William Heinemann, London.

⁹ Permission William Heinemann, London.

¹⁰ Permission William Heinemann, London.

¹¹ This prototype of "The House that Jack Built" is presumed to be a hymn in Seder Hagadah, fol. 23. The historical interpretation, says Mrs. Valentine, who has reproduced it in her Nursery Rhymes, was first given by P.N. Leberecht at Leipzig in 1731, and is printed in the Christian Reformer, vol. xvii, . The original is in Chaldee. It is throughout an allegory. The kid, one of the pure animals, denotes Israel. The Father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah; the two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron. The cat means the Assyrians, the dog the Babylonians, the staff the Persians, the fire the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great. The water betokens the Roman or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine; the butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders by whom the Holy Land was taken from the Saracens; the Angel of Death the Turkish power to which Palestine is still subject. The

tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, and restore the Jews to their own land.

[¹²](#) There is a concluding verse which Heine has omitted. “Then came the Holy One of Israel — blessed be he — and slew the Angel of Death, who,” etc. — TRAN.

The Biographies



Portrait of Heine by Moritz Daniel Oppenheim

THE LIFE OF HEINRICH HEINE by William Guild Howard



I.

The history of German literature makes mention of few men more self-centered and at the same time more unreserved than Heinrich Heine. It may be said that everything which Heine wrote gives us, and was intended to give us, first of all some new impression of the writer; so that after a perusal of his works we know him in all his strength and weakness, as we can know only an amiable and communicative egotist; moreover, besides losing no opportunity for self-expression, both in and out of season, Heine published a good deal of frankly autobiographical matter, and wrote memoirs, only fragments of which have come down to us, but of which more than has yet appeared will perhaps ultimately be made accessible. Heine's life, then, is to us for the most part an open book. Nevertheless, there are many obscure passages in it, and there remain many questions not to be answered with certainty, the first of which is as to the date of his birth. His own statements on this subject are contradictory, and the original records are lost. But it seems probable that he was born on the thirteenth of December, 1797, the eldest child of Jewish parents recently domiciled at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

The parentage, the place, and the time were almost equally significant aspects of the constellation under which young Harry Heine — for so he was first named — began his earthly career. He was born a Jew in a German city which, with a brief interruption, was for the first sixteen years of his life administered by the French. The citizens of Düsseldorf in general had little reason, except for high taxes and the hardships incident to conscription in the French armies, to complain of the foreign dominion. Their trade flourished, they were given better laws, and the machinery of justice was made much less cumbersome than it had been before. But especially the Jews hailed the French as deliverers; for now for the first time they were relieved of political disabilities and were placed upon a footing of equality

with the gentile population. To Jew and gentile alike the military achievements of the French were a source of satisfaction and admiration; and when the Emperor of the French himself came to town, as Heine saw him do in 1810, we can easily understand how the enthusiasm of the boy surrounded the person of Napoleon, and the idea that he was supposed to represent, with a glamor that never lost its fascination for the man. To Heine, Napoleon was the incarnation of the French Revolution, the glorious new-comer who took by storm the intrenched strongholds of hereditary privilege, the dauntless leader in whose army every common soldier carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. If later we find Heine mercilessly assailing the repressive and reactionary aristocracy of Germany, we shall not lightly accuse him of lack of patriotism. He could not be expected to hold dear institutions of which he felt only the burden, without a share in the sentiment which gives stability even to institutions that have outlived their usefulness. Nor shall we call him a traitor for loving the French, a people to whom his people owed so much, and to whom he was spiritually akin.

French influences, almost as early as Hebrew or German, were among the formative forces brought to bear upon the quick-witted but not precocious boy. Heine's parents were orthodox, but by no means bigoted Jews. We read with amazement that one of the plans of the mother, ambitious for her firstborn, was to make of him a Roman Catholic priest. The boy's father, Samson Heine, was a rather unsuccessful member of a family which in other representatives — particularly Samson's brother Salomon in Hamburg — attained to wealth and prominence in the world of finance.

Samson Heine seems to have been too easy-going, self-indulgent, and ostentatious, to have made the most of the talents that he unquestionably had. Among his foibles was a certain fondness for the pageantry of war, and he was in all his glory as an officer of the local militia. To his son Gustav he transmitted real military capacity, which led to a distinguished career and a patent of nobility in the Austrian service. Harry Heine inherited his father's more amiable but less strenuous qualities. Inquisitive and alert, he was rather impulsive than determined, and his practical mother had her trials in

directing him toward preparation for a life work, the particular field of which neither she nor he could readily choose. Peira, or Betty, Heine was a stronger character than her husband; and in her family, several members of which had taken high rank as physicians, there had prevailed a higher degree of intellectual culture than the Heines had attained to. She not only managed the household with prudence and energy, but also took the chief care of the education of the children. To both parents Harry Heine paid the homage of true filial affection; and of the happiness of the home life, *The Book Le Grand* and a number of poems bear unmistakable witness. The poem "My child, we were two children" gives a true account of Harry and his sister Charlotte at play.

In Düsseldorf, Heine's formal education culminated in attendance in the upper classes of a Lyceum, organized upon the model of a French Lycée and with a corps of teachers recruited chiefly from the ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy. The spirit of the institution was rationalistic and the discipline wholesome. Here Heine made solid acquisitions in history, literature, and the elements of philosophy. Outside of school, he was an eager spectator, not merely of stirring events in the world of politics, but also of many a picturesque manifestation of popular life — a spectator often rather than a participant; for as a Jew he stood beyond the pale of both the German and the Roman Catholic traditions that gave and give to the cities of the Rhineland their characteristic naïve gaiety and harmless superstition. Such a poem as *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar* would be amazing as coming from an unbeliever, did we not see in it evidence of the poet's capacity for perfect sympathetic adoption of the spirit of his early environment. The same is true of many another poetic expression of simple faith, whether in Christianity or in the mythology of German folk-lore.

Interest in medieval Catholicism and in folk-lore is one of the most prominent traits in the Romantic movement, which reached its culmination during the boyhood of Heine. The history of Heine's connection with this movement is foreshadowed by the circumstances of his first contact with it. He tells us that the first book he ever read was *Don Quixote* (in the translation by Tieck). At about the same time he read *Gulliver's Travels*, the tales of noble robbers written by Goethe's brother-in-law, Vulpius, the wildly fantastic stories of E.T.A. Hoffmann, Schiller's *Robbers*; but also Uhland's ballads, and the songs collected by Arnim and Brentano in *The Boy's Magic Horn*. That is to say: At the time when in school a critical and

skeptical mind was being developed in him by descendants of the age of enlightenment, his private reading led him for the most part into the region of romanticism in its most exaggerated form. At the time, furthermore, when he took healthy romantic interest in the picturesque Dusseldorf life, his imagination was morbidly stimulated by furtive visits to a woman reputed to be a witch, and to her niece, the daughter of a hangman. His earliest poems, the *Dream Pictures*, belong in an atmosphere charged with witchery, crime, and the irresponsibility of nightmare. This coincidence of incompatible tendencies will later be seen to account for much of the mystery in Heine's problematic character.

It having been decided, perhaps because the downfall of Napoleon shut the door of all other opportunity, that Heine should embark upon a mercantile career, he was given a brief apprenticeship, in 1815 at Frankfurt, in the following years at Hamburg, under the immediate patronage of his uncle Salomon who, in 1818, even established the young poet in a dry goods business of his own. The only result of these experiments was the demonstration of Heine's total inaptitude for commercial pursuits. But the uncle was magnanimous and offered his nephew the means necessary for a university course in law, with a view to subsequent practice in Hamburg. Accordingly, after some brushing up of Latin at home, Heine in the fall of 1819 was matriculated as a student at the University of Bonn.

In spite of failure to accomplish his immediate purpose, Heine had not sojourned in vain at Hamburg. He had gained the good will of an opulent uncle whose bounty he continued almost uninterruptedly to enjoy to the end of his days. But in a purpose that lay much nearer to his heart he had failed lamentably; for, always sensitive to the charms of the other sex, Heine had conceived an overpowering passion for his cousin Amalie, the daughter of Salomon, only to meet with scornful rebuffs at the hands of the coquettish and worldly-minded heiress. There is no reason to suppose that Amalie ever took her cousin's advances seriously. Her father certainly did not so take them. On the other hand, there is equally little reason to doubt the sincerity and depth of Heine's feelings, first of unfounded hope, then of persistent despair that pursued him in the midst of other occupations and even in the fleeting joys of other loves. The most touching poems included among the *Youthful Sorrows* of his first volume were inspired by Amalie Heine.

At Bonn Heine was a diligent student. Though never a roysterer, he took part in various extra-academic enterprises, was a member of the

Burschenschaft, that democratic-patriotic organization so gravely suspected by the reactionary governments, and made many friends. He duly studied history and law; he heard Ernst Moritz Arndt interpret the *Germania* of Tacitus; but more especially did he profit by official and personal relations with A.W. Schlegel, who taught Heine what he himself knew best, namely, the secret of literary form and the art of metrical expression.

The fall of 1820 saw Heine at Göttingen, the Hanoverian university to which, shortly before, the Americans Ticknor and Everett had repaired and at which in that very year Bancroft had attained his degree of doctor of philosophy. Here, however, Heine was repelled by the aristocratic exclusiveness of the Hanoverian squires who gave the tone to student society, as well as by the mummified dryness of the professors. In marked contrast to the patriotic and romantic spirit of Bonn he noted here with amazement that the distinguished Germanist Benecke lectured on the *Nibelungenlied* to an auditory of nine. His own residence was destined this time to be brief; for serious quarrels coming to the ear of the faculty, he was, on January 23, 1821, advised to withdraw; and in April he enrolled himself as a student at the University of Berlin.

The next three years were filled with manifold activities. As a student Heine was deeply impressed by the absolute philosophy expounded by Hegel; as a Jew he lent a willing hand to the endeavors of an association recently founded for the amelioration of the social and political condition of the Hebrews; in the drawing room of Rahel Levin, now the wife of Varnhagen von Ense, he came in touch with gifted men and women who were ardent admirers of Goethe, and some of whom, a quarter of a century before, had befriended Friedrich Schlegel; and in the subterranean restaurant of Lutter and Wegener he joined in the revels of Hoffmann, Grabbe, and other eccentric geniuses. Heine now began to be known as a man of letters. After having, from 1817 on, printed occasional poems in newspapers and magazines, he published in December, 1821 (with the date 1822), his first volume, entitled simply *Poems*; he wrote newspaper articles on Berlin and on Poland, which he visited in the summer of 1822; and in the spring of 1823 he published *Tragedies together with a Lyrical Intermezzo* — two very romantic and undramatic plays in verse, separated in the volume by a short series of lyrical poems.

Meanwhile Amalie Heine had been married and Harry's parents had moved to Lüneburg. Regret for the loss of Amalie soon gave way to a new

passion for a very young girl, whose identity remains uncertain, but who was probably Amalie's little sister Therese. In any case, Heine met the new love on the occasion of a visit to Lüneburg and Hamburg in the spring of 1823, and was haunted by her image during the summer spent at Cuxhaven. Here Heine first saw the sea. In less exalted moods he dallied with fisher maidens; he did not forget Amalie; but the youthful grace and purity of Therese dominate most of the poems of this summer. The return from the watering place gave Heine the title *The Return Home* for this collection of pieces which, when published in 1826, was dedicated to Frau Varnhagen von Ense.

Uncle Salomon, to whom the *Tragedies* had been affectionately inscribed, was not displeased with the growing literary reputation of his nephew. But he saw no sense in the idea that Heine already entertained of settling in Paris. He insisted that the young man should complete his studies; and so, in January, 1824, Heine once more betook himself to Göttingen, where on the twenty-first of July, 1825, he was duly promoted *Doctor utriusque Juris*. In the summer of 1824 he made the trip through the Hartz mountains which served as the basis of *The Journey to the Hartz*; immediately before his promotion he submitted to baptism in the Lutheran church as Christian Johann Heinrich Heine.

Submission is the right word for this conversion. It was an act of expediency such as other ambitious men found unavoidable in those days; but Heine performed it in a spirit of bitterness caused not so much by a sense of apostasy as by contempt for the conventional Christianity that he now embraced. There can be no sharper contrast than that presented by such a poem as *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar* and sundry satirical pieces not included in this volume.

Two vacations at Norderney, where Heine renewed and deepened acquaintance with his beloved North Sea, not very resolute attempts to take up the practice of law in Hamburg, a trip to London, vain hopes of a professorship in Munich, a sojourn in Italy, vacillations between Hamburg, Berlin, and the North Sea, complete the narrative of Heine's movements to the end of the first period of his life. He was now Heine the writer: poet, journalist, and novelist. *The Journey to the Hartz*, first published in a magazine, *Der Gesellschafter*, in January and February, 1826, was issued in May of that year by Campe in Hamburg, as the first volume of *Pictures of Travel*, beginning with the poems of *The Return Home* and concluding with

the first group of hymns to the North Sea, written at Norderney in the previous year. *Pictures of Travel II*, issued in 1827, consisted of the second cycle of poems on the *North Sea*, an account in prose of life on the island, entitled *Norderney, The Book Le Grand*, to which epigrams by Immermann were appended, and extracts from *Letters from Berlin* published in 1822. *Pictures of Travel III* (1830) began with experiences in Italy, but degenerated into a provoked but ruthless attack upon Platen. *Pictures of Travel IV* (1831) included *English Fragments*, the record of Heine's observations in London, and *The City of Lucca*, a supplementary chapter on Italy. In October, 1827, Heine collected under the title *Book of Songs* nearly all of his poems written up to that time.

The first period in Heine's life closes with the year 1831. The Parisian revolution of July, 1830, had turned the eyes of all Europe toward the land in which political experiments are made for the benefit of mankind. Many a German was attracted thither, and not without reason Heine hoped to find there a more promising field for the employment of his talents than with all his wanderings he had discovered in Germany. Toward the end of May, 1831, he arrived in Paris, and Paris was thenceforth his home until his death on the seventeenth of February, 1856.

II

In the preface to the second edition of the *Book of Songs*, written at Paris in 1837, Heine confessed that for some time past he had felt a certain repugnance to versification; that the poems therewith offered for the second time to the public were the product of a time when, in contrast to the present, the flame of truth had rather heated than clarified his mind; and expressed the hope that his recent political, theological, and philosophical writings — all springing from the same idea and intention as the poems — might atone for any weakness in the poems. Heine wrote poetry after 1831, and he wrote prose before 1831; but in a general way what he says of his two periods is correct: before his emigration he was primarily a poet, and afterwards primarily a critic, journalist, and popular historian. In his first period he wrote chiefly about his own experiences; in his second, chiefly about affairs past and present in which he was interested.

As to the works of the first period, we might hesitate to say whether the *Pictures of Travel* or the *Book of Songs* were the more characteristic

product. In whichever way our judgment finally inclined, we should declare that the *Pictures of Travel* were essentially prosified poems and that the poems were, in their collected form, versified *Pictures of Travel*; and that both, moreover, were dominated, as the writings after 1831 were dominated, by a romantically tinged longing for individual liberty.

The title *Pictures of Travel*, to which Heine gave so definite a connotation, is not in itself a true index to the multifarious contents of the series of traveler's notes, any more than the volumes taken each by itself were units. Pages of verse followed pages of prose; and in the *Journey to the Hartz*, verse interspersed in prose emphasizes the lyrical character of the composition. Heine does indeed give pictures of some of the scenes that he visits; but he also narrates his passage from point to point; and at every point he sets forth his recollections, his thoughts, his dreams, his personal reaction upon any idea that comes into his head; so that the substance, especially of the *Journey to the Hartz*, is less what was to be seen in the Hartz than what was suggested to a very lively imagination; and we admire the agility with which the writer jumps from place to place quite as much as the suppleness with which he can at will unconditionally subject himself to the genius of a single locality. For Heine is capable of writing straightforward descriptive prose, as well-ordered and as matter-of-fact as a narrative of Kleist's. But the world of reality, where everything has an assignable reason for its being and doing, is not the world into which he most delights to conduct us. This world, on the contrary, is that in which the water "murmurs and rustles so wonderfully, the birds pour forth broken love-sick strains, the trees whisper as if with a thousand maidens' tongues, the odd mountain flowers peep up at us as if with a thousand maidens' eyes, stretching out to us their curious, broad, drolly scalloped leaves; the sunrays flash here and there in sport, the herbs, as though endowed with reason, are telling one another their green legends, all seems enchanted" — in other words, a wonderland disturbed by no doubts on the part of a rationalistic Alice. And a further secret of this fascinating, though in the long run exasperating style, is the sublime audacity with which Heine dances now on one foot and now on the other, leaving you at every moment in amused perplexity, whether you shall next find him standing firmly on mother earth or bounding upward to recline on the clouds.

"A mixture of description of nature, wit, poetry, and observation à la Washington Irving" Heine himself called the *Journey to the Hartz*. The

novelty lay in the mixture, and in the fact that though the ingredients are, so to speak, potentized in the highest degree, they are brought to nearly perfect congruence and fusion by the irresistible solvent of the second named. The *Journey to the Hartz* is a work of wit, in the present sense, and in the older sense of that word. It is a product of superior intelligence — not a *Sketch Book*, but a single canvas with an infinitude of details; not a *Sentimental Journey* — although Heine can outdo Sterne in sentimentality, he too persistently outdoes him also in satire — the work, fragmentary and outwardly formless, is in essence thoroughly informed by a two-fold purpose: to ridicule pedantry and philistinism, and to extol nature and the life of those uncorrupted by the world.

A similar unity is unmistakable in the *Book of Songs*. It would be difficult to find another volume of poems so cunningly composed. If we examine the book in its most obvious aspect, we find it beginning with *Youthful Sorrows* and ending with hymns to the North Sea; passing, that is to say, from the most subjective to the most objective of Heine's poetic expressions. The first of the *Youthful Sorrows* are *Dream Pictures*, crude and grotesque imitations of an inferior romantic *genre*; the *North Sea Pictures* are magnificent attempts in highly original form to catch the elusive moods of a great natural element which before Heine had played but little part in German poetry. From the *Dream Pictures* we proceed to *Songs* (a very simple love story told in forms as nearly conventional as Heine ever used), to *Romances* which, with the notable exception of *The Two Grenadiers* and *Belshazzar*, are relatively feeble attempts at the objectivation of personal suffering; and thence to *Sonnets*, direct communications to particular persons. Thereupon follow the *Lyrical Intermezzo* and the *Return Home*, each with a prologue and an epilogue, and with several series of pieces which, like the *Songs* above mentioned, are printed without titles and are successive sentences or paragraphs in the poet's own love story. This he tells over and over again, without monotony, because the story gains in significance as the lover gains in experience, because each time he finds for it a new set of symbols, and because the symbols become more and more objective as the poet's horizon broadens. Then come a few pieces of religious content (culminating in *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*), the poems in the *Journey to the Hartz* (the most striking of which are animated by the poetry of folk-lore) — these poems

clearly transitional to the poetry of the ocean which Heine wrote with such vigor in the two cycles on the North Sea. The movement is a steady climax.

The truth of the foregoing observations can be tested only by an examination of the entire *Book of Songs*. The total effect is one of arrangement. The order of the sections is chronological; the order of the poems within the sections is logical; and some poems were altered to make them fit into the scheme. Each was originally the expression of a moment; and the peculiarity of Heine as a lyric poet is his disposition to fix a moment, however fleeting, and to utter a feeling, of however slight consequence to humanity it might at first blush seem to be. In the *Journey to the Hartz* he never lost an opportunity to make a point; in his lyrical confessions he suppressed no impulse to self-revelation; and seldom did his mastery of form fail to ennoble even the meanest substance.

Some of Heine's most perfect products are his smallest. Whether, however, a slight substance can be fittingly presented only in the briefest forms, or a larger matter calls for extended treatment, the method is the same, and the merit lies in the justness and suggestiveness of details. Single points, or points in juxtaposition or in succession, not the developed continuity of a line, are the means to the effect which Heine seeks. Connecting links are left to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. Even in such a narrative poem as *Belshazzar* the movement is *staccato*; we are invited to contemplate a series of moments; and if the subject is impiety and swift retribution, we are left to infer the fact from the evidence presented; there is neither editorial introduction nor moralizing conclusion. Similarly with *The Two Grenadiers*, a presentation of character in circumstance, a translation of pictorial details into terms of action and prophecy; and most strikingly in *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, a poem of such fundamentally pictorial quality that it has been called a triptych, three depicted scenes in a little religious drama.

It is in pieces like these that we find Heine most successfully making of himself the interpreter of objects in the outside world. The number of such objects is greater than is everywhere believed — though naturally his success is surest in the case of objects congenial to him, and the variety of these is not great. Indeed, the outside world, even when he appears to treat it most objectively, proves upon closer examination to be in the vast majority of cases only a treasure-trove of symbols for the expression of his inner self. Thus, *Poor Peter* is the narrative of a humble youth unfortunate

in love, but poor Peter's story is Heine's; otherwise, we may be sure, Heine would not have thought it worth the telling. Nothing could seem to be less the property of Heine than *The Lorelei*; nevertheless, he has given to this borrowed subject so personal a turn that instead of the siren we see a human maiden, serenely indifferent to the effect of her charms, which so take the luckless lover that, like the boatman, he, Heine, is probably doomed ere long to death in the waves.

Toward the outside world, then, Heine's habitual attitude is not that of an interpreter; it is that of an artist who seeks the means of expression where they may be found. He does not, like Goethe and Mörike, read out of the phenomena of nature and of life what these phenomena in themselves contain; he reads into them what he wishes them to say. *The Book of Songs* is a human document, but it is no document of the life of humanity; it is a collection of kaleidoscopic views of one life, a life not fortified by wholesome coöperation with men nor nourished with the strength of nature, but vivifying nature with its own emotions. Heine has treated many a situation with overwhelming pathos, but none from which he was himself so completely absent as Mörike from the kitchen of *The Forsaken Maiden*. Goethe's "Hush'd on the hill" is an apostrophe to himself; but peace which the world cannot give and cannot take away is the atmosphere of that poem; whereas Heine's "The shades of the summer evening lie" gets its principal effectiveness from fantastic contributions of the poet's own imagination.

The length to which Heine goes in attributing human emotions to nature is hardly to be paralleled before or since. His aim not being the reproduction of reality, nor yet the objectivation of ideas, his poetry is essentially a poetry of tropes—that is, the conception and presentation of things not as they are but as they may be conceived to be. A simple illustration of this method may be seen in *The Herd-Boy*. Uhland wrote a poem on a very similar subject, *The Boy's Mountain Song*. But the contrast between Uhland's hardy, active, public-spirited youth and Heine's sleepy, amorous individualist is no more striking than the difference between Uhland's rhetorical and Heine's tropical method. Heine's poem is an elaboration of the single metaphor with which it begins: "Kingly is the herd-boy's calling." The poem *Pine and Palm*, in which Heine expresses his hopeless separation from the maiden of whom he dreams — incidentally attributing to Amalie a feeling of sadness and solitude to which she was a stranger —

is a bolder example of romantic self-projection into nature. But not the boldest that Heine offers us. He transports us to India, and there —

The violets titter, caressing,
Peeping up as the planets appear,
And the roses, their warm love confessing,
Whisper words, soft perfumed, to each ear.

Nor does he allow us to question the occurrence of these marvels; how do we know what takes place on the banks of the Ganges, whither we are borne on the wings of song? This, indeed, would be Heine's answer to any criticism based upon Ruskin's notion as to the "pathetic fallacy." If the setting is such as to induce in us the proper mood, we readily enter the non-rational realm, and with credulous delight contemplate wonders such as we too have seen in our dreams; just as we find the romantic syntheses of sound and odor, or of sound and color, legitimate attempts to express the inexpressible. The atmosphere of prose, to be sure, is less favorable to Heine's habitual indulgence in romantic tropes.

Somewhat blunted by over-employment is another romantic instrument, eminently characteristic of Heine, namely, irony. Nothing could be more trenchant than his bland assumption of the point of view of the Jew-baiter, the hypocrite, or the slave-trader. It is as perfect as his adoption of childlike faith in *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*. Many a time he attains an effect of ironical contrast by the juxtaposition of incongruous poems, as when a deification of his beloved is followed by a cynical utterance of a different kind of love. But often the incongruity is within the poem itself, and the poet, destroying the illusion of his created image, gets a melancholy satisfaction from derision of his own grief. This procedure perfectly symbolizes a distracted mind; it undoubtedly suggests a superior point of view, from which the tribulations of an insignificant individual are seen to be insignificant; but in a larger sense it symbolizes the very instability and waywardness of Heine himself. His emotions were unquestionably deep and recurrent, but they were not constant. His devotion to ideals did not preclude indulgence in very unideal pleasures; and his love of Amalie and Therese, hopeless from the beginning, could not, except in especially fortunate moments, avoid erring in the direction either of sentimentality or of bitterness. But Heine was too keenly intellectual to be indulgent of

sentimentality, and too caustic to restrain bitterness. Hence the bitter-sweet of many of his pieces, so agreeably stimulating and so suggestive of an elastic temperament.

There is, however, a still more pervasive incongruity between this temperament and the forms in which it expressed itself. Heine's love poems — two-thirds of the *Book of Songs* — are written in the very simplest of verses, mostly quatrains of easy and seemingly inevitable structure. Heine learned the art of making them from the *Magic Horn*, from Uhland, and from Eichendorff, and he carried the art to the highest pitch of virtuosity. They are the forms of the German Folk-song, a fit vehicle for homely sentiments and those elemental passions which come and go like the tide in a humble heart, because the humble heart is single and yields unresistingly to their flow. But Heine's heart was not single, his passion was complex, and the greatest of his ironies was his use of the most unsophisticated of forms for his most sophisticated substances. This, indeed, was what made his love poetry so novel and so piquant to his contemporaries; this is one of the qualities that keep it alive today; but it is a highly individual device which succeeded only with this individual; and that it was a device adopted from no lack of capacity in other measures appears from the perfection of Heine's sonnets and the incomparable free rhythmic verses of the *North Sea* cycles.

Taken all in all, *The Book of Songs* was a unique collection, making much of little, and making it with an amazing economy of means.

III

Heine's first period, to 1831, when he was primarily a literary artist, nearly coincides with the epoch of the Restoration (1815-1830). Politically, this time was unproductive in Germany, and the very considerable activity in science, philosophy, poetry, painting, and other fine arts stood in no immediate relation to national exigencies. There was indeed plenty of agitation in the circles of the *Burschenschaft*, and there were sporadic efforts to obtain from reluctant princes the constitutions promised as a reward for the rising against Napoleon; but as a whole the people of the various states seemed passive, and whatever was accomplished was the work of individuals, with or without royal patronage, and, in the main, in continuation of romantic tendencies. But with the Revolution of July, 1830,

the political situation in Germany became somewhat more acute, demands for emancipation took more tangible form, and the so-called “Young Germans” — Wienbarg, Gutzkow, Laube, Mundt, Börne, and others — endeavored in essays, novels, plays, and pamphlets to stir up public interest in questions of political, social, and religious reform.

Many passages in Heine’s *Pictures of Travel* breathe the spirit of the Young German propaganda — the celebrated confession of faith, for example, in the *Journey to the Hartz*, in which he declares himself a knight of the holy spirit of iconoclastic democracy. In Paris he actively enlisted in the cause, and for about fifteen years continued, as a journalist, the kind of expository and polemic writing that he had developed in the later volumes of the *Pictures of Travel*. Regarding himself, like many an expatriate, as a mediator between the country of his birth and the country of his adoption, he wrote for German papers accounts of events in the political and artistic world of France, and for French periodicals more ambitious essays on the history of religion, philosophy, and recent literature in Germany. Most of the works of this time were published in both French and German, and Heine arranged also for the appearance of the *Pictures of Travel* and the *Book of Songs* in French translations. To all intents and purposes he became a Frenchman; from 1836 or 1837 until 1848 he was the recipient of an annual pension of 4,800 francs from the French government; he has even been suspected of having become a French citizen. But he in no sense curbed his tongue when speaking of French affairs, nor was he free from longing to be once more in his native land.

In Germany, however, he was commonly regarded as a traitor; and at the same time the Young Germans, with the more influential of whom he soon quarreled, looked upon him as a renegade; so that there was a peculiar inappropriateness in the notorious decree of the Bundesrat at Frankfurt, voted December 10, 1835, and impotently forbidding the circulation in Germany of the writings of the Young Germans: Heine, Gutzkow, Laube, Wienbarg, and Mundt — in that order. But the occupants of insecure thrones have a fine scent for the odor of sedition, and Heine was an untiring sapper and miner in the modern army moving against the strongholds of aristocrats and priests. A keen observer in Hamburg who was resolved, though not in the manner of the Young Germans, to do his part in furthering social reform, Friedrich Hebbel, wrote to a friend in March, 1836: “Our time is one in which action destined to be decisive for a thousand years is

being prepared. What artillery did not accomplish at Leipzig must now be done by pens in Paris.”

During the first years of his sojourn in Paris Heine entered gleefully into all the enjoyment and stimulation that the gay capital had to offer. “I feel like a fish in water” is a common expression of contentment with one’s surroundings; but when one fish inquires after the health of another, he now says, Heine told a friend, “I feel like Heine in Paris.” The well-accredited German poet quickly secured admission to the circle of artists, journalists, politicians, and reformers, and became a familiar figure on the boulevards. In October, 1834, he made the acquaintance of a young Frenchwoman, Crescence Eugenie Mirat, or Mathilde, as he called her, and fell violently in love with her. She was a woman of great personal attractiveness, but entirely without education, frivolous, and passionate. They were soon united; not for long, Heine thought, and he made efforts to escape from her seductive charms, but ineffectually; and like Tannhäuser, he was drawn back to his Frau Venus with an attachment passing all understanding. From December, 1835, Heine regarded her as his wife, and in 1841 they were married. But Mathilde was no good housekeeper; Heine was frequently in financial straits; he quarreled with his relatives, as well as with literary adversaries in Germany and France; and only after considerable negotiation was peace declared, and the continuation of a regular allowance arranged with Uncle Salomon.

Moreover, Heine’s health was undermined. In the latter thirties he suffered often from headaches and afflictions of the eyes; in the middle of the forties paralysis of the spinal cord began to manifest itself; and for the last ten years of his life he was a hopelessly stricken invalid, finally doomed for five years to that “mattress grave” which his fortitude no less than his woeful humor has pathetically glorified. His wife cared for him dutifully, he was visited by many distinguished men of letters, and in 1855 a ministering angel came to him in the person of Elise von Krinitz (“Camille Selden”) whom he called “*Die Mouche*” and for whom he wrote his last poem, *The Passion Flower*, a kind of apology for his life.

Meantime contentions, tribulations, and a wasting frame seemed only to sharpen the wits of the indomitable warrior. *New Songs* (1844) contains, along with negligible cynical pieces, a number of love songs no whit inferior to those of the *Book of Songs*, romances, and scorching political

satires. The *Romanzero* (1851) is not unfairly represented by such a masterpiece as *The Battlefield of Hastings*. And from this last period we have two quasi-epic poems: *Atta Troll* (1847; written in 1842) and *Germany* (1844), the fruit of the first of Heine's two trips across the Rhine.

Historically and poetically, *Atta Troll* is one of the most remarkable of Heine's works. He calls it *Das letzte freie Waldlied der Romantik* ("The last free forest-song of romanticism.") Having for its principal scene the most romantic spot in Europe, the valley of Roncesvaux, and for its principal character a dancing bear, the impersonation of those good characters and talentless men who, in the early forties, endeavored to translate the prose of Young Germany into poetry, the poem flies to the merriest, maddest height of romanticism in order by the aid of magic to kill the bear and therewith the vogue of poetry degraded to practical purposes. Heine knew whereof he spoke; for he had himself been a mad romanticist, a Young German, and a political poet; and he was a true prophet; for, though he did not himself enter the promised land, he lived to see, in the more refined romanticism of the Munich School and the poetic realism of Hebbel and Ludwig, the dawn of a new day in the history of German literature.

Heine did not enter the promised land. Neither can we truthfully say that he saw it as it was destined to be. His eye was on the present, and in the present he more clearly discerned what ought not to be than what gave promise of a better future. In the war for the liberation of humanity he professed to be, and he was, a brave soldier; but he lacked the soldier's prime requisite, discipline. He never took a city, because he could not rule his spirit. Democracy was inscribed upon his banner, sympathy for the disenfranchised bound him to it, but not that charity which seeketh not her own, nor the loyalty that abides the day when imperfection shall become perfection. Sarcasm was his weapon, ridicule his plan of campaign, and destruction his only accomplishment.

We shall not say that the things destroyed by Heine deserved a better fate. We shall not think of him either as a leader or as a follower in a great national movement. He was not the one man of his generation through whom the national consciousness, even national discontent, found expression; he was the man whose self-expressions aroused the widest interest and touched the tenderest chords. To be called perhaps an alien, and certainly no monumental German character, Heine nevertheless made use, with consummate artistry, of the fulness of German culture at a time when

many of the after-born staggered under the weight of a heritage greater than they could bear.

HEINRICH HEINE: A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

by Edgar Alfred Bowring



ALTHOUGH little more than three years have elapsed since Heinrich Heine was first numbered amongst the dead, his name has long been enrolled in the lists of fame. Even during his lifetime he had the good fortune, — and, in a poet, the most unusual good fortune, — of being generally accepted as a Representative Man, and of passing as the National Bard of Young Germany. Although perhaps scarcely entitled to rank with Goethe and Schiller in the very highest order of poets, the name of Heine will assuredly always occupy a prominent place amongst the minstrels not only of Germany, but of the world.

It is only recently that his works have been for the first time published in an absolutely complete form, the poetry extending over more than two of the six volumes of which they consist. Universally known and read in his native land, and highly popular in France, which was for so many years his adopted country, the works of Heine are to the generality of Englishmen (as stated in the Preface) almost entirely unknown. As the present volume is, as far as I am aware, the only attempt that has been made to bring the far-famed poems of Heine in their integrity before the English reader,¹ it seems desirable to preface it by a brief sketch of his life, so that in seeing *what* Heine is as a poet, we may be able to form some idea as to *who* he was as a man. One who has been compared in turns to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Burns, Cervantes, Sterne, Jean Paul, Voltaire, Swift, Byron, and Béranger (and to all these has he been likened), can be of no common stamp. The discrepancies both as to facts and dates that occur between the various biographies of Heine are, however, so numerous, that it has been no easy task to avoid error in the following brief sketch of his life.

Heinrich (or Henry) Heine was born in the Bolkerstrasse, at Dusseldorf, on the 12th of December, 1799; but, singularly enough, the exact date of his birth was, until recently, unknown to his biographers, who, on the authority of a saying of his own, assigned it to the 1st of January, 1800, which he boasted made him “the first man of the century.” In reply, however, to a

specific inquiry addressed to him by a friend on this subject a few years before his death, he stated that he was really born on the day first mentioned, and that the date of 1800 usually given by his biographers was the result of an error voluntarily committed by his family in his favour at the time of the Prussian invasion, in order to exempt him from the service of the king of Prussia.

By birth he was a Jew, both of his parents having been of that persuasion. He was the eldest of four children, and his two brothers are (or were recently) still alive, the one being a physician in Russia, and the other an officer in the Austrian service. The famous Solomon Heine, the banker of Hamburg, whose wealth was only equalled by his philanthropy, was his uncle. His father, however, was far from being in opulent circumstances. When quite a child, he took delight in reading Don Quixote, and used to cry with anger at seeing how ill the heroism of that valiant knight was requited. He says somewhere, speaking of his boyish days, "apple-tarts" were then my passion. Now it is love, truth, freedom, and "crab-soup." He received his earliest education at the Franciscan convent in his native town, and while there had the misfortune to be the innocent cause of the death by drowning of a schoolfellow, an incident recorded in one of the poems in his "Romancero." He mentions the great effect produced upon him by the sorrowful face of a large wooden Christ which was constantly before his eyes in the Convent. Even at that early age the germs of what has been called "his fantastic sensibility, the food for infinite irony," seem to have been developing themselves. A visit of the Emperor Napoleon to Dusseldorf when he was a boy affected him in a singular manner, and had probably much to do with the formation of those imperialist tendencies which are often to be noticed in his character and writings. He was next placed in the Lyceum of Dusseldorf, and in 1816 was sent to Hamburg to study commerce, being intended for mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he was removed to the University at Bonn which had been founded in the previous year, and there he had the advantage of studying under Augustus Schlegel. He seems, however, to have remained there only six months, and to have then gone to the University of Göttingen, where, as he tells us, he was rusticated soon after matriculation. He next took up his abode at Berlin, where he applied himself to the study of philosophy, under the direction of the great Hegel, whose influence, combined with that of the works of Spinoza, undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of Heine's mind,

and also determined his future career. From this time we hear no more of his turning merchant; and it is from the date of his residence at Berlin that we may date the rise of that spirit of universal indifference and reckless daring that so strongly characterizes the writings of Heine. Amongst his associates at this period may be mentioned, in addition to Hegel, Chamisso, Varnhagen von Ense and his well-known wife Rachel, Bopp the philologist, and Grabbe, the eccentricities of whose works were only equalled by the eccentricities of his life.

Heine's first volume of poetry, entitled "Gedichte" or Poems, was published in 1822, the poems being those which, under the name of "Youthful Sorrows," now form the opening of his "Book of Songs." Notwithstanding the extraordinary success afterwards obtained by this latter work, his first publication was very coldly received. Some of the poems in it were written as far back as 1817,² and originally appeared in the Hamburg periodical "Der Wachter" or "Watchman." Offended at this result, he left Berlin and returned to Göttingen in 1823, where he took to studying law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. He was baptized into the Lutheran Church in the same year, at Heiligenstadt, near that place. He afterwards said jocularly that he took this course to prevent M. de Rothschild treating him too *fa-millionairely*. It is to be feared, however, from the tone of all his works, that his nominal religious opinions sat very lightly upon him through life. He writes as follows on this subject in 1852: "My ancestors belonged to the Jewish religion, but I was never proud of this descent; neither did I ever set store upon my quality of Lutheran, although I belong to the evangelical confession quite as much as the greatest devotees amongst my Berlin enemies, who always reproach me with a want of religion. I rather felt humiliated at passing for a purely human creature, — I whom the philosophy of Hegel led to suppose that I was a god. How proud I then was of my divinity! What an idea I had of my grandeur! Alas! that charming time has long passed away, and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am lying stretched on my back, whilst my disease is making terrible progress."

Previous to this date, and whilst living at Berlin, Heine published (in 1823) his only two plays, "Almanzor" and "Ratcliff," which were equally unsuccessful on the stage and in print, and which are certainly the least worthy of all his works. Between these two plays he inserted a collection of poetry entitled "Lyrical Interlude," which attracted little attention at the

time. In the year 1827, however, he republished this collection at Hamburg, in conjunction with his "Youthful Sorrows," giving to the whole the title of the "Book of Songs." In proportion to the indifference with which his poems had been received on their first appearance, was the enthusiasm which they now excited. They were read with avidity in every direction, especially in the various universities, where their influence upon the minds of the students was very great. In the year 1852, this work had reached the tenth edition.

Heine's next great work, his "Reisebilder," or Pictures of Travel, written partly in poetry and partly in prose, was published at Hamburg at various intervals from 1826 to 1831, and, as its name implies, is descriptive of his travels in different countries, especially in England and Italy. The poetical portion of the "Reisebilder," the whole of which is translated in this volume, is divided into three parts,— "The Return Home," the "Hartz-Journey," and "The Baltic," written between 1823 and 1826. This work again met with an almost unprecedented success, and from the date of its publication and that of the "Book of Songs," may be reckoned the commencement of a new era in German literature. These remarkable poems exhibit the whole nature of Heine, free from all disguise. The striking originality, the exuberance of fancy, and, above all, the singular beauty and feeling of the versification that characterize nearly the whole of them, stand out in as yet unheard-of contrast to the intense and bitter irony that pervades them, — an irony that spared nobody, that spared nothing, not even the most sacred subjects being exempt from the poet's mocking sarcasm. This characteristic of Heine only increased as years passed on. In the later years of his life, which were one long-continued agony, his bodily sufferings offer some excuse, it may be, for what would otherwise have been inexcusable in the writings of a great poet. There was doubtless much affectation in the want of all religious and political faith that is so signally apparent in the works of Heine, and yet they betray a real bitterness of feeling that cannot be mistaken. At every page may be traced the malicious pleasure felt by him in exciting the sympathy and admiration of the reader to the highest pitch, and then with a few words, — with the last line or the last verse of a long poem, it may be, — rudely insulting them, and dashing them to the ground. No better parody of this favourite amusement of Heine can be given than by citing two well-known verses of Dr. Johnson:

“Hermit old in mossy cell,
“Wearing out life’s evening gray,
“Strike thy pensive breast, and tell
“Where is bliss, and which the way?”

Thus I spake, and frequent sigh’d,
Scarce repress’d the falling tear,
When the hoary sage replied:
“Come, my lad, and drink some beer.”

The exuberance of Heine’s heart, as has been well said, was only equalled by the dryness of his spirit; a real enthusiasm was blended with an unquenchable love of satire; “his exquisite dilettanteism made him adore the gods and goddesses of Greece at the expense even of Christianity.” In short, qualities scarcely ever found in combination, were combined in him; in one weak, suffering body two distinct and opposite natures, each equally mighty, were united. Perhaps the best name ever applied to him is that of the “Julian of poetry.”

The French Revolution in 1830 determined Heine’s future life. He was then living at Berlin again, after having resided at Hamburg and Munich. He now turned politician and newspaper writer. His Essay on Nobility was written at this time. He presently (in May 1831) went to live in Paris, where he resided until his death, with the exception of making one or two short visits to his native land. Though the fact is not exactly stated, there can be no doubt that he received some very broad hints from the authorities of Prussia to leave that country. From that time, France became his adopted fatherland, and he himself was thenceforward more of a Frenchman than a German. The Germans have indeed always reproached him as being frivolous and French; he has often been called the Voltaire of Germany; but Thiers perhaps described him the most accurately when he spoke of him as being “the wittiest *Frenchman* since Voltaire.” He wrote French as fluently as German; and the translations of his various works that were published in Paris in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*, or as separate works, were either written by himself, or by his personal friends under his own immediate superintendence.

Some of his more important prose works were written soon after he took up his abode in Paris. He wrote, in 1831, a series of articles for the

Augsburg Gazette on the State of France, which he subsequently collected and published both in French and German. In 1833 appeared his well-known "History of Modern Literature in Germany," republished afterwards under the title of "The Romantic School," and in French under that of "L'Allemagne." This may be looked upon as his most remarkable prose work, and as the one that most exhibits his characteristic peculiarities. The following lively description of it is from the pen of an eminent French critic: "According to M. Heine, the whole of the intellectual movement of Germany since Lessing and Kant has been a death-struggle against Deism. This struggle he describes with passion, and it may be said that he heads it in person. He ranges his army in order of battle, he gives the signals, and marches the Titans against heaven, — Kant, Fichte, Hegel, all those formidable spirits whose every thought is a victory, whose every formula is a cosmogonic *bouleversement*. Around them, in front or behind, are grouped a crowd of writers, theologians and poets, romance writers and savans. If one of the combatants stops short, like Schelling, the author overwhelms him with invectives. If a timid and poetic band of dreamers, such as Tieck, Novalis, Brentano, and Arnim, try to bring back this feverish Germany to the fresh poetry of the middle ages, he throws himself upon them and disperses them, like those Cobolds in the 'Book of Songs' who overthrew the angels of paradise. And when the philosophical conflict is over, he predicts its consequences with a sort of savage delirium.... He compares Kant to the bloodthirsty dictators of '93, and proclaims the gospel of pantheism. His theory of the intellectual history of the Germans is altogether false, and should only be consulted as an illustration — alas, too positive! — of the fever at once mystical and sensual of a certain period of our age." This book produced a perfect storm of fury in Germany. "Denounced by Menzel and the pietists as an emissary of Modern Babylon, cursed by the austere *teutomaniacs* as a representative of Parisian corruption, Heine was not the less suspected by the democrats, who accused him of treason. To this was added official persecution."

Proceeding to his next work, the publication of his "Salon," consisting of an interesting series of essays, &c., commenced at Hamburg in 1834, its fourth and last volume not appearing till 1840. A long essay on the Women of Shakespeare appeared in 1839, and in 1840 a violent personal attack on his old friend, the republican poet Börne, then only recently dead, — a work which, with all its talent, did great injury to his reputation. His remaining

great prose work, entitled "Lutezia," or Paris, consists of a collection of valuable articles on French politics, arts, and manners, written by him as the correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* between 1840 and 1844. The only other writings of his in prose that need be specified, entitled respectively "Confessions," "Dr. Faust," and the "Gods in Exile," were written a few years before his death.

After the publication of the "Reisebilder," Heine's next poetical production was the charming poem of "Atta Troll," which appeared in 1841, written in a simple trochaic metre,— "four-footed solemn trochees," as he himself expresses it. This poem has been described as the work of a German Ariosto, combining gaiety and poetry, irony and imagination in perfect proportions. Much worldly wisdom is to be learnt from the instructive history of Atta Troll, the dancing bear of the Pyrenees. The striking interlude in it of the vision of Herodias amongst the spirit huntsmen should not be overlooked.

The marriage of Heine seems to have taken place at about this period. His wife, who is often spoken of in his poems in terms of deep affection, and whose name was Mathilde, was a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic, and they were married according to the rites of that church. With all his love for Madame Heine, however, he seems to have been very jealous of her, and it is recorded that on one occasion he took it into his head that she had run away from him. He was reassured by hearing the voice of her favourite parrot "Cocotte," which led him to say, that she would never have gone off without taking "Cocotte" with her. In spite of the bitterness of spirit that pervades all his writings, it is clear that he possessed deep natural affections. His mother survived him; and though almost entirely separated from her for the last twenty-five years of his life, he often introduces her name in his works with expressions of filial reverence. His last visit to Germany in the winter of 1843 seems to have been for the special purpose of visiting her at Hamburg, where she resided. His friends fancied that the "old woman at the Dammtor" (one of the gates of Hamburg), of whom he used to speak, was a myth, but she was no other than his mother. Nothing can be more charming than the manner in which he speaks of both her and his wife in the beautiful little poem called "Night Thoughts." (See page 179.)

In 1844 he published a fresh collection of poems under the title of "New Poems," to which was added as an appendix "Germany, a Winter Tale." The

former of these was subsequently added by him to his "Book of Songs," and will be found in its place accordingly in the present volume, as well as his "New Spring," which formed a part of the same work. The "Germany" is one of his most remarkable works, and contains an account of his journey to Hamburg the previous winter to see his mother that has just been referred to. None of his productions are more thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of satire. Every stage of his journey, from its commencement at the Prussian frontier, to its termination at Hamburg, gives occasion for the display of his wit and sarcastic raillery. It will be seen that many of the passages in the poem were struck out of the original edition by the official Censors. Perhaps the most amusing portions are the episode of the author's adventures in the Cavern of Kyffhauser with the famous Emperor Barbarossa (not omitting their little conversation respecting the guillotine), and the rencontre with the Goddess Hammonia in the streets of Hamburg, and his subsequent tête-à-tête with her. The extravagance (slightly coarse it must be confessed) of the latter scene is quite worthy of Rabelais, though the poet takes care to tell us that it is intended to imitate Aristophanes. The remonstrances to the King of Prussia, with which the poem concludes, should also not be passed over.

In the year 1848, after a premonitory attack in 1847 that passed away, that terrible disease which eventually destroyed Heine's life, first assailed him in an aggravated form. Commencing with a paralysis of the left eyelid, it extended presently to both eyes and finally terminated in paralysis and atrophy of the legs. The last time he ever left his house was in May, 1848. For eight long years he was confined to his couch, to use his own expression, in a state of "death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." But despite his bodily sufferings, his good spirits never seemed to leave him, his love of raillery did but increase, and little did that public whose interest he continued to excite by the wonderful products of his genius know of his distressing state.

In the years 1850 and 1851, in the midst of his fearful malady, Heine composed his last great poetical work entitled "Romancero." This singular volume is divided into three Books, called respectively "Histories," "Lamentations," and "Hebrew Melodies." The first of these contains a large number of romantic ballads and poems of the most dissimilar character, but all bearing the stamp of the author's peculiar genius; the second opens with several miscellaneous pieces, including some literary satires, and concludes

with twenty pieces bearing the lively title of "Lazarus," and comprising, as some one has observed, the journal of his impressions as a sick man. The "Hebrew Melodies" are subdivided into three, entitled by Heine "Princess Sabbath," "Jehuda ben Halevy," a poem itself in three parts, and "Disputation." The Jewish descent and Jewish sympathies of the poet are plainly discernible in these Melodies, the most interesting of which, and probably the best of the whole collection contained in the "Romancero," is that which sets forth the life of Jehuda ben Halevy, the great Hebrew poet of the middle ages. Some critics rank this poem amongst Heine's very best productions. The concluding piece, "Disputation," is in Heine's wildest style, and seems written for the express purpose of destroying the pleasure excited by the one that precedes it. In none of his works is his mocking spirit more plainly discernible. "It is the most Voltairian scene ever imagined by the sceptical demon of his mind." No one can read this polemical poem without seeing how little Heine himself cared for any received form of religion, — for the Christian faith as professed by him, or the Jewish faith into which he was born. The piece terminates in Heine's favourite manner, namely, with an unexpected joke in the last line.

The collection entitled "Latest Poems" was written three years afterwards. Its name shows that the end was now not far off. The hand of a master is still visible in all these poems, the most interesting of which is perhaps the "Slave Ship," one of the most powerful productions of Heine's pen. In the year 1855, he published a French translation of his "New Spring" in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. And now the end really arrived.

On the 17th February, 1856, Henry Heine was at length released from his sufferings in his house in the Avenue Matignon, No. 3, as appears from the obituary notice. The smallness of the attendance at his funeral would seem to show that there was some truth in the saying that he had many admirers but few friends. The only names of note that are recorded as having been present on the occasion are Mignet, Gautier, and Dumas. And this was the man who was recognized as the successor of Goethe in the throne of poetry in Germany, and whose songs were already household words in all parts of that country! His humour did not leave him till the very last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving the room after wearying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow! The fact is, I have just been *exchanging thoughts* with Dr. — —" was his

remark. Only a day or two before he expired, he sent back to the printer the last proofs of a new edition of the "Reisebilder."

Heine left a singular will behind him, in which he begged that all religious solemnities should be dispensed with at his funeral, and that, although he called himself a Lutheran, no Lutheran minister should officiate on the occasion. He added that this was not a mere freak of a freethinker, for that he had for the last four years dismissed all the pride with which philosophy had filled him, and felt once more the power of religious truth. He also begged for forgiveness for any offence which, in his ignorance, he might have given to good manners and morals.

When the private papers of Louis Philippe fell into the hands of the populace at the sack of the Tuileries in February, 1848, it was discovered that Heine had for many years enjoyed a pension of some 200*l.* a year on the Civil List. This discovery gave an opening to the republicans for violent attacks on him; but there does not appear to have been anything in the circumstances of the case to make this transaction discreditable to either the giver or the receiver of the pension.

Heine is described as having lived in the simplest manner, occupying three small rooms on the third floor, the *ménage* comprising, in addition to his wife and himself, no one but an old negress as a servant, and "Cocotte," who has been already alluded to.

Heine is beyond question the greatest poet that has appeared in Germany since the death of Goethe. Enough has been said in the course of this brief sketch of his life to show the singular, the unprecedented character of his genius, and to illustrate that combination in his person of two separate natures that we have stated to exist. What more touching trait of character was ever heard of, than the simple fact that although the last eight years of his life were spent in a state of intolerable agony, he left his mother in ignorance of his sufferings to the very last! Yes, when stricken with total blindness, and when dying literally by inches, all his letters to the "old woman at the Dammthor" were written in the most cheerful, happy tone, and he made her believe that his only reason for employing an amanuensis instead of writing with his own hand was that he had a slight affection in his eyes, which would be cured with a little care!

The following appreciation of the character of Heine, written while he was still alive, but when the shades of darkness and death were slowly gathering round him, may serve as a fitting termination to these few pages:

— “It may be said that Heine bears within him all the misery of a mighty literature that has fallen from his ideal. Let this be his excuse. But now his eyes are closing on this perishable world, whose contradictions and wretchedness provoked his painful gaiety; another world is opening on his mind. There, no more misery, no more irritating contrasts, no more revolting disenchantments; there, all problems are resolved, all struggles cease. If irony, in the case of a capricious and ardent intelligence, could be the faithful mirror of things below, there is no room save for confidence and respect in that spiritual world that his soul’s looks are fast discovering. He sought for serenity in that light raillery which enveloped the whole universe, and played his part in it with grace; but this serenity was incomplete and false, and often suffered his ill-cured sorrows to break forth. True serenity is a higher thing; it is to be found in the intelligence and adoration of that ideal which nothing can affect, that truth which no shadow can obscure.” And so with these words of kindly sympathy, Heinrich Heine, — farewell!

HEINRICH HEINE: BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH by Emma Lazarus



Harry Heine, as he was originally named, was born in Düsseldorf on the Rhine, December 13th, 1799. His father was a well-to-do Jewish merchant; and his mother, the daughter of the famous physician and Aulic Counlor Von Geldern, was, according to her son, a "*femme distinguée*." His early childhood fell in the days of the occupation of Düsseldorf by the French revolutionary troops; and, in the opinion of his biographer Strodtnann, the influence of the French rule, thus brought directly to bear upon the formation of his character, can scarcely be exaggerated. His education was begun at the Franciscan monastery of the Jesuits at Düsseldorf, where the teachers were mostly French priests; and his religious instruction was at the same time carried on in a private Jewish school. His principal companions were Jewish children, and he was brought up with a rigid adherence to the Hebrew faith. Thus in the very seed-time of his mental development were simultaneously sown the germs of that Gallic liveliness and mobility which pre-eminently distinguish him among German authors, and also of his ineradicable sympathy with things Jewish, and his inveterate antagonism to the principles and results of Christianity.

As the medical profession was in those days the only one open to Jews in Germany, the boy Heine was destined for a commercial career; and in 1815 his father took him to Frankfort to establish him in a banking-house. But a brief trial proved that he was utterly unsuited to the situation, and after two months he was back again in Düsseldorf. Three years later he went to Hamburg, and made another attempt to adopt a mercantile pursuit under the auspices of his uncle, the wealthy banker Solomon Heine. The millionaire, however, was very soon convinced that the "fool of a boy" would never be fit for a counting-house, and declared himself willing to furnish his nephew with the means for a three years, course at the university, in order to obtain a doctor's degree and practice law in Hamburg. It was well-known that this would necessitate Harry's adoption of Christianity; but his proselytism did not strike those whom it most nearly concerned in the same way as it has

impressed the world. So far from this being the case, he wrote in 1823 to his friend Moser: "Here the question of baptism enters; none of my family is opposed to it except myself; but this *myself* is of a peculiar nature. With my mode of thinking, you can imagine that the mere act of baptism is indifferent to me; that even symbolically I do not consider it of any importance, and that I shall only dedicate myself more entirely to upholding the rights of my unhappy brethren. But, nevertheless, I find it beneath my dignity and a taint upon my honor, to allow myself to be baptized in order to hold office in Prussia. I understand very well the Psalmist's words: 'Good God, give me my daily bread, that I may not blaspheme thy name!'"

The uncle's offer was accepted. In 1819 Harry Heine entered the university of Bonn. During his stay in Hamburg began his unrequited passion for a cousin who lived in that city — a passion which inspired a large portion of his poetry, and indeed gave the keynote to his whole tone and spirit. He sings so many different versions of the same story of disappointment, that it is impossible to ascertain, with all his frank and passionate confidences, the true course of the affair. After a few months at Bonn, he removed to the university of Göttingen, which he left in 1822 for Berlin. There is no other period in the poet's career on which it is so pleasant to linger as on the two years of his residence in the Prussian capital. In his first prose work, the *Letters from Berlin*, published in the *Rhenish-Westphalian Indicator*, he has painted a vivid picture of the life and gayety of the city during its most brilliant season. "At the last rout I was particularly gay, I was so beside myself, that I really do not know why I did not walk on my head. If my most mortal enemy had crossed my path, I should have said to him, To-morrow we will kill each other, but to-night I will cordially cover you with kisses. *Tu es beau, tu es charmant! Tu es l'objet de ma flamme je t'adore, ma belle!* these were the words my lips repeated instinctively a hundred times; and I pressed everybody's hand, and I took off my hat gracefully to everybody, and all the men returned my civilities. Only one German youth played the boor, and railed against what he called my aping the manners of the foreign Babylon; and growled out in his old Teutonic, beer-drinking bass voice, 'At a *cherman* masquerade, a *Cherman* should speak *Cherman*.' Oh German youth! how thy words strike me as not only silly, but almost blasphemous at such moments, when my soul lovingly embraces the entire universe, when I would fain joyfully

embrace Russians and Turks, and throw myself in tears on the breast of my brother the enslaved African!”

The doors of the most delightful, intellectual society of Germany were opened to the handsome young poet, who is described in a contemporary sketch as “beardless, blonde and pale, without any prominent feature in his face, but of so peculiar a stamp that he attracted the attention at once, and was not readily forgotten.”

The daughter of Elise von Hohenhausen, the translator of Byron, has given us a charming sketch of her mother’s Thursday evening receptions, which Heine regularly attended, and where he read aloud the unpublished manuscripts of his *Lyrical Intermezzo*, and his tragedies, *Almansor* and *Ratcliffe*. “He was obliged to submit,” writes Mlle. von Hohenhausen, “to many a harsh criticism, to much severe censure; above all, he was subjected to a great deal of chaffing about his poetic sentimentality, which a few years later awakened so warm a response in the hearts of German youth. The poem, ending, *Zu deinen süßen Füßen* (‘At thy sweet feet’), met with such laughing opposition, that he omitted it from the published edition. Opinions of his talents were various; a small minority had any suspicion of his future undisputed poetical fame. Elise von Hohenhausen, who gave him the name of the German Byron, met with many contradictions. This recognition, however, assured her an imperishable gratitude on Heine’s part.”

Not only his social and intellectual faculties found abundant stimulus in this bracing atmosphere, but his moral convictions were directed and strengthened by the philosophy and personal influence of Hegel, and his sympathies with his own race were aroused to enthusiastic activity by the intelligent Jews who were at that time laboring in Berlin for the advancement of their oppressed brethren. In 1819 had been formed the “Society for the Culture and Improvement of the Jews,” which, though centered in Berlin, counted members all over Prussia, as well as in Vienna, Copenhagen, and New York. Heine joined it in 1822, and became one of its most influential members. In the educational establishment of the *Verein*, he gave for several months three hours of historical instruction a week. He frankly confessed that he, the “born enemy of all positive religions,” was no enthusiast for the Hebrew faith, but he was none the less eager to proclaim himself an enthusiast for the rights of the Jews and their civil equality.

During his brief visit to Frankfort, he had had personal experience of the degrading conditions to which his people were subjected.

The contrast between his choice of residence for twenty-five years in Paris, and the tenacity with which Goethe clung to his home, is not as strongly marked as the contrast between the relative positions in Frankfort of these two men. Goethe, the grandson of the honored chief-magistrate, surrounded in his cheerful burgher-life, as Carlyle says, by "kind plenty, secure affection, manifold excitement and instruction," might well cherish golden memories of his native city. For him, the gloomy *Judengasse*, which he occasionally passed, where "squalid, painful Hebrews were banished to scour old clothes," was but a dark spot that only heightened the prevailing brightness of the picture. But to this wretched by-way was relegated that other beauty-enamored, artist-soul, Heine, when he dared set foot in the imperial Free Town. Here must he be locked in like a wild beast, with his miserable brethren every Sunday afternoon. And if the restrictions were a little less barbarous in other parts of Germany, yet how shall we characterize a national policy which closed to such a man as Heine every career that could give free play to his genius, and offered him the choice between money changing and medicine?

It was not till he had exhausted every means of endeavoring to secure a remission of the humiliating decree that he consented to the public act of apostasy, and was baptized in the summer of 1825 in the Lutheran parsonage of Heiligenstadt with the name of Johann Christian Heinrich. During the period of his earnest labors for Judaism, he had buried himself with fervid zeal in the lore of his race, and had conceived the idea of a prose-legend, the *Rabbi of Bacharach*, illustrating the persecutions of his people during the middle ages. Accounts vary as to the fate of this work; some affirm that the manuscript was destroyed in a fire at Hamburg, and others that the three chapters which the world possesses are all that were ever completed. Heine, one of the most subjective of poets, treats this theme in a purely objective manner. He does not allow himself a word of comment, much less of condemnation concerning the outrages he depicts. He paints the scene as an artist, not as the passionate fellow-sufferer and avenger that he is. But what subtle eloquence lurks in that restrained cry of horror and indignation which never breaks forth, and yet which we feel through every line, gathering itself up like thunder on the horizon for a terrific outbreak at the end!

Would that we could hear the explosion burst at last! We long for it throughout as the climax and the necessary result of the lowering electric

influences of the story, and we lay aside the never-to-be completed fragment with the oppression of a nightmare. But a note of such tremendous power as Heine had struck in this romance, required for its prolonged sustention a singleness of purpose and an exaltation of belief in its efficacy and truth, which he no longer possessed after his renunciation of Judaism. He was no longer at one with himself, for no sooner was the irrevocable step taken than it was bitterly repented, not as a recantation of his principles — for as such, no one who follows the development of his mind can regard it, — but as an unworthy concession to tyrannic injustice. How sensitive he remained in respect to the whole question is proved most conspicuously by his refraining on all occasions from signing his Christian name, Heinrich. Even his works he caused to appear under the name of H. Heine, and was once extremely angry with his publisher for allowing by mistake the full name to be printed.

The collection of poems in prose and verse known as the *Reisebilder*, embraced several years of Heine's literary activity, and represent widely-varying phases of his intellectual development. We need only turn to the volumes themselves to guess how bitter an experience must have filled the gap between the buoyant stream of sunny inspiration that ripples through the *Harz-Reise*, and the fierce spirit of vindictive malice which prompted Heine, six years later, to conclude his third and last volume with his unseemly diatribe against Count Platen. Notwithstanding their inequalities, the *Reisebilder* remain one of the surest props of Heine's fame. So clear and perfect an utterance is sufficiently rare in all languages; but it becomes little short of a miracle when, as in this case, the medium of its transmission is German prose, a vehicle so bulky and unwieldy that no one before Heine had dared to enlist it in the service of airy phantasy, delicate humor and sparkling wit.

During the summer of 1830, while he was loitering at Helgoland, he was roused to feverish excitement by the news of the July Revolution. He inveighed against the nobility in a preface to a pamphlet, called *Kahldorf on the Nobility*, which largely increased the number of his powerful enemies. The literary censorship had long mutilated his prose writings, besides materially diminishing his legitimate income by prohibiting the sale of many of his works. He now began to fear that his personal liberty would be restricted as summarily as his literary activity; and in May, 1831, he took up his residence in Paris. He perfected himself in the French language, and by

his brilliant essays on French art, German philosophy, and the Romantic School, soon acquired the reputation of one of the best prose writers of France, and the “wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire.” He became deeply interested in the doctrine of St. Simonism, then at its culminating point in Paris. Its central idea of the rehabilitation of the flesh, and the sacredness of labor, found an enthusiastic champion in him who had so long denounced the impracticable spiritualism of Christianity. He, the logical clear-headed sceptic in all matters pertaining to existing systems and creeds, seems possessed with the credulity of a child in regard to every scheme of human regeneration, or shall we call it the exaltation of the Jew, for whom the Messiah has not yet arrived, but is none the less confidently and hourly expected? Embittered by repeated disappointments, by his enforced exile, by a nervous disease which had afflicted him from his youth, and was now fast gaining upon him, and by the impending shadow of actual want, Heine’s tone now assumes a concentrated acidity, and his poetry acquires a reckless audacity of theme and treatment. His *Neue Lieder*, addressed to notorious Parisian women, were regarded as an insult to decency. In literary merit many of them vie with the best of his earlier songs; but the daring defiance of public opinion displayed in the choice of subject excluded all other criticism than that of indignation and rebuke. There is but a single ray to lighten the gathering gloom of Heine’s life at this period. In a letter dated, April 11th, 1835, occurs his first mention of his *liaison* with the grisette Mathilde Crescence Mirat, who afterwards became his wife. This uneducated, simple-hearted, affectionate child-wife inspired in the poet, weary of intellectual strife, a love as tender and constant as it had been sudden and passionate. A variety of circumstances having combined to reduce Heine to extreme want, he had recourse to a step which has been very severely censured. He applied for and received from the French government a pension from the fund set aside for “all those who by their zeal for the cause of the Revolution had more or less compromised themselves at home or abroad.” Now that the particulars of the case are so well known, it would be superfluous to add any words of justification; it can only excite our sympathy for the haughty poet doomed to drain so bitter a cup. He was pressed to take the oath of naturalization, but he had too painful experience of the renunciation of his birthright ever to consent to a repetition of his error. He would not forfeit the right to have inscribed upon his tomb-stone: “Here lies a German poet.”

In 1844 his uncle Solomon died; and, as there was no stipulation in the banker's will that the yearly allowance hitherto granted to Heinrich should continue, the oldest heir Karl announced that this would altogether cease. This very cousin Karl had been nursed by Heine at the risk of his own life during the cholera-plague of 1832 in Paris. The grief and excitement caused by his kinsman's ingratitude fearfully accelerated the progress of the malady which had long been gaining upon the poet, and which proved to be a softening of the spinal cord. One eye was paralyzed, he lost the sense of taste, and complained that everything he ate was like clay. His physicians agreed that he had few weeks to live, and he felt that he was dying, little divining that the agony was to be prolonged for ten horrible years. It is unnecessary to dwell upon these years of darkness, in which Heine, shriveled to the proportions of a child, languished upon his "mattress-grave" in Paris. His patient resignation, his indomitable will, his sweetness and gayety of temper, and his unimpaired vigor and fertility of intellect, are too fresh in the memory of many living witnesses, and have been too frequently and recently described to make it needful here to enlarge upon them. In the crucial hour he proved no recreant to the convictions for which he had battled and bled during a lifetime. Of the report that his illness had materially modified his religious opinions, he has left a complete and emphatic denial. "I must expressly contradict the rumor that I have retreated to the threshold of any sort of church, or that I have reposed upon its bosom. No! My religious views and convictions have remained free from all churchdom; no belfry chime has allured me, no altar taper has dazzled me. I have trifled with no symbol, and have not utterly renounced my reason. I have forsworn nothing — not even my old pagan-gods, from whom it is true I have parted, but parted in love and friendship."

"I am no longer a divine biped," he wrote. "I am no longer the freest German after Goethe, as Ruge named me in healthier days. I am no longer the great hero No. 2, who was compared with the grape-crowned Dionysius, whilst my colleague No. 1 enjoyed the title of a Grand Ducal Wlimarian Jupiter. I am no longer a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing cheerfully down upon the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now a poor fatally-ill Jew, an emaciated picture of woe, an unhappy man."

Thus side by side flowed on the continuous streams of that wit and pathos which he poured forth inexhaustibly to the very end. No word of complaint or impatience ever passed his lips; on the contrary, with his old,

irresistible humor, his fancy played about his own privations and sufferings, and tried to alleviate for his devoted wife and friends the pain of the heart-rending spectacle. His delicate consideration prompted him to spare his venerable mother all knowledge of his illness. He wrote to her every month in his customary cheerful way; and, in sending her the latest volumes of his poetry, he caused a separate copy always to be printed, from which all allusions to his malady were expunged. "For that matter," he said, "that any son could be as wretched and miserable as I, no mother would believe."

Alas! if he had known how much more eloquent and noble a refutation his life would afford than his mistaken passionate response to the imputations of his enemies! Is this patient martyr the man of whom Börne wrote: "with his sybarite nature, the fall of a rose-leaf can disturb Heine's slumber. He whom all asperities fatigue, whom all discords trouble, let such a one neither move nor think — let him go to bed and shut his eyes."

Only in his last poems, which were not to be published till after his death, has Heine given free vent to the bitterness of his anguish. During the long sleepless night when he lay writhing with pain or exhausted by previous paroxysms, his mind, preternaturally clear and vigorous, conceived the glowing fantasies of the *Romancero*, or the Job-like lamentations of the *Lazarus* poems. This mental exercise was his protection against insanity: and the thought of his cherished wife, he affirmed, was his only safeguard against the delirious desire to seize the morphine bottle by his side, and with one draught put an end to his agony. On the night of the 16th of February, 1856, came the long-craved release — and on the 20th of February without mass or "Kaddish," according to his express wish, he was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre.

HEINRICH HEINE by James Walter Ferrier



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HEINRICH HEINE, (1797-1856), German poet and journalist, was born at Düsseldorf, of Jewish parents, on the 13th of December 1797. His father, after various vicissitudes in business, had finally settled in Düsseldorf, and his mother, who possessed much energy of character, was the daughter of a physician of the same place. Heinrich (or, more exactly, Harry) was the eldest of four children, and received his education, first in private schools, then in the Lyceum of his native town; although not an especially apt or diligent pupil, he acquired a knowledge of French and English, as well as some tincture of the classics and Hebrew. His early years coincided with the most brilliant period of Napoleon's career, and the boundless veneration which he is never tired of expressing for the emperor throughout his writings shows that his true schoolmasters were rather the drummers and troopers of a victorious army than the masters of the Lyceum. By freeing the Jews from many of the political disabilities under which they had hitherto suffered, Napoleon became, it may be noted, the object of particular enthusiasm in the circles amidst which Heine grew up. When he left school in 1815, an attempt was made to engage him in business in Frankfort, but without success. In the following year his uncle, Solomon Heine, a wealthy banker in Hamburg, took him into his office. A passion for his cousin Amalie Heine seems to have made the young man more contented with his lot in Hamburg, and his success was such that his uncle decided to set him up in business for himself. This, however, proved too bold a step; in a very few months the firm of "Harry Heine & Co." was insolvent. His uncle now generously provided him with money to enable him to study at a university, with the view to entering the legal profession, and in the spring of 1819 Heine became a student of the university of Bonn. During his stay there he devoted himself rather to the study of literature and history than to that of law; amongst his teachers A. W. von Schlegel, who took a kindly interest in Heine's poetic essays, exerted the most lasting

influence on him. In the autumn of 1820 Heine left Bonn for Göttingen, where he proposed to devote himself more assiduously to professional studies, but in February of the following year he challenged to a pistol duel a fellow-student who had insulted him, and was, in consequence, rusticated for six months. The pedantic atmosphere of the university of Göttingen was, however, little to his taste; the news of his cousin's marriage unsettled him still more; and he was glad of the opportunity to seek distraction in Berlin.

In the Prussian capital a new world opened up to him; a very different life from that of Göttingen was stirring in the new university there, and Heine, like all his contemporaries, sat at the feet of Hegel and imbibed from him, doubtless, those views which in later years made the poet the apostle of an outlook upon life more modern than that of his romantic predecessors. Heine was also fortunate in having access to the chief literary circles of the capital; he was on terms of intimacy with Varnhagen von Ense and his wife, the celebrated Rahel, at whose house he frequently met such men as the Humboldts, Hegel himself and Schleiermacher; he made the acquaintance of leading men of letters like Fouqué and Chamisso, and was on a still more familiar footing with the most distinguished of his co-religionists in Berlin. Under such favourable circumstances his own gifts were soon displayed. He contributed poems to the *Berliner Gesellschafter*, many of which were subsequently incorporated in the *Buch der Lieder*, and in December 1821 a little volume came from the press entitled *Gedichte*, his first avowed act of authorship. He was also employed at this time as correspondent of a Rhenish newspaper, as well as in completing his tragedies *Almansor* and *William Raicliff*, which were published in 1823 with small success. In that same year Heine, not in the most hopeful spirits, returned to his family, who had meanwhile moved to Lüneburg. He had plans of settling in Paris, but as he was still dependent on his uncle, the latter's consent had to be obtained. As was to be expected, Solomon Heine did not favour the new plan, but promised to continue his support on the condition that Harry completed his course of legal study. He sent the young student for a six weeks' holiday at Cuxhaven, which opened the poet's eyes to the wonders of the sea; and three weeks spent subsequently at his uncle's county seat near Hamburg were sufficient to awaken a new passion in Heine's breast — this time for Amalie's sister, Therese. In January 1824 Heine returned to Göttingen, where, with the exception of a visit to Berlin and the excursion to the Hartz mountains in the autumn of 1824, which is immortalized in the first volume

of the *Reisebilder*, he remained until his graduation in the summer of the following year. It was on the latter of these journeys that he had the interview with Goethe which was so amusingly described by him in later years. A few weeks before obtaining his degree, he took a step which he had long meditated; he formally embraced Christianity. This “act of apostasy,” which has been dwelt upon at unnecessary length both by Heine’s enemies and admirers, was actuated wholly by practical considerations, and did not arise from any wish on the poet’s part to deny his race. The summer months which followed his examination Heine spent by his beloved sea in the island of Norderney, his uncle having again generously supplied the means for this purpose. The question of his future now became pressing, and for a time he seriously considered the plan of settling as a solicitor in Hamburg, a plan which was associated in his mind with the hope of marrying his cousin Therese. Meanwhile he had made arrangements for the publication of the *Reisebilder*, the first volume of which, *Die Harzreise*, appeared in May 1826. The success of the book was instantaneous. Its lyric outbursts and flashes of wit; its rapid changes from grave to gay; its flexibility of thought and style, came as a revelation to a generation which had grown weary of the lumbering literary methods of the later Romanticists.

In the spring of the following year Heine paid a long planned visit to England, where he was deeply impressed by the free and vigorous public life, by the size and bustle of London; above all, he was filled with admiration for Canning, whose policy had realized many a dream of the young German idealists of that age. But the picture had also its reverse; the sordidly commercial spirit of English life, and brutal egotism of the ordinary Englishman, grated on Heine’s sensitive nature; he missed the finer literary and artistic tastes of the continent and was repelled by the austerity of English religious sentiment and observance. Unfortunately the latter aspects of English life left a deeper mark on his memory than the bright side. In October Baron Cotta, the well-known publisher, offered Heine — the second volume of whose *Reisebilder* and the *Buch der Lieder* had meanwhile appeared and won him fresh laurels — the joint-editorship of the *Neue allgemeine politische Annalen*. He gladly accepted the offer and betook himself to Munich. Heine did his best to adapt himself and his political opinions to the new surroundings, in the hope of coming in for a share of the good things which Ludwig I. of Bavaria was so generously

distributing among artists and men of letters. But the stings of the *Reisebilder* were not so easily forgotten; the clerical party in particular did not leave him long in peace. In July 1828, the professorship on which he had set his hopes being still not forthcoming, he left Munich for Italy, where he remained until the following November, a holiday which provided material for the third and part of the fourth volumes of the *Reisebilder*. A blow more serious than the Bavarian king's refusal to establish him in Munich awaited him on his return to Germany — the death of his father. In the beginning of 1829 Heine took up his abode in Berlin, where he resumed old acquaintanceships; in summer he was again at the sea, and in autumn he returned to the city he now loathed above all others, Hamburg, where he virtually remained until May 1831. These years were not a happy period of the poet's life; his efforts to obtain a position, apart from that which he owed to his literary work, met with rebuffs on every side; his relations with his uncle were unsatisfactory and disturbed by constant friction, and for a time he was even seriously ill. His only consolation in these months of discontent was the completion and publication of the *Reisebilder*. When in 1830 the news of the July Revolution in the streets of Paris reached him, Heine hailed it as the beginning of a new era of freedom, and his thoughts reverted once more to his early plan of settling in Paris. All through the following winter the plan ripened, and in May 1831 he finally said farewell to his native land.

Heine's first impressions of the "New Jerusalem of Liberalism" were jubilantly favourable; Paris, he proclaimed, was the capital of the civilized world, to be a citizen of Paris the highest of honours. He was soon on friendly terms with many of the notabilities of the capital, and there was every prospect of a congenial and lucrative journalistic activity as correspondent for German newspapers. Two series of his articles were subsequently collected and published under the titles *Französische Zustände* (1832) and *Lutezia* (written 1840-1843, published in the *Vermischte Schriften*, 1854). In December 1835, however, the German Bund, incited by W. Menzel's attacks on "Young Germany," issued its notorious decree, forbidding the publication of any writings by the members of that coterie; the name of Heine, who had been stigmatized as the leader of the movement headed the list. This was the beginning of a series of literary feuds in which Heine was, from now on, involved; but a more serious and immediate effect of the decree was to curtail considerably his

sources of income. His uncle, it is true, had allowed him 4000 francs a year when he settled in Paris, but at this moment he was not on the best of terms with his Hamburg relatives. Under these circumstances he was induced to take a step which his fellow-countrymen have found it hard to forgive; he applied to the French government for support from a secret fund formed for the benefit of "political refugees" who were willing to place themselves at the service of France. From 1836 or 1837 until the Revolution of 1848 Heine was in receipt of 4800 francs annually from this source.

In October 1834 Heine made the acquaintance of a young Frenchwoman, Eugénie Mirat, a saleswoman in a boot-shop in Paris, and before long had fallen passionately in love with her. Although ill-educated, vain and extravagant, she inspired the poet with a deep and lasting affection, and in 1841, on the eve of a duel in which he had become involved, he made her his wife. "Mathilde," as Heine called her, was not the comrade to help the poet in days of adversity, or to raise him to better things, but, in spite of passing storms, he seems to have been happy with her, and she nursed him faithfully in his last illness. Her death occurred in 1883. His relations with Mathilde undoubtedly helped to weaken his ties with Germany; and notwithstanding the affection he professed to cherish for his native land, he only revisited it twice, in the autumn of 1843 and the summer of 1847. In 1845 appeared the first unmistakable signs of the terrible spinal disease, which, for eight years, from the spring of 1848 till his death, condemned him to a "mattress grave." These years of suffering — suffering which left his intellect as clear and vivacious as ever — seem to have effected what might be called a spiritual purification in Heine's nature, and to have brought out all the good sides of his character, whereas adversity in earlier years only intensified his cynicism. The lyrics of the *Romanzero* (1851) and the collection of *Neueste Gedichte* (1853-1854) surpass in imaginative depth and sincerity of purpose the poetry of the *Buch der Lieder*. Most wonderful of all are the poems inspired by Heine's strange mystic passion for the lady he called *Die Mouche*, a countrywoman of his own — her real name was Elise von Krienitz, but she had written in French under the *nom de plume* of Camille Selden who helped to brighten the last months of the poet's life. He died on the 17th of February 1856, and lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre.

Besides the purely journalistic work of Heine's Paris years, to which reference has already been made, he published a collection of more serious

prose writings under the title *Der Salon* (1833-1839). In this collection will be found, besides papers on French art and the French stage, the essays "Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland," which he had written for the *Revue des deux mondes*. Here, too, are the more characteristic productions of Heine's genius, *Aus den Memoiren des Herrn von Schnabelewopski*, *Der Rabbi von Bacherach* and *Florentinische Nächte*. *Die romantische Schule* (1836), with its unpardonable personal attack on the elder Schlegel, is a less creditable essay in literary criticism. In 1839 appeared *Shakespeares Mädchen und Frauen*, which, however, was merely the text to a series of illustrations; and in 1840, the witty and trenchant satire on a writer, who, in spite of many personal disagreements, had been Heine's fellow-fighter in the liberal cause, Ludwig Börne. Of Heine's poetical work in these years, his most important publications were, besides the *Romanzero*, the two admirable satires, *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen* (1844), the result of his visit to Germany, and *Atta Troll, ein Sommernachtstraum* (1876), an attack on the political *Tendenzliteratur* of the 'forties.

In the case of no other of the greater German poets is it so hard to arrive at a final judgment as in that of Heinrich Heine. In his *Buch der Lieder* he unquestionably struck a new lyric note, not merely for Germany but for Europe. No singer before him had been so daring in the use of nature-symbolism as he, none had given such concrete and plastic expression to the spiritual forces of heart and soul; in this respect Heine was clearly the descendant of the Hebrew poets of the Old Testament. At times, it is true, his imagery is exaggerated to the degree of absurdity, but it exercised, none the less, a fascination over his generation. Heine combined with a spiritual delicacy, a fineness of perception, that firm hold on reality which is so essential to the satirist. His lyric appealed with particular force to foreign peoples, who had little understanding for the intangible, undefinable spirituality which the German people regard as an indispensable element in their national lyric poetry. Thus his fame has always stood higher in England and France than in Germany itself, where his lyric method, his self-consciousness, his cynicism in season and out of season, were little in harmony with the literary traditions. As far, indeed, as the development of the German lyric is concerned, Heine's influence has been of questionable value. But he introduced at least one new and refreshing element into

German poetry with his lyrics of the North Sea; no other German poet has felt and expressed so well as Heine the charm of sea and coast.

As a prose writer, Heine's merits were very great. His work was, in the main, journalism, but it was journalism of a high order, and, after all, the best literature of the "Young German" school to which he belonged was of this character. Heine's light fancy, his agile intellect, his straightforward, clear style stood him here in excellent stead. The prose writings of his French period mark, together with Börne's *Briefe aus Paris*, the beginning of a new era in German journalism and a healthy revolt against the unwieldy prose of the Romantic period. Above all things, Heine was great as a wit and a satirist. His lyric may not be able to assert itself beside that of the very greatest German singers, but as a satirist he had powers of the highest order. He combined the holy zeal and passionate earnestness of the "soldier of humanity" with the withering scorn and ineradicable sense of justice common to the leaders of the Jewish race. It was Heine's real mission to be a reformer, to restore with instruments of war rather than of peace "the interrupted order of the world." The more's the pity that his magnificent Aristophanic genius should have had so little room for its exercise, and have been frittered away in the petty squabbles of an exiled journalist.

The first collected edition of Heine's works was edited by A. Strodtmann in 21 vols. (1861-1866), the best critical edition is the *Sämtliche Werke*, edited by E. Elster (7 vols., 1887-1890). Heine has been more translated into other tongues than any other German writer of his time. Mention may here be made of the French translation of his (*Œuvres complètes* (14 vols., 1852-1868), and the English translation (by C. G. Leland and others) recently completed, *The Works of Heinrich Heine* (13 vols., 1892-1905). For biography and criticism see the following works: A. Strodtmann, *Heines Leben und Werke* (3rd ed., 1884); H. Hueffer, *Aus dem Leben H. Heines* (1878); and by the same author, *H. Heine: Gesammelte Aufsätze* (1906); G. Karpeles, *H. Heine und seine Zeitgenossen* (1888), and by the same author, *H. Heine: aus seinem Leben und aus seiner Zeit* (1900); W. Bölsche, *II. Heine: Versuch einer ästhetisch-kritischen Analyse seiner Werke und seiner Weltanschauung* (1888); G. Brandes, *Det unge Tyskland* (1890; Eng. trans., 1905). An English biography by W. Stigand, *Life, Works and Opinions of Heinrich Heine*, appeared in 1875, but it has little value; there is also a short life by W. Sharp (1888). The essays on Heine by

George Eliot and Matthew Arnold are well known. The best French contributions to Heine criticism are J. Legras, *H. Heine, poète* (1897), and H. Lichtenberger, *H. Heine, penseur* (1905). See also L.P. Betz, *Heine in Frankreich* (1895).

(J. W. F.; J. G. R.)

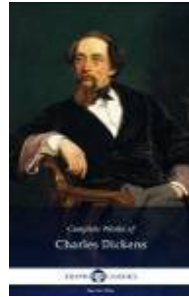
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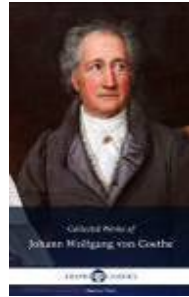
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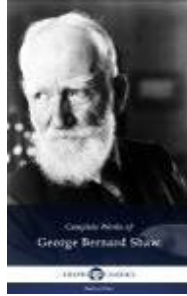
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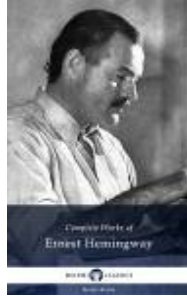
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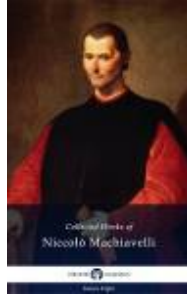
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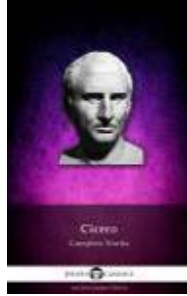
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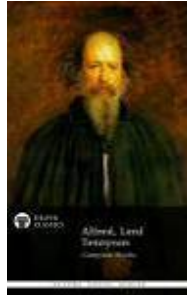
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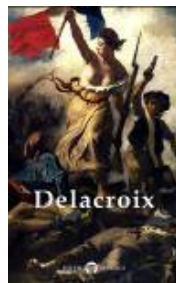
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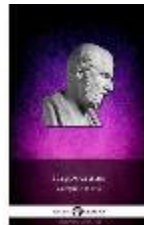
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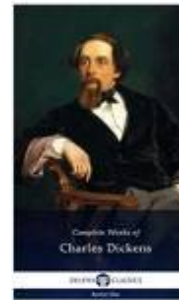
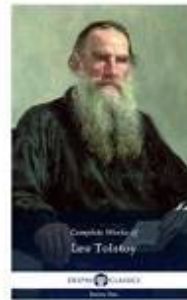
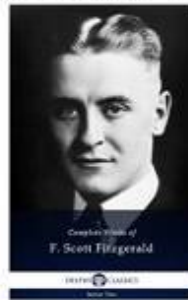
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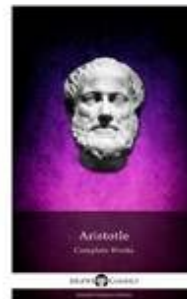
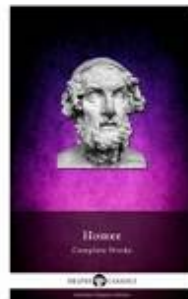
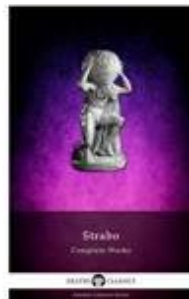
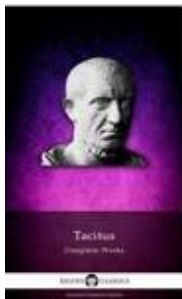
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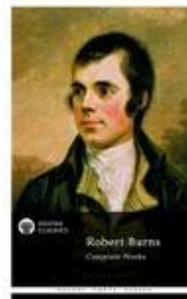
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Montmartre Cemetery, Paris — Heine's final resting place



Heine's grave